T900. c. 7. 22 22. 6. 122. Ssc. 3. 22

AINSWORTH'S

MAGAZINE:

A MISCELLANY OF ROMANCE,

General Literature, and Art.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

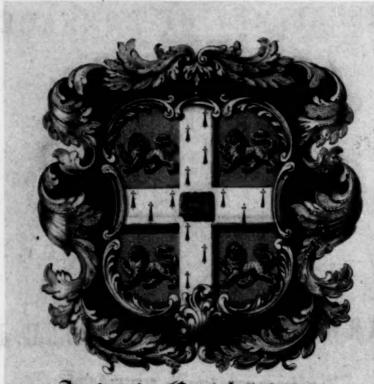
VOL. XXII.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1852

ALES WORTH'S



Academiæ Cantabrigiensis Liber.

CONTENTS.

Tree on Tiles of the English Manager -	1				1	PAGE
THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES; A ROMANCE OF PENDLE F BISON AINSWORTH, Esq.	ORE	ST. 93,	By 185,	W. 1	HAR- 369,	461
WHERE SHE GATHERED FLOWERS. BY E. E. M. K.						13
m_ v n_ n_ n_ m_						14
LADY PLACE; OR, THE CONSPIRACY. BY W. H. BAKER	3				20,	
THE CONFEDERATES; OR, THE DAYS OF MARGARET OF		RM	A			
The state of the s	5	28,	134,	249,	319,	388
GEORGE DANVERS. BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS .					41,	157
HONOUR VERSUS HONESTY					49,	143
HURRY SKURRY. A TALE OF MY LODGINGS						55
A TALK ABOUT SMALL-TALK. BY CHARLES ANTHONY						62
A CURSORY REVIEW OF A LATE MONSTER METROPOL	ITA	I	PANIC	BY	MID-	
NIGHT			•	•		65
THE HAUNTED WELL. BY MARGARET CASSON .			30.31	1920 195	167,	
PERE LA CHAISE. By F. Morgan Fetherston, Esq.			•	(MED)		86
SKETCHES OF FOREST LIFE				10. e	100,	224
SADDLEBACK. BY HEWLEY STAFFORD		,	.7			104
FLORENCE HAMILTON. By MISS JULIA ADDISON .					357,	
OUR TOWN. BY C. ANTHONY	0.		· 21 /1	10,113		117
DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND						129
THE WHITE FALCON. BY G. W. THORNBURY						154
NIGHT WINDS. BY CHARLES ANTHONY						166
VELTHINAS; OR, THE ORDEAL OF SACRIFICE			175,	259,	364,	541
THE MIDNIGHT MEETING				194,	301,	478
MR. ARGENTINE STEPNEY, HIS CHARACTER, AND CASUAL	LTIE	8				205
THE RACE OF LIFE						223
Cross Purposes						228
OLD JACK. BY JOHN STEDMAN, B.A					232,	349
THE DEATH OF WOLFE. BY NICHOLAS MICHELL .					11.	239
THE BRIDGE OF BENDEARG. BY MRS. EDWARD THOM					240,	333
GREAT DINERS. BY CHARLES ANTHONY						267
THE EARLY DEAD. BY E. E. M. K						271
THE OMNISCIENT MAN. BY CORNELIUS COLVILLE						293
THE STORM. BY JOSEPH ANTHONY, JUN.						300
THE DECEMBER AND COURT IS SELECTED AND ADDRESS OF THE PERSON OF THE PERS						

. . . 271

000 . . .

PAGI	_
SQUASHTAIL CHARGER; OR, THE GREAT HOUSE CASE	
CASAR'S FIRST VIEW OF BRITAIN.	
OOSELEY GRANGE. DI BARLET BIRCH	
CHRISTABELLE; OR, ANGEL FOOTSTEPS	
RECENT NOVELS	•
TOWTON. A RHYME OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES	
STEPNEY FAIR. BY R. J. DENMAN	}
TO MY BROTHER ON HIS BIRTHDAY. BY MARIA STEDMAN	
ONE OF A THOUSAND	,
ENGLISH REGATTAS AND YACHTING MISERIES	,
WRITTEN IN DESPONDENCY. BY R. W. ALDRIDGE)
THE CHAMPS ELYSEES. FROM THE FRENCH. BY FREDERICK MARSHALL, ESQ	
CHANGE. BY MARGARET CASSON	Į
VALPARAISO TO SAN FRANCISCO. (ROUGH NOTES FROM MY DIARY.) By JOSEPH ANTHONY, JUN	,
THE OLD CLOCK	;
Confessions of a Private Tutor)
PANTING HEART, LIE STILL. BY CHARLES ANTHONY	7
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON	3
How Jim Harvey got Wounded at Waterloo	2
Song of the Mountain Boy. From Uhland	
Memoirs of Alexandre Dumas	1
SAN FRANCISCO. (ROUGH NOTES FROM MY DIARY.) BY JOSEPH ANTHONY, JUN	
THE ROBBER KNIGHT OF THE WETTERBERG. A RHENISH LEGEND. BY G. W. THORNBURY	8
INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF AN M.D. BY JOHN STEDMAN, B.A 51	ī
MR. JENKYNS'S RETIREMENT TO THE COUNTRY. BY F. EDWARD SWANN 51	
WELLINGTON AND THE MAHRATTAS. BY MADAME CORNU	
ISABEL MILFORD. AN OLD BACHELOR'S STORY	_
	*

Capta Puntetina

THE PARKS DEAD BY E. R. M. R. S.

The Brong. Hy Jennes Astrony, Joy.

Total Dearen of Walter Street Street

THE PARKS DEED STEEL AND RESERVED THE CONSISTENCE OF THE CONSISTENCE O

AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES;

A Romance of Pendle Forest.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER II.

THE PENITENT'S RETREAT.

NICHOLAS and Sherborne returned by a different road from that taken by the others, and loitered so much by the way that they did not arrive at the manor-house until the prisoner and his escort had set out. Probably this was designed, as Nicholas seemed relieved when he learnt they were gone. Having entered the house with his brother-in-law, and conducted him to an apartment opening out of the hall, usually occupied by Mistress Assheton, and where, in fact, they found that amiable lady employed at her embroidery, he left Sherborne with her, and making some excuse for his own hasty retreat, betook himself to another part of the house.

Mounting the principal staircase, which was of dark oak, with richly-carved railing, he turned into a gallery communicating with the sleeping apartments, and, after proceeding more than half-way down it, halted before a door, which he unlocked, and entered a spacious but evidently disused chamber, hung round with faded tapestry, and containing a large, gloomy-looking bedstead. Securing the door carefully after him, Nicholas raised the hangings in one corner of the room, and pressing against a spring, a sliding panel flew open. A screen was placed within, so as to hide from view the inmate of the secret chamber, and Nicholas, having coughed slightly, to announce his presence, and received an answer in a low, melancholy female voice, stepped through the aperture, and stood within a small closet.

It was tenanted by a lady, whose features and figure bore the strongest marks of affliction. Her person was so attenuated that she looked little more than a skeleton—her fingers were long and thin—her cheeks hollow and deathly pale—her eyes histreless and deep sunken in their sockets—and her hair, once jetty as the raven's wing, prematurely blanched. Such was the profound gloom stamped upon her countenance,

VOL. XXII.

that it was impossible to look upon her without compassion, while, in spite of her woe-begone looks, there was a noble character about her that elevated the feeling into deep interest, blended with respect. She was kneeling beside a small desk, with an open Bible laid upon it, which she

was intently studying when the squire appeared.

"Here is a terrible text for you, Nicholas," she said, regarding him mournfully. "Listen to it, and judge of its effect on me. Thus it is written in Deuteronomy :- 'There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch.' A witch, Nicholas-do you mark the word? And yet more particular is the next verse, wherein it is said :- Or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer.' And then cometh the denunciation of divine anger against such offenders, in these awful words:- For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord: and because of these abominations, the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee.' Again, it is said in Leviticus, that 'the Lord setteth his face against such, to cut them off.' And in Exodus, the law is expressly laid down thus-' THOU SHALT NOT SUFFER A WITCH TO There is no escape for her, you see. By the divine command she must perish, and human justice must carry out the decree. Nicholas, I am one of the offenders thus denounced, thus condemned. I have practised witchcraft, consulted with familiar spirits, and done other abominations in the sight of Heaven; and I ought to pay the full penalty of my

"Do not, I beseech you, madam," replied the squire, "continue to take this view of your case. However you have sinned, you have made amends by the depth and sincerity of your repentance. Your days and nights—for you allow yourself only such rest as nature forces on you, and take even that most unwillingly—are passed in constant prayer. Your abstinence is severer than any anchoress ever practised, for I am sure for the last month you have not taken as much food altogether as I consume in a day; while, not content with this, you perform acts of penance that afflict me beyond measure to think upon, and which I have striven in vain to induce you to forego. There will be no occasion to deliver yourself up to justice, madam; for, if you go on thus, and do not deal with yourself a little more mildly, your accounts with this world will be speedily settled."

"And I should rejoice to think so, Nicholas," replied Mistress Nutter, "if I had any hope in the world to come. But, alas! I have none. I cannot, by any act of penitence and contrition, expiate my offences. My soul is darkened by despair. I know I ought to give myself up—that Heaven and man alike require my life, and I cannot reconcile myself to

avoiding my just doom."

"It is the Evil One who puts these thoughts into your head," replied Nicholas, "and who fills your heart with promptings of despair, that he may again obtain the mastery over it. But take a calmer and more consolatory view of your condition. Human justice may require a public sacrifice as an example, but Heaven will be satisfied with contrition in secret."

[&]quot;I trust so," replied the lady, vainly striving to draw comfort from his

words. "Oh, Nicholas! you do not know the temptations I am exposed to in this chamber—the difficulty I experience in keeping my thoughts fixed on one object—the distractions I undergo—the mental obscurations—the faintings of spirit—the bodily prostration—the terrors, the inconceivable terrors that assail me. Sometimes I wish my spirit would flee away, and be at rest. Rest! there is none for me—none in the grave—none beyond the grave—and therefore I am afraid of death, and still more of the judgment after death! Man might inflict all the tortures he could devise upon this poor frame. I would bear them all with patience, with delight, if I thought they would purchase me immunity hereafter! But with the dread conviction, the almost certainty, that it will be otherwise, I can only look to the final consummation with despair!"

"Again I tell you these suggestions are evil," said Nicholas. "The Son of God, who sacrificed himself for man, and by whose atonement all mankind hope for salvation, has assured us that the greatest sinner who repents shall be forgiven, and, indeed, is more acceptable in the eyes of Heaven than him who has never erred. Far be it from me to attempt to exculpate you in your own eyes, or extenuate your former criminality. You have sinned deeply, so deeply that you may well shrink aghast from the contemplation of your past life—may well recoil in abhorrence from yourself, and may fitly devote yourself to constant prayer and acts of penitence. But having cast off your iniquity, and sincerely repented, I bid you hope—I bid you place a confident reliance in the elemency of an

all-merciful Power."

"You give me much comfort, Nicholas," said the lady, "and if tears of blood can wash away my sin, they shall be shed; but much as you know of my wickedness, even you cannot conceive its extent. In my madness, for it was nothing else, I cast off all hopes of Heaven, renounced my Redeemer, was baptized by the demon, and entered into a compact by which—I shudder to speak it—my soul was surrendered to him."

"You placed yourself in fearful jeopardy, no doubt," rejoined Nicholas; but you have broken the contract in time, and an all-righteous judge will not permit the penalty of the bond to be exacted. Seeing your penitence,

Satan has relinquished all claim to your soul."

"I do not think it," replied the lady. "He will contest the point to

As she spoke, a sound like mocking laughter reached

As she spoke, a sound like mocking laughter reached the ears of Nicholas.

"Did you hear that?" demanded Mistress Nutter, in accents of wildest

terror. "He is ever on the watch. I knew it-I knew it."

Clasping her hands together, and fixing her looks on high, she then addressed the most fervent supplications to Heaven for deliverance from evil, and ere long her troubled countenance began to resume its former serenity, proving that the surest balm for a "mind diseased" is prayer. Her example had been followed by Nicholas, who, greatly alarmed, had dropped upon his knees likewise, and now arose with somewhat more composure in his demeanour and aspect.

"I am sorry I do not bring you good news, madam," he said, "but Jem Device has been arrested this morning, and as the fellow is greatly exasperated against me, he threatens to betray your retreat to the officers; and though he is, probably, unacquainted with it, notwithstanding his

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES. CHAPTER III

boasting, still he may cause search to be made, and, therefore, I think you had better be removed to some other hiding-place."

"Deliver me up without more ado, I pray you, Nicholas," said

quadrangular structure, built entirely of timber, and painted extevbel oft. "You know my resolution on that point, madam," he replied, "and, therefore, it is idle to attempt to shake it. For your daughter's sake, if not for your own, I will save you, in spite of yourself. You would not fix a brand for ever on Alizon's name-you would not destroy her?"

"I would not," replied the wretched lady. " But have you heard from

her have you seen her? Tell me, is she well and happy?" bentatnoo

"She is well, and would be happy, were it not for her anxiety about you," replied Nicholas, evasively. "But for her sake-mine-your own -I must urge you to seek some other place of refuge to-night, for if you are discovered here, you will bring ruin on us all." slinw sho bedsilog to

"I will no longer debate the point," replied Mistress Nutter. "Where

of an earlier period, among whom was Margaret Barton, who" tog Inlants "There is one place of absolute security, but I do not like to mention it," replied Nicholas. "Yet still as it will only be necessary to remain for a day or two, till the search is over, when you can return here, it founder of the house, and husband of Margaret Bar .restan down tonnes

"Where is it?" asked Mistress Nutter. bushoid all driw guidas ban

"Malkin Tower," answered the squire, with some hesitation.

"I will never go to that accursed place," cried the lady. "Send me hence, when you will-now, or at midnight, and let me seek shelter on the

bleak fells, or on the desolate moors, but bid me not go there !" s also to

"And yet it is the best and safest place for you," returned Nicholas, somewhat testily; "and for this reason, that being reputed to be haunted, no one will venture to molest you. As to Mother Demdike, I suppose you are not afraid of her ghost, and if the evil beings you apprehend were able or inclined to do you mischief, they would not wait till you got there to execute their purpose." "Lemmin Hint" error lo sdir edit edit

"True," said Mistress Nutter, "I was wrong to hesitate. I will go."

"You will be as safe there as here, ay, and safer," rejoined Nicholas, "or I would not urge the retreat upon you. I am about to ride over to Middleton this morning to see your daughter and Richard Assheton, and shall sleep at Whalley, so that I shall not be able to accompany you to the tower to-night, but old Crouch, the huntsman, shall be in waiting for you, as soon as it grows dusk, in the summer-house, with which, as you know, the secret staircase connected with this room communicates, and he shall have a horse in readiness to take you, together with such matters as you may require, to the place of refuge. Heaven guard you, madam!" and

"Amen!" responded the lady. and to eage of the carried to bon your

"And now, farewell!" said Nicholas. "I shall hope to see you back again ere many days be gone, when your quietude will not again be gilt vanes, may serve to complete the picture of Middleton Halbertuteil

So saying, he stepped back, and passing through the panel, closed it were seated on a bench placed at the foot of one of the larges mid reflat

umbrageous of the beech-trees crowning the pleasant eminence before mentioned; and though differing in aspect and character, the me being

CHAPTER III.

MIDDLETON HALL.

MIDDLETON HALL, the residence of Sir Richard Assheton, was a large quadrangular structure, built entirely of timber, and painted externally in black and white chequer-work, fanciful and varied in design, in the style peculiar to the better class of Tudor houses in South Lancashire and Cheshire. Surrounded by a deep moat, supplied by a neighbouring stream, and crossed by four drawbridges, each faced by a gateway, this vast pile of building was divided into two spacious courts, one of which contained the stables, barns, and offices, while the other was reserved for the family and the guests by whom the hospitable mansion was almost constantly crowded. In the last-mentioned part of the house was a great gallery, with deeply embayed windows filled with painted glass, a floor of polished oak, walls of the same dark lustrous material, hung with portraits of stiff beauties, some in ruff and farthingale, and some in a costume of an earlier period, among whom was Margaret Barton, who brought the manor of Middleton into the family; frowning warriors, beginning with Sir Ralph Assheton, Knight-marshal of England in the reign of Edward IV., and surnamed "the Black Knight of Assheton-under-line," the founder of the house, and husband of Margaret Barton before mentioned, and ending with Sir Richard Assheton, grandfather of the present owner of the mansion, and one of the heroes of Flodden; grave lawyers, or graver divines—a likeness running through all, and showing they belonged to one line; a huge carved mantelpiece, massive tables of walnut or oak, and black and shining as ebony, set round with high-backed chairs. Here, also, above stairs there were long corridors looking out through lattices upon the court, and communicating with the almost countless dormitories, while, on the floor beneath, corresponding passages led to all the principal chambers, and terminated in the grand entrance-hall, the roof of which being open, and intersected by enormous rafters, and crooks of oak, like the ribs of some "tall ammiral," was thought from this circumstance, as well as from its form, to resemble "a ship turned upside down." The lower beams were elaborately carved, and ornamented with gilded bosses and sculptured images, sustaining shields emblazoned with the armorial bearings of the Asshetons. As many as three hundred matchlocks, in good and serviceable condition, were ranged round the entrance-hall, besides corslets, Almayne rivets, steel caps, and other accoutrements; this stand of arms having been collected by Sir Richard's predecessor during the military muster made in the country in 1574, when he had raised and equipped a troop of horse for Queen Elizabeth. Outside the mansion was a garden, charmingly laid out in parterres and walks, and not only carried to the edge of the moat, but continued beyond it till it reached a high knoll crowned with beech-trees. A crest of tall twisted chimneys, a high roof with quaintly carved gables, surmounted by many gilt vanes, may serve to complete the picture of Middleton Hall.

On a lovely summer evening, two young persons of opposite sexes were seated on a bench placed at the foot of one of the largest and most umbrageous of the beech-trees crowning the pleasant eminence before mentioned; and though differing in aspect and character, the one being

excessively fair, with tresses as light and fleecy as the clouds above them, and eyes as blue and tender as the skies, and the other distinguished by great manly beauty, though in a totally different style, still there was a sufficiently strong likeness between them to proclaim them brother and sister. Profound melancholy pervaded the countenance of the young man, whose handsome brow was clouded by care, while the girl, though sad, seemed so only from sympathy.

They were conversing together in deep and earnest tones, showing how greatly they were interested, and as they proceeded many an involuntary sigh was heaved by Richard Assheton, while a tear more than once dimmed the brightness of his sister's eyes, and her hand sought by

its gentle pressure to reassure him.

They were talking of Alizon, of her peculiar and distressing situation, and of the young man's hopeless love for her. She was the general theme of their discourse, for Richard's sole comfort was in pouring forth his griefs into his sister's willing ear; but new causes of anxiety had been given them by Nicholas, who had arrived that afternoon, bringing intelligence of Jem Device's capture, and of his threats against Mistress The squire had only just departed, having succeeded in the twofold object of his visit, which was, firstly, to borrow three hundred pounds from his cousin, and, secondly, to induce him to attend the meeting at Hoghton Tower. With the first request Richard willingly complied, and he assented, though with some reluctance, to the second, provided nothing of serious moment should occur in the interim. Nicholas tried to rally him on his despondency, endeavouring to convince him all would come right in time, and that his misgivings were causeless; but his arguments were ineffectual, and he was soon compelled to desist. The squire would fain, also, have seen Alizon, but understanding she always remained secluded in her chamber till even-tide, he did not press the point. Richard urged him to stay over the night, alleging the length of the ride, and the speedy approach of evening, as inducements to him to remain; but on this score the squire was resolute, and having carefully secured the large sum of money he had obtained beneath his doublet, he mounted his favourite steed, Robin, who seemed as fresh as if he had not achieved upwards of thirty miles that morning, and rode off.

Richard watched him cross the drawbridge, and take the road towards Rochdale, and after exchanging a farewell wave of the hand with him,

returned to the hall, and sought out his sister.

Dorothy was easily persuaded to take a turn in the garden with her brother, and during their walk he confided to her all he had heard from Nicholas. Her alarm at Jem Device's threat was much greater than his own; and, though she entertained a strong and unconquerable aversion to Mistress Nutter, and could not be brought to believe in the sincerity of her penitence, still, for Alizon's sake, she dreaded lest any harm should befal her, and more particularly desired to avoid the disgrace which would be inflicted by a public execution. Alizon, she was sure, would not survive such a catastrophe, and therefore, at all risks, it must be averted.

Richard did not share, to the same extent, in her apprehensions, because he had been assured by Nicholas that Mistress Nutter would be removed to a place of perfect security, and because he was disposed, with

the squire, to regard the prisoner's threats as mere ravings of impotent malice. Still he could not help feeling great uneasiness. Vague fears, too, beset him, which he found it in vain to shake off, but he did not communicate them to his sister, as he knew the terrifying effect they would have upon her timid nature; and he therefore kept the mental anguish he endured to himself, hoping ere long it would diminish in intensity. But in this he was deceived, for, instead of abating, his

gloom and depression momently increased.

Almost unconsciously, Richard and his sister had quitted the garden, proceeding with slow and melancholy steps to the beech-crowned knoll. The seat they had chosen was a favourite one with Alizon, and she came thither on most evenings, either accompanied by Dorothy or alone. Here it was that Richard had more than once passionately besought her to become his bride, receiving on both occasions a same meek yet firm refusal. To Dorothy also, who pleaded her brother's cause with all the eloquence and fervour of which she was mistress, Alizon replied that her affections were fixed upon Richard, but that while her mother lived, and needed her constant prayers, they must not be withheld; and that looking upon any earthly passion as a criminal interference with this paramount duty, she did not dare to indulge it. Dorothy represented to her that the sacrifice was greater than she was called upon to make, that her health was visibly declining, and that she might fall a victim to her overzeal; but Alizon was deaf to her remonstrances, as she had been to the entreaties of Richard.

With hearts less burdened, the contemplation of the scene before them could not have failed to give delight to Richard and his sister, and even amid the adverse circumstances under which it was viewed, its beauty

and tranquillity produced a soothing influence.

Evening was gradually stealing on, and all the exquisite tints marking that delightful hour were spreading over the landscape. The sun was setting gorgeously, and a flood of radiance fell upon the old mansion beneath them, and upon the grey and venerable church, situated on a hill adjoining it. The sounds were all in unison with the hour, and the lowing of cattle, the voices of the husbandmen returning from their work, mingled with the cawing of the rooks newly alighted on the high trees near the church, told them that bird, man, and beast were seeking their home for the night. But though Richard's eye dwelt upon the fair garden beneath him, embracing all its terraces, green slopes, and trim pastures; though it fell upon the moat belting the hall like a glittering zone; though it rested upon the church tower; and roaming over the park. beyond it, finally settled upon the range of hills bounding the horizon, which have not inaptly been termed the English Apennines; though he saw all these things, he thought not of them, neither was he conscious of the sounds that met his ear, and which all spoke of rest from labour, and peace. Darker and deeper grew his melancholy. He began to persuade himself he was not long for this world, and while gazing upon the beautiful prospect before him, was, perhaps, looking upon it for the last time.

For some minutes Dorothy watched him anxiously, and at last receiving no answer to her questions, and alarmed by the expression of his countenance, she flung her arms round his neck, and burst into tears. It was

removed to place of perfect securi

now Richard's turn to console her, and he inquired with much anxiety

as to the cause of this sudden outburst of grief.

"You yourself are the cause of it, dear Richard," replied Dorothy, regarding him with brimming eyes; "I cannot bear to see you so unhappy. If you suffer this melancholy to grow upon you, it will affect both mind and body. Just now, your countenance were an expression most distressing to look upon. Try to smile, dear Richard, if only to cheer me, or else I shall grow as sad as you. Ah, me! I have known the day, and not long since, either, when on a pleasant summer evening like this you would propose a stroll into the park with me; and, when there, would trip along the glades as fleetly as a deer, and defy me to catch you. But you always took care I should, though—ha! ha! Come, there is a little attempt at a smile. That's something. You look more like yourself How happy we used to be in those days, to be sure!—and how merry! You would make the courts ring with your blithe laughter, and well-nigh kill me with your jests. If love is to make one mope like an owl, and sigh like the wind through a half-shut casement; if it is to cause one to lose one's rosy complexion and gay spirit, and forget how to dance and sing-take no pleasure in hawking and hunting, or any kind of sport -walk about with eyes fixed upon the ground, muttering, and with disordered attire; if it is to make one silent when one should be talkative, grave when one should be gay, heedless when one should listen-if it is to do all this, defend me from the tender passion! I hope I shall never fall in love."

"I hope you never will, dear Dorothy," replied Richard, pressing her hand affectionately, "if your love is to be attended with such unhappy results as mine. I know not how it is, but I feel unusually despondent this evening, and am haunted by a thousand dismal fancies. But I will do my best to dismiss them, and with your help no doubt I shall succeed."

my best to dismiss them, and with your help no doubt I shall succeed."
"There !—there was a smile in earnest!" cried Dorothy, brightening "Oh, Richard! I am quite happy now. And, after all, I do not see why you should take such a gloomy view of things. I have no doubt there is a great deal, a very great deal, of happiness in store for you and Alizon—I must couple her name with yours, or you will not allow it to be happiness—if you can only be brought to think so. I am quite sure of it; and you shall see how nicely I can make the matter out. As thus. Mistress Nutter is certain to die soon—such a wicked woman cannot live long. Don't be angry with me for calling her wicked, Richard, but you know I never can forget her unhallowed proceedings in the convent church at Whalley, where I was so nearly becoming a witch myself. Well, as I was saying, she cannot live long, and when she goes-and Heaven grant it may be soon !-Alizon, no doubt, will mourn for her, though I shall not, and after a decent interval—then, Richard, then she will no longer say you nay, but will make you happy as your wife. Nay, do not look so sad again, dear brother. I thought I should make you quite cheerful by the picture I was drawing."

"It is because I fear it will never be realised that I am sad, Dorothy," replied Richard. "My own anticipations are the opposite of yours, and paint Alizon sinking into an early grave before her mother; while, as to

myself, if such be the case, I shall not long survive her."

"Nay, now you will make me weep again," cried Dorothy, her tears flowing afresh. "But I will not allow you to indulge such gloomy ideas, Richard. If I seriously thought Mistress Nutter likely to occasion all this fresh mischief, I would cause her to be delivered up to justice, and hanged out of the way. You may look cross at me, but I would. What is an old witch like her, compared with two young, handsome persons, dying for love of each other, and yet not able to marry on her account?"

"Dorothy, Dorothy, you must put some restraint on your tongue," said Richard; "you give it sadly too much licence. You forget it is the wish of the unhappy lady you refer to, to expiate her offences at the stake, and that it is only out of consideration to her daughter that she has been induced to remain in concealment. What will be the issue of it all, I dare scarcely conjecture. Wo to her, I fear. Wo to Alizon. Wo

to me!"

" Alas! Richard, that you should link yourself to her fate!" exclaimed

Dorothy, half mournfully, half reproachfully.

"I cannot help it," he replied. "It is my destiny—a deplorable destiny, if you will—but not to be avoided. That Mistress Nutter will escape the consequences of her crimes, I can scarcely believe. Her penitence is profound and sincere, and that is a great consolation, for I trust she will not perish body and soul. I should wish her to have some spiritual assistance, but this Nicholas will not for the present permit, alleging that no churchman would consent to screen her from justice when he became aware, as he must by her confession, of the nature and magnitude of her offences. This may be true; but when the wretches who have been leagued with her in iniquity are disposed of, the reason will no longer exist, and I will see that she is cared for. But apart from her mother, I have another source of anxiety respecting Alizon. It is this: orders have been this day given for the arrest of Elizabeth Device and her daughter Jennet, and Alizon will be the chief witness against them. This will be a great trouble to her."

"Undoubtedly," rejoined Dorothy, with much concern. "But can it

not be avoided?"

"I fear not," said Richard; "and I blamed Nicholas much for his precipitancy in giving the order; but he replied he had been held up latterly as a favourer of witches, and must endeavour to redeem his character by a display of severity. Were it not for Alizon, I should rejoice

that the noxious brood should at last be utterly exterminated."

"And so should I, in good sooth," responded Dorothy. "As to Elizabeth Device, she is bad enough for anything, and capable of almost any mischief: but she is nothing to Jennet, who, I am persuaded, would become a second Mother Demdike, if her career were not cut short. You have seen the child, and know what an ill-favoured, deformed little creature she is, with round high shoulders, eyes set strangely in her face, and such a malicious expression—oh! I shudder to think of it."

And she covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out some un-

pleasant object.

"Poor predestined child of sin, branded by nature from her birth, and charged with wicked passions, as the snake with venom, I cannot but pity her!" exclaimed Richard. "Compassion is entirely thrown away," he added, with a sudden change of manner, and as if trying to shake off a

weakness. "The poisonous fruit must, however, be nipped in the bud. Better she should perish now, even though comparatively guiltless, than

hereafter, with a soul stained with crime, like her mother."

As he concluded, he put his hand quickly to his side, for a sharp and sudden pang shot through his heart; and so acute was the pain that, after struggling against it for a moment, he groaned deeply, and would have fallen, if his sister, greatly alarmed, and with difficulty repressing a scream, had not lent him support.

Neither of them were aware of the presence of a little girl, who had approached the place where they were sitting with footsteps so light that the grass scarcely seemed to bend beneath them, and who, ensconcing herself behind the tree, drank in their discourse with eager ears. She was attended by a large black cat, who, climbing the tree, placed himself

on a bough above her.

During the latter part of the conversation, and when it turned upon the arrest of Jennet and her mother, the expression of the child's countenance, malicious enough to begin with, became desperately malignant; and she was only restrained by certain signs from the cat, which appeared to be intelligible to her, from some act of mischief. At last even this failed; and before the animal could descend and check her, she crept round the bole of the tree, so as to bring herself close to Richard, and muttering a spell, made one or two passes behind his back, touched him with the point of her finger, but so lightly that he was unconscious of the pressure, and then hastily retreated with the cat, who glared furiously at her from his flaming orbs.

It was at the moment she touched him that Richard felt as if an arrow

were quivering in his heart.

Poor Dorothy's alarm was so great that she could not even scream for assistance, and she feared, if she quitted her brother, he would expire before her return; but the agony, though great, was speedily over, and as the spasm ceased, he looked up, and, with a faint smile, strove to reassure her.

"Do not be alarmed," he said; "it is nothing—a momentary faint-

ness, that is all."

But the damp upon his brow and the deathly hue of his cheek contra-

dicted the assertion, and showed how much he had endured.

"It was more than momentary faintness, dear Richard," replied Dorothy; "it was a frightful seizure—so frightful that I almost feared—But no matter; you know I am easily alarmed. Thank God! here is some colour coming into your cheeks. You are better now, I see. Lean upon me, and let us return to the house."

"I can walk unassisted," said Richard, rising with an effort.

"Do not despise my feeble aid," replied Dorothy, taking his arm under

her own. "You will be quite well soon."

"I am quite well now," said Richard, halting, after he had advanced a few paces. "The attack is altogether passed. Do you not see Alizon coming towards us? Not a word of this sudden seizure to her. Do you mind, Dorothy?"

Alizon was soon close beside them; and though, in obedience to Richard's injunctions, no allusion was made to his recent illness, she at once perceived he was suffering greatly, and with much solicitude inquired

into the cause. Richard avoided giving a direct answer, and immediately entering upon Nicholas's visit, tried to divert her attention from himself.

So great a change had been wrought in Alizon's appearance and manner during the last few weeks, that she could scarcely be recognised. Still beautiful as ever, her beauty had lost its earthly character, and had become in the highest degree spiritualised and refined. Humility of deportment and resignation of look, blended with an expression of religious fervour, gave her the appearance of one of the early martyrs. Unremitting ardour in the pursuance of her devotional exercises by day, and long vigils at night, had worn down her frame, and robbed it of some of its grace and fulness of outline; but this attenuation had a charm of its own, and gave a touching interest to her figure, which was wanting before. If her cheek was thinner and paler, her eyes looked larger and brighter, and more akin to the stars in splendour; and if she appeared less childlike, less joyous, less free from care, the want of these qualities was more than counterbalanced by increased gentleness, resignation, and serenity.

Deeply interested in all Richard told her of her mother, she was greatly concerned to hear of the intended arrest of Elizabeth and Jennet Device, especially the latter. For this unhappy and misguided child she had once entertained the affection of a sister, and it could not but be a source

of grief to her to reflect upon her probable fate.

Little more passed between them; for Richard, feeling his strength again fail him, was anxious to reach the house, and Dorothy was quite unequal to conversation. They parted at the door; and as Alizon, after taking leave of her friends, turned to continue her walk in the garden, Richard staggered into the entrance-hall, and sank upon a chair.

Alizon desired to be alone, for she did not wish to have a witness to the grief that overpowered her, and which, when she had gained a retired part of the garden, where she supposed herself free from all observation,

found relief in a flood of tears.

For some minutes she was a prey to violent and irrepressible emotion, and had scarcely regained a show of composure, when she heard herself addressed, as she thought, in the voice of the very child whose unlucky fate she was deploring. Looking round in surprise, and seeing no one, she began to think fancy must have cheated her, when a low malicious laugh, arising from a shrubbery near her, convinced her that Jennet was hidden there; and the next moment the little girl stepped from out the trees.

Alizon's first impulse was to catch the child in her arms, and press her to her bosom; but there was something in Jennet's look that deterred her, and so embarrassed her that she was unable to bestow upon her the ordinary greeting of affection, or even approach her.

Jennet seemed to enjoy her confusion, and laughed spitefully.

"Yo dunna seem ower glad to see me, sister Alizon," said Jennet, at

ength.

"Sister Alizon!" There was something in the term that now jarred upon the young girl's ears, but she strove to conquer the feeling, as unworthy of her.

"She was once my sister," she thought, "and shall be so still. I will save her, if it be possible. Jennet," she added, aloud, "I know not what

chance brings you here, and though I may not give you the welcome you expect, I am rejoiced to see you, because I may be the means of serving you. Do not be alarmed at what I am going to tell you. The danger, I hope, is passed, or, at all events, may be avoided. Your liberty is threatened, and at the very moment I see you here I was lamenting your supposed condition as a prisoner."

Jennet laughed louder and more spitefully than before, and looked so

like a little fury that Alizon's blood ran cold at the sight of it.

"Ey knoa it aw, sister Alizon," she cried, "an that is why ey ha cum'd here. Brother Jem is a pris'ner i' Whalley Abbey. Mother is a pris'ner theere too. An ey should ha kept em company, if Tib hadna brought me off. Now, listen to me, Alizon, fo' this is my bus'ness wi' yo. Yo mun get mother an Jem out to-neet-eigh, to-neet. Yo con do it, if yo win. An onless yo do-boh ey winna threaten till ey get yer answer."

"How am I to set them free?" asked Alizon, greatly alarmed.

"Yo need only say the word to young Ruchot Assheton, an the job's done," replied Jennet.

"I refuse—positively refuse to do so," rejoined Alizon, indignantly.

"Varry weel," cried Jennet, with a look of concentrated malice and fury; "then tak the consequences. They win be ta'en to Lonkester Castle, an lose their lives theere. Boh ye shan go too-ay, an be brunt os a witch—a witch—d'ye mark, wench? eh!"
"I defy your malice!" cried Alizon.

"Defy me!" screamed Jennet. "What, ho! Tib!"

And at the call the huge black cat sprang from out the shrubbery.

"Tear her flesh from her bones!" cried the little girl, pointing to Alizon, and stamping furiously on the ground.

Tib erected his back, and glared like a tiger, but he seemed unwilling,

or unable to obey the order.

Alizon, who had completely recovered her courage, regarded him

fixedly, and apparently without terror.

"Whoy dusna seize her, an tear her i' pieces?" cried the infuriated child.

"He dares not-he has no power over me," said Alizon. "Oh, Jennet! cast him off. Your wicked agent appears to befriend you now, but he will lead you to certain destruction. Come with me, and I will

save you."

"Off!" cried Jennet, repelling her with furious gestures. "Off! ey winna ge wi' ye. Ey winna be saved, os yo term it. Ey hate yo more than ever, and wad strike yo dead at my feet, if ey could. Boh as ey conna do it, ey win find some other means o' injurin' ye. Soh look to yersel, proud ledy-look to yersel! Ey ha already smitten you in a place where ye win feel it sore, an ey win repeat the blow. Ey now leave yo, boh we shan meet again. Come along, Tib!"

So saying, she sprang into the shrubbery, followed by the cat, leaving

Alizon appalled by her frightful malignity.

chance brings you here, and though I may not give you the welcome you
represent the most beautiful way in the second por one of besides in a I species where she gathered Flowers day on of the dayer.
I hope, is passed, or, at all events, may be avoided. Your liberty is threatened, and at the very month, it all you here I was lamenting your
threatened, and at the very modicine, and here I was lamenting your
'Twas on a merry summer day, When yellow gorse was blowing, I met her in the forest way, With ringlets brightly flowing— Her ringlets rich as autumn leaves, Her face all artless beauty; Who sees such evermore believes "To love" life's sweetest duty.
She gathered flowers as she went, The little fairy reaper!
2 flor 9.05 fts -notation 2 challenge of material brown address when have by the
Wild-rose, for some dear emblem meant, Sorrel, and noon's pale sleeper;* Red woodbines, too, so lavish there, That with each zephyr wrestled, And one choice bunch she pillowed where Her spowy kerchief nestled.
Red woodbines, too, so lavish there,
That with each zephyr wrestled,
And one choice bunch she pillowed where
os a wilch—a witch—d'ye mare, wellen't en-
She murmured snatches of old song— How still I stood to listen!
But down the forest vale ere long and and Man and an barA
of gailling dry I saw her ringlets glisten and mort meal and meal "
I heard her singing in the shade, and any make box moxile
Now hastening, and now staying, While half resolved, and half afraid,
I ran or stood delaying.
fixedly, and apparently without terror.
As down the path she wended;
mo " mosil" My beating heart grew proud and strong-
won now boothed I too the path descended. Two if o mid Jam 1 James.
Along the ruts now bore her!
Along the ruts now bore her! But soon, with step as sure and fleet,
naily stom ov stan I breathless stood before her. and well say Iw on anniw
winds go wil yes lev will be stood before her. How we will be a see cona ever, and wad strike yo dead at my feet, if ey could Bob as ey cona do it, ey win find some strow gainrud at the burning words amon but hole to yersel.
easing a si pay a That hushed her tongue's gay ditty? Acol—yook buong
ov 2782 won v Needs it to strike the passion-chords at 1201 mw by 2120 w
That moved her heart to pity? Joon made sw mod
Soon was her yielding hand in mine, may out any of
And where she gathered flowers, and yd ballaggs noxd.
Where violets bud and lilies shine,

We talked of wedding hours.

THE VENETIAN MIRROR.

BY CHARLES B. HENRY.

A LETTER arrived at the Court, and in half an hour the news spread all over Cradiden that Lord Erntoft would be down that day week. an excuse for the visit, so I set out the morning after the intelligence arrived, across the bridge and meadow that led to the house, with more thoughts, I confess, of the gossip with old Mrs. Ursula Threadgold, the housekeeper, than concern for the trifle to be transacted. Everything looked bustling in the sunshine. There were twice the usual number of labourers about the park; windows that I had scarcely known to exist were open, and gave glimpses of white-bedded guest chambers; the hollyhocks were sparkling with rain-drops, for a spring shower had just cleared off, and I verily believe twice the wonted number of peacocks spread their rainbow plumage as they strutted up the walk. Within were signs of active preparation. Great rolls of Persian carpet lay on the landingplaces, tesselate with many-coloured woods. In the saloon, unsightly coverings were being taken down, and disclosed walls lined with crimson satin, superbly decorated with pheasants and other birds in gold; and from the piers between the windows servants were busily withdrawing cloths, and wrappings, and revealing broad mirrors glittering in frames of exquisite workmanship, golden intertwinings of flowers and nymphs, of shells and Tritons, the gilt on the cornices, and the beading on the panels, was all newly burnished; the shapeless things that hung from the ceiling were transformed into dazzling lustres, and chairs and tables that on former visits had appeared but as odd forms of straw and matting, now showed all rosewood, carved work, and damask. Passing through half a dozen rooms in this state, I at last found the housekeeper. was giving directions in an unusually querulous tone to some men who were busied in divesting of its covering of Beauvais tapestry a curiouslyshaped mirror in a silver frame. It was much more antique than any I had seen in other parts of the house—the plate without the slightest flaw, the silver frame of intricate design, representing, in borders of lilies, the chief incidents in the story of Acis and Galatea. But I had not time to do more than glance at it, for Mrs. Ursula, hurriedly ordering the men to cover it up again until she could get it removed, bade me follow her into her own room.

"Why are you going to take it down?" was my first question. "The mirror is as curious as anything in the house; how is it I have not been favoured with a sight of it before?"

The old woman turned very serious all of a sudden, and said,

"I wish the glass were broke in a hundred pieces on that floor; and if you ask why I move it—But never mind, there is not time now to tell you; and please, sir, let me know your business with me quick, as I have a world of things on my hands just now."

Making reply that I was only come to return the key of the library into her hands, as it had been reported in the village that Lord Erntoft was daily expected, I took my departure, promising to come up to the Court in a day or two when she had got things more settled.

And now it is proper that I set down some few particulars about Geoffrey Blaxland, last Lord Erntoft, whom I had seen twenty-one years before, a rosy-cheeked boy, and whom I was to see but once more, and then encompassed by circumstances of unspeakable sadness and mystery. His elder brother had died of some nursery fright, as was generally said, when quite a child, and so Geoffrey succeeded to the title. He had been brought up by a guardian, of a severe and exacting temper, and to his unwise treatment might be attributed the wildness of the boy and the wayward dissipation of the man. Foreign travel, the luxury of the Italian cities, and, above all, the perilous pursuit with the false name in London and Paris, had made him at five-and-thirty a worn-out, joyless man, who now for mere variety came to his country-house with some few of the friends who, like himself, had for awhile grown weary of their old scenes of pleasure. And to those who pass a life of extravagance and profligacy, there are always minor inducements in abundance to quit haunts that their more awakened moments cannot but loathe. He came a few days sooner than was expected, and there were soon strange reports all over Cradiden of the prodigal wassailry that now reigned at the Court. For he was soon joined by three others; one, a light-haired, puny young man, of good family, fresh from college, called George Ruthin; the second, a worn-out roué of sixty; and the third, who directed the whole party, Erntoft included, with the serenest impudence, was a fellow whose acquaintance had been originally made in a St. James's-street gamblinghouse, and who found it convenient for a time to forsake his usual asso-This man's name, now at least, was Frederick Bardsley. All the poor were sorry for their landlord when they heard he had fallen into such hands, and taken to such courses, for in his boyhood Erntoft's gaiety had made him a favourite, and people fondly foretold that he would grow up wiser and steadier; but such prophecies seldom come true, and the leniency that prompts, assists to falsify them. Well, things went on badly for some weeks, the quiet village being disturbed every day by some tale of recklessness and shame. I pass over much that was said at the time, both because, of course, all these evil stories were much exaggerated, and because it would little serve my present purpose, which is to set down shortly an incident of family history of the catastrophe of which I believe I am the only witness now living.

It was on a rainy July evening (the aspect of the sky is more clearly before me than yesterday's sunset), that, as I was returning home from a visit to a distant cottage, and was just stopping to look at a cluster of diamond-like glow-worms by the wayside, suddenly a gig hurried through

the splash and moss, and a nervous voice called me to

"Come quick, for God's sake. You are Mr. Hadleigh, I think? Well, will you go up to the Court as quick as you can; poor Erntoft is dying. It was that brute Bardsley's doing. I knew no good would come of all their devilry. Make haste! I am going over for a doctor; for God's sake go."

The speaker dashed away through the black moss and mire. It was young Ruthin. Without delay I started on my way to the house—across a meadow that bears the name of Inner Heart's Gore—for the origin of which appellation I have in vain consulted oldest inhabitants, and still older cartularies—crossing a moss-grown bridge, through the park gates,

with their shield-bearing wiverns, to the house. I went quick, but during my short walk my mind was filled with an ominous shadow of sorrow, like that cast by a tree shaken by the wind; it had various shapes; still there was a shadow: and is it well to speak of such presentiments as superstitions? are they not rather kindly warnings that prepare us for the storm? for it is the reprobate whom affliction surprises in the time of laughter and God-forgetting revelling. But I had reached the house. The servant met me at the door, with a face white with fear and agita-It is needless trying to describe the state of things within. master had been taken to his room speechless. Of his guests, one had been carried to bed intoxicated, the other, Bardsley, was with Lord Geoffrey. Young Ruthin was the only one who had had presence of mind enough to go for medical aid, for Bardsley had endeavoured to make light of the affair, as a mere drunken fit; and for his pursuing this course, as will immediately be seen, there was good reason. The servants, mostly newly hired (for the more respectable ones long attached to the family had been turned away), were gathered in groups, whispering and conjecturing in every room. Mrs. Ursula had been forbidden to attend on her master by Bardsley, and was not, as I expected, in a gusty state of passion and anxiety, but looking very pale, and standing silent in a saloon exhibiting everywhere signs of the prodigal revelry and dissipated habits of its frequenters. I soon heard all that was known of the origin of her master's sudden seizure from a footman who had been present, and who was narrating the whole affair.

It appeared that the four gentlemen had been prevented, by Bardsley's meeting with an accident, from going over that morning as they had intended to the next town, and that they had been playing billiards all the morning; after a dinner earlier than usual, all of them had drunk a good deal of wine, and then they tried more billiards, but at last sat down to lansquenet in the room where we then stood. As was generally the case, Bardsley and Lord Geoffrey were against each other. The latter, of course, went on losing; at last Ruthin called out to Bardsley, with an oath, that he had changed one of the five packs lying on the table for one of his own, a marked one, and placed it so that he himself as banker must win thirteen tricks; the other started up in a fury, and tried to strike the young man, and at the same time, as if by accident, to throw the pack into the fire. Lord Erntoft rose and caught hold of Bardsley's arm, who, to steady himself, laid hold of a piece of tapestry. It gave way, and showed right before Erntoft's face that mirror in its silver frame. For an instant he looked fixedly at it, seeming as if he would have spoken, but the words found no utterance. He shuddered all over strangely, as if he had seen some ghastly thing, or was of a sudden icy

cold, and fell down speechless.

"And well he might, for he saw more in that glass than you or I should ever see, if we looked till doomsday. It is an ill thing, and I had a misgiving when his coming so soon stopped its being taken down," was Mrs. Ursula's commentary when she had dismissed the footman, who had related these particulars, on some errand to the sick man's room. After a due amount of wonder at these mysterious hints, I requested her to explain, as it appeared we could be of no use until the doctor arrived, and took her master out of Bardsley's care. The mention of this individual excited the old woman's wrath not a little, and asserting that it

was not his prohibition, but only a fear of disturbing Lord Geoffrey, that excluded her from the room, she apologised for having kept me so long standing, and led the way through several apartments in a state of unusual disorder, to her own neat room—a prim, dustless sanctum, that seemed just fit for its prim, dustless tenant. Waiting like a good general for the light cavalry of digression and apology to pass, I at last pressed the main question about which my curiosity was really roused, what story was connected with the mirror? The old woman delayed a little longer, and at last, after carefully shutting the door, related the following particulars, but by no means in the condensed form in which they are given to the reader. I have likewise appended a few facts discovered in family papers, which tend to make the date, &c., of the story clearer than they were in Mrs. Ursula Threadgold's narrative.

Several hundred years ago the possessor of Cradiden Court was a certain Ludovic Blaxland, a notable man in his day for greed and violence. Many a deed of rapacity and lawlessness could the people tell of him, and neither priest, maid, nor minstrel, ever uttered prayer or tuned lay for the cruel lord of Erntoft. Old stories say that he was a dwarfish, grey-locked man, with the strength of an Anakim and the passions of an Ahab. He boasted that his family was older than the proudest nobles of the land, and found his chiefest delight in poring over a thick book of rough stormy songs that he said celebrated the olden might of his race, for it was his pride that he was descended from the Norsemen. His life had been a scene of fierce commotion. He had travelled much abroad, for he had been a disobedient son, and had been banished his father's house for years; but on the old man's death he came back, and took possession of his land. Then he married, not for love, though of his wild boyhood there was

a tale of guilt Half-hushed, perchance distorted in the hushing,

that told he had loved once. I say, he married and did not love; it was a wedding of mere interest. He treated his wife with alternate brutality and carelessness, and she, after a short year of tears, and patient striving to find the gentleness that his heart had not, died, leaving him one childa boy, whom the father neglected, for a new passion was in his breast, or rather, as he got older, a former desire returned. The family had become impoverished, and, as we have hinted, avarice was the besetting sin of Ludovic, so he set about repairing his fortunes by the vilest means; first grinding his own people, and afterwards gaining a bad eminence by his share in the authorised spoliations of the last Henry. But there was a retribution near for all his acts of lust and pride. The cry had gone up from the desolate homesteads and desecrate minsters, and on generations to come the wrath was poured out. Thus it was. A ship was wrecked upon the coast. Only one soul was saved—a foreign lady, who had passed her novitiate in England, and was flying from the persecution that raged there to find rest in an Italian convent. Better if she had died than been saved to enter his gate. It was to the daring of a sailor, whose hut was at the cliff's foot, that she owed her life. Ludovic took her to the Court, as the only place fit for a lady's rest. He received her with unwonted courtesy, hired women from the village to tend her; set apart the most richly-furnished rooms for her to occupy-bleak old chambers, tapestry-hung and rush-strewn, little like the gorgeous saloons I had just

left, save that in one was placed a curious mirror he had brought from Venice. It was some days before the Lady Magdalene-for so tradition says that she was named—was well enough to ask to see her host. She soon perceived that there was everything to fear from his ruthless temper and unbridled passions. He refused to give her the means of communication with her friends, or to allow her to leave the Court. At first, with some pretence of his authority under the king, and of her religion, he detained her in prison. But it was soon evident that her beauty had lit up in Ludovic's heart a feeling something like the flame that erewhile glowed under the chain corslets of his ancestors, the Vikings. In vain did the lady pray him to respect one dedicated to Heaven, and at least to let his chivalry listen to her prayers, if he feared not the Church's sanction or regarded right or mercy. But she spoke to one who had loved but once before, and to whom her presence seemed not so much the awakening of a new passion as the directing to a new object of the energies of one to whom passion was habitual. He saw her long and often, but at last, after a debauch prolonged far into the darkness, mad with wine and lust, he broke away from the servants who would have restrained him, and with wild oaths and threats bade them light him to the chamber of Magdalene. What passed there they never clearly knew. Though they listened eagerly, the iron-barred doors allowed not a sound of the agony and horror within to reach their ears. After a little time they became alarmed, and forced an entrance. At first it seemed that they stood only in the presence of the dead. An instant undeceived them. Erntoft lived; what it was that smote him in the madness of his guilt could only be guessed, but from that day he was a witless idiot. Magdalene lay before that Venice mirror. It was plain how she had died, by the threadlike stream of red mingled with the gules and azure tinting on the floor; for just then the first beam of the sunrise streamed through the casement, where was pictured the Saviour on the Lake of Galilee. It seemed a seraph standing o'er the dead. Life had been gone some time, taken by her own hand, to escape that man who now crouched and babbled as they bore the corse away. And all that he talked of in his ravings was, that though when he entered she was dead, yet had her face glared upon him from that Venice mirror, and shed a curse and blight upon his race for ever. A curse to be fulfilled too well.

Ludovic did not long survive, but after a few months of alternate delirium and idiotcy, "Kalendis Decembris, Anno Domini MDXXXV.,"

as his tombstone tells us, died.

Magdalene was buried in a vault beneath the altar of the private chapel; but many years after—in quieter times—her body was disinterred, and removed to the resting-place of her family in Italy. She now sleeps in the church of St. Maria Trastevere, at Rome. The neglected son, of course, succeeded to the estate and title of Erntoft, but did not live long; he fell down in a fit when giving directions to some workmen about repairs and alterations that were being made in the room where his father had died, and which, during the son's minority, had been superstitiously shut up.

This was the substance of Mrs. Ursula's story.

"Strange, indeed," said I, at its conclusion. "I thought I knew every legend about the old place; but this has never been told me before."

"It is better not told," replied the housekeeper; "and never should it

have passed my lips, if all this that has come to-day did not prove that the lady is angry yet, and that the Erntofts still see—But, my dear sir, look at your watch; it is time the doctor were here, though it is little he'll do, I'm afraid, if Master Geoffrey has really seen what the wicked old man saw; still there is hope. I'll just ring and ask what horse Mr. Ruthin took; he could not get the fastest, for that fellow from London lamed my master's Odin when he drove over, on Sunday night, to L——

for cigars."

After ascertaining that the young man had taken the swiftest he could get, the conversation dropped, and we sat an hour almost in silence. The housekeeper sent the footman again to inquire for her master. He came back, having been sent away by Bardsley with an oath. We sat another hour shivering before the fireless grate, wondering how it would all end. At last there was the jangling of opened gates, and tramp of horses' feet. We both rose quick. It was Ruthin and the doctor. After a few hurried explanations and ominous whispers had been interchanged, they entered the chamber, which adjoined the saloon so often spoken of, and which Mrs. Ursula's enemy, Bardsley, after a laborious justification of himself, now quitted. Of this worthy a few words. I saw him a great deal oftener than was pleasant in the next few days, but he soon left Cradiden, and the last place where I noticed his name was in the police reports; he was brought up, if memory serves me, on a charge of resisting the police, who were forcing an entrance into a gambling-house.

resisting the police, who were forcing an entrance into a gambling-house. But to return—I am near the end. We watched for four hours by the bedside of the man whom I had last seen so different, a thoughtless, gleesome child, in the same dreary chamber that had, three hundred years before, rung with the wail of agony when the virgin blood poured on that floor. It was a ghastly sight. The black darkness of the room, with which the green velvet drapery and the brown portraits against the wall were in perfect unison; the strange things that were strewn about the room-precious toys of jewels and ivory, caskets, missals, and carved crucifixes, with rapiers and gauntlets-wrecks drifted by war's red current,all contrasted oddly with the careless, incongruous "properties" of the man of fashion, that cumbered chairs and carpet. And that man of fashion—what mockery it seemed to call him so!—lying there in the shadow of the heavy bed-curtains, with the occasional gleam of a lamp showing the strange stricken face overhung with lead-coloured hair, and that face so swart, with the features so pinched and keen, lying all motionless. He was the only one who seemed unconscious of the horror. Thus we all stood and watched through the long hours. At last, just as the first beam of the sunrise streamed through the blazoned window-pane, he rose up in his bed, with both his long sinewy arms stretched out, and cried aloud—a voice of pain unutterable. The evil spirits dreaded being cast into the sea. Erect, with stiffened finger and glazed eye, struck into a corpse without shudder or pang-the last of the Erntofts died.

The door chanced to be open, for Ruthin had left the room for a moment; and just as the doctor's look told us it was over, I heard a strange crashing noise in the saloon which adjoined the bedroom. I hurried out, for it suddenly seemed to me that I knew what it must be. Their fate for generations had been the retribution for a great crime. This was the end. Upon the marble floor lay the bright fragments.

The Venetian Mirror was broken.

LADY PLACE; OR, THE CONSPIRACY.

BY W. H. BAKER.

T.

On the southern bank of the Thames, between three and four miles above the ancient town of Great Marlow, there stood, until within the last few years, the ruins of a venerable pile, known in the neighbourhood by the appellation of "Lady Place." It was originally a monastery, founded by one of the Norman Conqueror's followers, by name Geoffry de Mandeville, who thus endeavoured to still the upbraidings of a tender conscience, whose reproving voice admonished him that the spoliation of the native inhabitants of the country, whose fertile lands his prowess had assisted to appropriate, was a crime of great magnitude in the sight of This monastery was occupied by a fraternity of Benedictines, and continued one of the most flourishing and prosperous establishments in Berkshire, until the passions of an evil world had usurped the place of those religious duties which had characterised the conduct of its earlier communities. The gross impieties practised here, as well as in other religious houses, caused the dissolution and dispersion of the brotherhood at the time when Henry VIII., to gratify his feelings of revenge against the Pope, laid violent hands on the residences and revenues of the monks, and distributed them amongst his insatiate followers. In this distribution, the monastery and its appurtenances became the property of the Lovelace family.

Sixty years afterwards a more modern building was erected on the site of the ancient pile, and was called "Lady Place," from the circumstance of Hurley Abbey, by which name the monastery was known in the neighbourhood, having been originally dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The ruins of the Place—for, having been neglected by its possessors, it had gone rapidly to decay—have but very lately disappeared from the margin of the majestic river whose broad current swept silently along at The improving hand of modern innovation, that takes no delight in the relics of ancient days, but utterly disregards those timehonoured illustrations of our national history, has removed the crumbling walls, whose wreck never failed to excite the interest of the archæologist, or to call forth the curiosity of the youthful parties that, during the summer months, were frequently disporting amongst the decaying monuments of bygone ages, or navigating the sunlit stream in their painted skiffs. Few, however, of those who thus gazed upon these waning shadows of former greatness, imagined that within the walls, tenanted at that time only by the owl and the bat, the pride of England's aristocracy had once furtively assembled to concoct measures for delivering their drooping country from the despotic thraldom of a priest-ridden monarch. Yet so it was, and from "Lady Place" emanated those schemes which eventually emancipated England from the dominion of the Papacy, and consummated the Protestant ascendancy, by accomplishing the glorious Revolution of 1688. It was during the agitation preceding this important event that the circumstances of the following narrative occurred.

Towards the close of a bright sunny day in September, 1687, a traveller was seen wending his way on foot through the deep woodland that overhung the little hamlet of Bisham. To a casual observer there was nothing remarkable in the appearance of this individual, but to one imbued with the suspicion of the times there was sufficient to draw upon him a second glance. He seemed in the decline of life, and, judging from externals, was one who had experienced the trials and privations of those who have to war with poverty; yet there was, at the same time, an air of fashion in the cut and trim of his long white beard somewhat at variance with the homeliness of his apparel. When he heard footsteps approaching, he stooped forward, and leaned heavily upon a stout ashen staff which he bore in his hand, and which helped to sustain his steps, already tottering as if from fatigue or the infirmities of age; but at other times, when he thought himself unobserved, there was an elasticity in his step, as he vaulted over the prostrate logs that lay in his path, which seemed to say that age, however much it had "thinned his flowing hair, had not been able entirely to destroy the vigour of youthful days."

A sudden turn in the road brought our traveller to an opening in the wood, which gave him an opportunity of beholding a scene of the most gorgeous description. Before him, as he turned to the left, the hill suddenly sank into a deep ravine or dell, denuded of trees, and swept with a graceful curve towards the valley of the Thames, widening as it proceeded, until the course of the noble river was seen flowing in majestic grandeur through the rich meadow-land, whose carpet of bright-green verdure was beautifully diversfied by clumps of lofty elms, embowering beeches, or the more irregular but darker and not less picturesque outline of tapering firs. Beyond the river, whose waters, reflecting back the rays of the declining sun, seemed like gold when it is melted in the crucible, the rising upland was crowned with noble woods, relieved at intervals by parti-colored fields, from which the fruitful grain had been lately garnered, and with grassy lawns surrounding the ancient halls and baronial residences, whose aristocratic outlines could be distinctly traced along the undulating country, apparently diminishing in size until lost in the obscurity of the distant horizon.

About two miles in a direct line from the place where the old man stood gazing with delight upon a scene which is peculiar to happy England, and which would be sought for in vain in any of the show-places on the Continent, a bold headland started abruptly out on the northern side of the river, and being thrown into deep shade from intercepting the rays of light from the west, stood in bold relief against the lighter hues of the background, and gave a peculiar yet fascinating spirit to the picture which the artist's pencil would vainly attempt to transmit to his canvas. Below this headland, and half hidden by a thick copse, the walls of Harleyford House were dimly seen; and, from the blue smoke which rose in graceful eddies from the several chimneys, it was evident that the family

was already domesticated beneath its ancient roof.

While the old man stood abstractedly contemplating the landscape thus spread out before him, he was so entirely absorbed by the thoughts which seemed to occupy his mind, as to be unconscious of the approach of an equestrian party, until the sound of a horse's foot close to his person recalled him to the things of the material world, and made him turn with more alacrity than his stooping form would have led one to expect. His sudden start caused a mettlesome palfrey, upon which a most lovely girl

was seated, to shy so violently as to dislodge its rider from her seat, and she would have fallen heavily to the ground if the old man had not instantly let fall his long staff, and with one hand grasped the bridle of the prancing steed, while the other caught the slight form of the maiden, and thus prevented any serious termination to the accident. Before any other of the party could tender assistance, the lady was again reseated, and offering her thanks to the old man in tones of the most fascinating sweetness. Similar expressions of gratitude were repeated by a lady of a more matronly appearance, as well as by two gentlemen, who completed the party. One of the gentlemen was somewhat advanced in years, and, from the strong likeness between him and the elder lady, they were evidently brother and sister. The other was a young man of very noble appearance, whose extreme anxiety lest the young lady had really suffered from the accident seemed to indicate an interest in that quarter of a somewhat warmer kind than mere friendship is usually supposed to warrant. With the generosity natural to one whom frequent intercourse with a rude world has not yet robbed of his acuter sensibilities, he threw his purse to the old man, and bade him call on the morrow at Harleyford Manor, which he pointed out amongst the distant trees, and he should be further rewarded. The old man took the purse from the ground, and returned it with a respectful inclination of the head, saying,

"Many thanks for your ready liberality, Captain Herbert, but I am not mercenary; and, besides, I feel too deeply what might have been the result of my heedlessness, to take money where I ought rather to receive punishment. Still, I might not always be so fastidious; but in this case the pleasure of being in any way serviceable to one so amiable as Miss Emily Mandeville would be ample recompense in itself, if recompense were

merited."

The young lady, whom the old man had recognised as Miss Mandeville, had proceeded onward a few paces; but, hearing her own name

mentioned, she turned back, and, in a merry voice, exclaimed,

"Heyday, good father! you seem as familiar with our names as if we were old acquaintance; and yet I do not remember to have seen your face before. You must surely be one of those conjurers we hear tell of, who can read names in the curve of the eyebrows, and detect all one's peccadilloes by looking at the stars. Say, do you deal in divination?"

"In reply to the first part of your observation," replied the old man, "when I tell you that I was at Maidenhead yesterday, and mingled with the crowd who were inquiring so earnestly after the young maiden whose condescension gladdened all hearts, the mystery of my acquaintance with your names will be explained. But with regard to the latter part of your question," he continued, looking fixedly at her, "I have studied what are called the occult sciences; and however you may ridicule such an acknowledgment, I nevertheless boast of some skill in palmistry, and, if your ladyship wishes it, will readily give you a cast of that office."

"Nay, nay," said the gentleman who had hitherto taken no part in the colloquy; "you must not heed that giddy-pated girl, who is only jesting with you. She heeds no more the ridiculous pretensions of palm-

searching mummers than I do myself."

"Upon my word, uncle," replied the lady, with a mock accent of offended dignity, which the laughing brightness of her eyes altogether

contradicted, "you may call it 'mummery' if you please; but, I assure you, Signor Accento, my Italian master, laboured exceedingly to impress me with a belief in necromancy and all its mysterious attendants; and as this is the first opportunity I have had of testing in person the truth of the signor's hypothesis, why, you may call me a perverse and rebellious niece if you will—as you have frequently done before—but, depend upon it, I shall take advantage of this lucky chance; and so here is my hand, good palmist," she said, bending low from her saddle, and taking off her glove, showed one of the prettiest hands in the world. "And now, good people," she continued, gaily, to her companions, "draw near, and listen to the denunciations of fate."

Those to whom she spoke, ever anxious to gratify her slightest wish, drew closer around the old man, who raised his left arm under the folds of his cloak so that the fair hand might rest upon it without coming in contact with his own person, though his hand trembled, either from old age or some secret emotion. Having regarded the maiden's snowy palm for a few moments with great earnestness, he muttered, in a voice so low as not to be clearly understood by any ear except the one addressed,

Lady! by this hand I know
Love within thy heart doth glow;
But coquetrie that love hath crossed,
And he you'd gain'd is all but lost.
To many a youth thou hope hast given,
But hopes thus formed like withs were riven.
Beware thy fate: to-morrow's seal
Shall stamp on thee what others feel;
The poisoned shaft thou oft hast thrown
Tow'rds other breasts, shall pierce thine own!

As soon as Miss Mandeville had heard the first two lines, she endeavoured to withdraw her hand, but it was firmly grasped by the old man until he had concluded, when he let it go; and Emily, without a word, though with a face crimsoned with the deepest blushes, turned her horse's head, and giving him a smart cut across the flank, darted down the hill at a speed which seemed to despise all sense of danger. Her companions instantly followed, but at a more steady pace, well aware that the runaway would either return to them or slacken her speed until she was overtaken. The old man pursued his way down the steep declivity, until he reached the cross-road that led towards Temple House, along which he turned, and then quietly pursued his way, chuckling to himself, and muttering, "So far so good. Fortune, I thank thee for this lucky interview."

A few words of retrospective explanation are here necessary for the future uninterrupted progress of our narrative. Mr. and Miss, or—as she was generally called, from having long passed the period when it is supposed the name of Miss ought to be merged in a more matronly term—Mrs. Mandeville were brother and sister to the father of Emily, who, previous to his death some years ago, brought on by affliction for the loss of a beloved wife, had confided his only child to their care. They soon perceived that the air of London was not congenial to her delicate constitution, and therefore Mr. Mandeville withdrew to Harleyford Manor, which had lately fallen into the possession of Lord Falkland, an old acquaintance

of the family of the Mandevilles, and a nobleman who was very glad to

lease the estate for a few years to his esteemed friend.

In this delightful retreat Emily had grown in grace and beauty, watched over with most careful assiduity by her uncle and aunt, to whom she was as dear as if she had been a child of their own. Occasionally, however, they spent some time in London, and it was during one of these periodical visits that Emily became acquainted with Mr. Frederick Hampden, a young man of high family and extensive property. Being on terms of great familiarity with Mr. Mandeville and his sister, he had frequent opportunities of witnessing the charms, both of person and mind, which shone conspicuous in their niece. To see her and not to love her was scarcely possible to any one whose heart was disengaged, and least of all to one so susceptible to the fascinations of female loveliness as Frederick Hampden. With the ardour of youth he gave himself up to the control of the delightful emotions which the presence of Emily never failed to excite, and in time he allowed himself to hope that his attentions were received with some manifestations of partiality. This was a point, however, upon which he could not feel quite certain, for the only foible in his adored Emily was one which is considered very venial if not carried to excess, inasmuch as it forms an integral part in the nature of every woman, and that was—a love of admiration. It was not that she really felt any pleasure in securing lovers for the sake of rejecting them, as her heart was too gentle to derive gratification from the pain or uneasiness of others; but she was a mirthful, light-hearted damsel, who thought no harm in exercising that power which is so easily set aside, if its influence is not allowed to be too predominant, but the possession of which is not without its gratification even to the most yielding of the sex.

This waywardness on the part of our heroine, if such a dignified character can be said to appertain to a story of every-day life, was the cause of much real disquiet to Frederick; for though at times she would receive the outpourings of his sensitive heart with an attention the most flattering, in another hour she might be seen listening, with an almost equal placidity, to the ridiculous nothings of some fashionable exquisite. Frederick's jealous feelings were thus daily excited into action, and he would have been truly wretched had there not been one ray of hope which penetrated his heart, even at the time when his feelings were most harassed by cruel doubts. This redeeming influence had its origin in the fact that Miss Mandeville had refused many eligible offers, such as she would scarcely have rejected

had not her affections been pre-engaged.

Things were in this unsatisfactory state when Frederick Hampden was obliged to hasten into Devonshire, to visit, as it was said, a sick relative; and on his return to town, he learnt that the Mandevilles had been for some time at Harleyford Manor, where they were still residing at the time when our story commences; and it was while taking one of their daily rides that the rencontre took place with the old man on Bisham Hill. The young officer who accompanied the Mandevilles was also a relative, and the last victim around whom Emily had cast her spells. He fondly hoped he had supplanted Hampden, of whose partiality for his fair cousin he was well aware; and that he might not lose a chance, he had obtained leave of absence from his colonel, in order to attend a grand party to be given on the day following that on which the

characters of our story were first introduced; and he was resolved to do his utmost to gain exclusive possession of the heart of his beautiful cousin, to whom he had lost his own—at least, he fancied it already gone; for in cases of this nature the loss is frequently taken for granted, and no search instituted for the supposed missing article; whereas, if such inquiry were made, the lost heart would very often be found quietly palpitating in the situation where it was first placed, and from which it had never moved, except in the imagination of the possessor.

The eventful morning of the party dawned with all the brightness that heart could wish, and visitors soon began to arrive, and foremost amongst them came Emily's bosom-friend, Miss Transom—a young lady to whom Emily had been introduced at the house of the mother of Frederick Hampden, though of what family she did not know; for Miss Transom always seemed rather reserved on that subject, and Emily had too much

good sense to press inquiries that were evidently disagreeable.

Amongst the assembled crowd that met in the drawing-rooms at Harleyford there was one guest who seemed to occupy rather an anomalous position; for, although he received a marked deference from the aristocratic crowd by whom he was surrounded, yet it was evident that such deference was altogether superficial; indeed, it was pretty generally understood that the individual in question had in a manner extorted an invitation from Mr. Mandeville, in order to practise a system of espionage upon the company. This was not an unusual course of proceeding, for so much suspicion was there on the part of the court of St. James's, that scarcely a single meeting of importance, whether public or private, took place without one or more of the company being there on the part of

the government.

In the case of the present assembly at Harleyford, one of those mysterious rumours which, from some inexplicable cause, acquire general circulation, had bruited it abroad that a motive of more importance than the mere interchange of pleasant society had gathered together a number of people who were known-or, at least, strongly suspected-of feelings adverse to the present dynasty. The chancellor, Jeffreys, whose brutality to the unfortunate participators in Monmouth's rebellion had made him an object of terror to all parties, was supposed to have the chief direction of the secret service of the kingdom; but, if so, his sagacity had hitherto been at fault, and he did not seem likely to be more successful at Harleyford; for although he had strong grounds for believing that seditious meetings were frequently being held in that neighbourhood, yet the noblemen and gentlemen who now partook of Mr. Mandeville's hospitality purposely refrained from collecting together in groups, even for friendly conversation, lest any unguarded expression might be misconstrued into treason, and thus be the cause of their incarceration, at a time they believed the salvation of their country depended upon their being at liberty.

During the day, which had been a very pleasant one, Emily Mandeville and her friend, Miss Transom, had been inseparable, though the former was evidently ill at ease; and it required a continued effort to keep up her wonted liveliness of spirits. Still she did not in the slightest degree allude to any cause of disquietude that might exist in her own mind; but Miss Transom, from something that fell from her in the

course of conversation, concluded that the non-arrival of Frederick Hampden was the cause of the depression which clouded the brow that was usually bright and shadowless. She did not, however, appear to notice this; but rather, if her suspicions of first causes were correct, endeavoured to increase it, by turning the conversation directly upon the subject, though her manner betrayed no consciousness of having read her companion's thoughts, as she said,

"I thought, my dear Emily, that your preux chevalier, Frederick Hampden, was expected? The wings of his love are not very powerful,

or they would have borne him hither at a more rapid pace."

"That Mr. Hampden was expected is true," replied Emily, in evident pique, although she endeavoured to speak with a calm indifference; "but I do not think love has anything to do with his movements. At all events," she continued, with a slightly disdainful toss of the head, "it

is a matter of perfect unconcern to me whether he comes or not."

"Indeed!" said Miss Transom; "then he is not the inconstant I thought him. You must know, I fancy he has evinced a partiality for me; but as all the world of London said he was your accepted lover, I gave him no encouragement. But if he is not, as I had confidently supposed, engaged to my fair friend, I shall humour the fellow a little, as he certainly may be classed, even by the most inveterate of matchmakers, to say nothing of two romantic damsels like ourselves, among the 'eligibles.' But, good Heavens, Emily, you are ill; shall I ring?"

"Not for the world," gasped Emily, laying her hand upon Miss Tran-

"Not for the world," gasped Emily, laying her hand upon Miss Transom's wrist. "It was but a momentary spasm. I am better now. I have not been in good spirits all the day, and the fright I had yesterday

on Bisham Hill has rather shaken my nerves."

"Well, I am glad it is no worse. I hear the sound of music below;

shall we descend to the ball-room?"

"If you will excuse my attending you," said Emily, "I will follow in a few minutes. Do, there's a good girl, go to my aunt; but pray take

no notice of my indisposition."

Miss Transom complied with her friend's desire, and left her a prey to the most acute anguish. She knew not, till that moment, how very dear Hampden was to her. The folly of her past conduct stood before her in bold relief; she had behaved like a child with a plaything, whose value is not appreciated until it is lost for ever; and now that Hampden's affections were alienated from her, she felt that happiness, if not life itself, depended upon retaining that love which she had trifled with Her heart had long owned a partiality for him, and until it was lost. conscience had frequently accused her of treating him ungenerously; but she had no wish to bring anguish upon his soul, nor had she ever dreamed, while thus carelessly trifling with him, that he could be so mistaken in her sentiments as not to know that he was in truth beloved. Now, however, that she had learnt that those endearing attentions which she had thought exclusively her own were paid to another, her agony was insupportable. Like too many of her sex, she had disregarded the feelings of others, until the poisoned arrows she had thrown had recoiled and pierced her own heart; and then how bitterly, how very bitterly, she bewailed the folly and inconsiderateness of her own conduct, and how much she would have given could the past but be recalled. But that was

impossible; and however painful the consequences of her own conduct

might be, she must learn to bear them.

To add to the poignancy of her grief, she dared not confide in Miss Transom. No; she felt she would rather die broken-hearted than confess to her that she was the innocent cause of her unhappiness. Her absence from the ball-room, however, would soon be observed; and, therefore, having first ascended to her own apartment to remove the traces of tears from her pallid cheeks, and to recover from the agitation which was induced by the recollection of the prognostic delivered by the old man of Bisham, and which had met with such a speedy fulfilment, she joined the gay party, and endeavoured to wreathe her lovely countenance with smiles, while despair was gnawing at her heart.

The first object that met her eye as she entered the brilliantly-lighted apartment, was Frederick Hampden himself, engaged in an animated conversation with Miss Transom. As soon as he observed her approach, he advanced towards her with great eagerness, and addressed her in tones as tenderly impressive as those she had ever longed to hear, and whose accents she had ever considered of love's own prompting; but now, although they made her bosom throb with emotion, she felt she must consider them only as the energetic salutations of a familiar acquaintance.

While he was thus speaking, he was interrupted by Miss Transom, who, putting her hand, somewhat too familiarly as Emily thought, on his arm, reminded him that the company were taking their places for another dance. Hastily apologising for his inattention, he bowed to Emily, and, offering his arm to his fair partner, was soon engaged in the mysteries of "The wind that shakes the barley down," or some other of the quaint figures which delighted the ball-goers of

that day.

Emily, with a heart ill at ease, declined to join the festive throng, but took a seat in the deep recess of one of the windows, where she hoped to escape observation, and from which she could command a view of the whole apartment. She had time to reflect upon her past conduct, and the reflection by no means added to her comfort, for she could not but be sensible now, that in admitting such particular attentions from others as she had rather encouraged than repressed, was neither just to them nor herself; and particularly did she repent having coquetted with her coxcombical cousin, the captain; it was therefore a great relief to her that he had been suddenly ordered to join his regiment. This consolation, however, could not compensate for the pain she suffered on Hampden's account. She felt that his love must have changed to indifference, for he had not even engaged her for the next dance; and when she turned to watch the graceful motions of his elegant figure, she felt a pang of jealousy most keen at the affectionate demeanour he manifested towards his present partner. The last time they had met in public, how different had been his conduct to her! Then his eye seemed to watch her every movement, and his whole being thrilled with rapture when his hand pressed hers in the dance; but now so deeply was he interested in his conversation with Miss Transom, that his eye had never once sought the place where she was sitting in unblest solitude. This was very hard to bear; but fortunately her indulgence in such thoughts was interrupted by the conclusion of the dance and the return of her friends.

THE CONFEDERATES; OR, THE DAYS OF MARGARET OF PARMA.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

The regent, gaining confidence from the very source which spread consternation among her opponents, namely, the news of the king's speedy coming at the head of a Spanish army, adopted the most energetic measures, causing the Protestant preachers to be summarily hung whenever and wherever found in the exercise of their calling, and again giving free scope to the religious persecutions which had for a time been

suspended.

Exasperated by this severity, and by the dread lest it should be but the forerunner of heavier calamities, the Protestants everywhere flew to arms, and were joined by those among the Gueux who still clung to the principle of their association, even after the association itself seemed at an end. Brederode, in his own town of Vianen; Bomberg, at Bois le Duc; Thoulouse, at Breda; and Louis of Nassau, in the north, were active in gathering the malcontents around them, declaring themselves at once and unhesitatingly for war. Valenciennes was in arms, though without a leader; and many of the minor towns were rapidly following the example.

Secure of speedy reinforcement, and signal vengeance in case of failure, by means of the Spanish troops already on their march, and eager if possible to achieve victory before their arrival, the regent hastened to collect the forces she could dispose of, and, putting them under the command of men she could implicitly trust, such as Beauvoir, Noirearmes, and Meghem, sent them to quell the insurrection now breaking forth on

all points.

In Antwerp, however, the presence of the Prince of Orange in great measure maintained order, the necessity for which was the more urgent that, the opposite parties being of equal force within its walls, the city would have been divided against itself, and the streets deluged with blood, should any serious discussions be permitted to gather head. The regent's orders becoming every day more peremptory, the magistrates at last met together to advise with each other upon the best means of averting the consequences likely to ensue either from the fulfilment or

the neglect of her mandates.

After much debate, both the patrician and the plebeian members agreed on the expediency of adopting a middle course in this emergency; and, to avoid the dangerous and painful alternative of putting to death the main support of a powerful faction and their own fellow-citizens, they unanimously resolved to banish all the Protestant ministers from the town. Instead, however, of acquiescing in the justice of a sentence which was not only calculated to spare the shedding of their own blood, but that of thousands besides, the enthusiastic ministers appeared to consider it a greater hardship to have the crown of martyrdom torn from their brows, than if it had been actually forced upon them. They went in a body to the town-hall, still hoping to turn aside an edict so little

congenial to their feelings; and the wishes of thousands, and the pre-

sence of hundreds, accompanied them to the gates.

Among those who determined to press forward with the ministers into the very council-chamber, was Paul van Meeren, who, having many friends among the authorities there assembled, conceived that his interference might not be without its value. Scarcely, however, did he stand in their presence when all his confidence vanished; he saw at a glance that his influence was at an end, and the cause he came to plead irrevocably decided. His fiery temper led him, in the very face of this conviction, to utter remonstrances so violent as almost to justify the coolness with which they were received. It might be that the reproach of timorousness, which he so unceasingly flung in their faces, from the very consciousness of its being deserved, incensed the more those whom he was most desirous of persuading. The Protestant ministers addressed their judges in more moving language; but they spoke to men who were bent on shielding their lives and their properties from injury, and who had encased their bosoms in the unassailable defences of their own interests as in a coat of mail. What argument could convince, what appeal, however pathetic, touch one thus fore-armed? Paul, satisfied with having expressed his indignation, and the contempt with which he regarded their conduct, in no measured terms, remained a silent and sullen spectator of the fruitless efforts of the preachers to obtain permission to remain, even at their own proper peril. The reply was invariably the same; their safety was not the consideration, but that of thousands, men, women, and children, upon whom their stay might bring destruction. Before all things, it was the duty of the magistrates to preserve the quiet of the town; this the presence of the Protestant pastors endangered, and it became their paramount duty to insist on their departure. Some of the younger and more zealous of the banished would willingly have urged the point further; but a small, withered figure, whose appearance would have baffled conjecture as to his age, so much was the time or careworn exterior at variance with the stern expression of the features and the wild fire of the eye, interposed and addressed his assembled brethren in loud authoritative tones.

"Why humble yourselves, children of light, before these agents of darkness and iniquity? Let us even do as they bid us-let us turn our backs on their city, and shake the dust from off our feet before its gates; but injustice and oppression," said he, turning full upon the astonished authorities, " shall be rewarded according to their deserts. For every soul that shall henceforth hunger after the bread of life, and sigh in vain for the fountain of living waters, some one of your kith and kin shall suffer bodily cravings. The curses of war and famine—the fury of the spoiler and the avenger, shall be upon you. You turn away the teachers of a pure Gospel, that your fair city may flourish; but it is decreed by the Most High, that they who shall refuse his law, refuse also his mercy. Fire shall destroy your fair houses, on which you lay greater store than on the Word of God. Your matrons and your maidens shall be cut off by disgrace and death in the flower of their years; your dearly-valued gold shall melt away before the fire of eternal vengeance; your own callous hearts shall be called to a sudden and fearful account by the recklessness of hired murderers. Yes, your iniquities shall be visited with the scourge;

VOL. XXII.

all the evils that result from the wickedness of man or the rage of the elements, shall be sent forth against you, and that before ten years have elapsed from this day; and all here present who have pronounced sentence of exile upon innocent men, and have repulsed the divine law, shall live to witness the accomplishment of the doom they brought upon this devoted city, and to suffer the calamities that the eyes of my spirit can see prepared for them in the future; but few shall outlive the fulfilment of my words. Nor will all end here. Antwerp, the jewel of your hearts, the pride of these provinces, shall belong to stranger after stranger; but its glory, its wealth, its pomp, its light, shall for ever depart, and what it now is record alone shall tell. And now, my brethren, that I have foretold the fate of this devoted city, let us leave it to the havor that awaits it."*

The enthusiast turned to depart, and all the others followed in silent respect, whilst the council were left in a state of mingled rage and terror, which any anathema was calculated, in those superstitious days, to excite even in the breast of the bravest. As history tells the tale, the doom thus distinctly predicted was but too fearfully and literally fulfilled in the memorable siege of Antwerp under Alexander Farnese, in its preceding pillage by the Spanish soldiery, and in all the eventful scenes to which the city was exposed during a fierce and protracted civil war.

"The spirit has, indeed, been strong to-day in the bosom of our worthy teacher," said Legarru, the next in rank and age among the Protestant pastors, to Paul, who moodily descended by his side the broad flight of steps from the town-hall. "I doubt not but his dreadful prophecy will prove but too true, and I shall henceforth mourn the fall of

this city as the Israelites wept by Babel's waters."

"With all due deference for the prophetic spirit of the worthy Saliger," replied Paul, "methinks it were not difficult for the most ordinary capacity to foresee what will befal the city with a Spanish army encamped before the gates."

"How!" exclaimed Legarru, crimsoning with indignation. "Are you

one of those who doubt the divine gift of prophecy?"

"I doubt nothing," answered Paul, drily, "which as a good Christian it becomes me to believe; but if what we have heard to-day be prophecy, then am I likewise a prophet; and I would I had at this moment a voice as loud as the bell of Our Lady, to warn my fellow-townsmen of the evils that will ensue from their passive submission. I have lingered here in the hope of raising a force; and when I heard of this fresh act of oppression, I believed the weakest and most timorous of our persuasion would have resisted; but since such an outrage has failed to rouse their dormant courage, all my expectations of them are at an end. It is my intention, therefore, to join in all haste either Bomberg or Thoulouse. Our numbers are scanty, but the resolution of a few may work miracles by the power You had better accept of my escort, for whether it be your intention to take refuge in any of those cities that have declared for us, or to gain the coast and thence take shipping for England, you will find it equally advisable to have your persons protected on the road." "Certainly, we would accept your proposal with gratitude," replied Le-

^{*} This wild prediction is strictly historical.

garru; "but remember, we must quit the city instantly—will not our departure prove too sudden for you?"

"No; when once my mind is made up, I never can convert thought too speedily into action. I had a secret foreboding as to the result of this day's debate, and have prepared for it, as you will soon perceive."

They now came within sight of the manufactory, in front of which was drawn up a considerable body of men, ready-mounted and armed, and who, however deficient in military bearing, exhibited a stern resolution in their gloomy countenances which might, in moments of excitement, in great measure indemnify them for their want of discipline. A few ledhorses, some laden with baggage, manifested the forethought of their leader.

"You see," said he, turning to Legarru, "I have but to spring into my saddle, and I am ready to accompany you."

Before half an hour had passed, the Protestant ministers and their escort turned their backs upon the city, and took a final leave of the sympathising crowd, whose regret at losing them was sincere, though they had not sufficient daring to make open demonstrations of their sentiments.

CHAPTER XLIX.

WHETHER it was that incarceration was deemed a sufficient punishment, or that his trial was not of adequate interest to be brought forward whilst so many weighter matters were on hand, certain it is that Van Diest was to all appearance as forgotten as though he had never existed. The only being who seemed to remember that he yet dwelt on this sublunary globe was his gaoler, who, luckily for him, brought him his daily rations with exemplary punctuality. Irksome as the being debarred from freedom must prove to every human being, it was doubly so to poor Van Diest. Here was no element of inquiry, no channel for activity; still, his constitutional goodtemper and cheerfulness not only enabled him to bear his trial with a meekness that lightened the burden, but afforded him the means of alleviating, to a certain degree, its inconveniency. His gaoler had at first shown himself harsh, sullen, and repulsive; this, strange as it may appear, was a source of consolation to the prisoner. By his skill and tactics he hoped to overcome this surliness; and even should success lead to nothing else, the mere triumph of having surmounted a difficulty, and the food for thought such a plan would afford, were in themselves a relief to the dull monotony of a prison life.

Agreeably to this design, he prudently kept himself on the most neutral reserve during the first days of his captivity; but his thoughts during that time were exclusively engaged with the little schemes and plots by which he determined to conquer the gaoler's asperity. He had to decide on the nature of the gradual and masked approaches towards this man's favour by which he would be most likely to succeed, and on the precise line where it would be advisable to stop. All this required an extreme delicacy of handling; the least imprudence might, by unveiling, defeat his purposes; for, although Van Diest had never before tenanted the gloomy precincts of a prison, he instinctively felt that any overt attempt to soften the turnkey would but arouse suspicion. Whether it were

the result of his insidious advances, or his uncomplaining, cheerful resignation, forming, as it did, an advantageous contrast to the desponding, reproachful, or violent temper usually exhibited by those under restraint, it were difficult to decide, but he evidently gained ground daily.

Every advantage thus obtained, however trifling whether conveyed in a kind look or smile, or even in a mere inflexion of the voice, was a source of self-gratulation to Van Diest, who fancied he traced in it the fruit of those powers of management which were the chief pride of his soul. Gradually, too, he began to reap more solid benefit from this growing sympathy. His scanty store of comforts was decidedly on the increase. His food, which had been of the coarsest kind, became of a better quality and more abundant. His pallet was prepared with more regard to the convenience of the sleeper; and as the room he occupied was damp and ill ventilated, the gaoler himself proposed the expedient, and caused it to be put into execution, of breaking open an old fireplace which had been walled up, and ordered it to be well fed with fuel. This much was certainly gratifying; but that which it would most have delighted Van Diest to obtain, he found unattainable. The gaoler either would not or could not communicate the slightest information respecting what was passing without; even in his best moods he was not loquacious, and Van Diest, though reluctantly, was obliged to give up the point.

It is not to be supposed that he remained immured until days became weeks without calculating the probable, and even improbable, chances of enfranchisement. In vain he examined over and over again each corner, every crevice of the room. He had not even an opportunity of ascertaining the situation of his chamber, the small loopholes that sparingly admitted light and air being at such a height from the ground as to preclude the possibility of his reaching them; and he knew too little of the locality of the prison itself for conjecture to fill up the blank. Thus time rolled on without affording Van Diest any chance of release; and he was gradually sinking into apathy, when a trifling incident suddenly re-awakened in his breast the ardent desire and some hope of effecting his

escape.

A fit of rheumatism having prevented the turnkey's customary attendance upon his prisoners, he had appointed an under-functionary to discharge that duty, with whom, in consideration of his gruffness, and probably to make the change less disagreeable to the object of his protection, he had associated his own little daughter, an artless child ten years old, whose visits were strictly limited to Van Diest. The little girl was friendly and chatty; and as the assistant went backwards and forwards, Van Diest had a fair opportunity of drawing her out.

"And when, my little maiden, do you think they will set me free?"

"Oh, papa says never," replied the unembarrassed child; "for he says nobody remembers you, and he cannot even get orders about you. And as to your escaping like the pale gentleman who once occupied this room, papa says there is no chance of it, because you are too fat, and you don't know the way."

The entrance of the under-turnkey prevented the pursuance of a theme so interesting; nor could the subject be renewed, for at the next meal his former keeper again made his appearance. One fact, however, was clear;

there actually did exist a means of escape, and it was plain that if he failed to discover it, there was little prospect of his ever being restored to liberty. His whole ingenuity, all his energy of soul and body, were now directed to the discovery of this hidden issue. To the chimney, on account of its having been recently walled up, he first turned his attention; but after a fruitless examination, he became convinced it had not served as the medium to the secret and sudden mode of exit so successfully adopted by his predecessor. As night crept on, he cautiously knocked all round his room to ascertain if any part of the wall were hollow, then tried if the flags of the stone flooring had been loosened; but all to no purpose. The next morning, however, when the stray glimpse of sunshine which shot through the narrow loopholes of his prison cleared up surrounding objects, he marked one particular flag close by the angle of the chimney, which must have been walled up along with it, less worn and to all appearance of a fresher date than the rest. Though it was near his breakfast-hour, and the gaoler might every minute be expected, Van Diest could not resist the temptation of examining this stone, and by dint of great exertion he succeeded in loosening and, finally, in

removing it.

It disclosed to view a channel, which he concluded must at one time have served as a drain, but had evidently, from its dry appearance, long been in disuse. This passage was fortunately much larger than from the child's description could have been supposed. It emitted no effluvia of any sort; and though Van Diest might in a less critical situation have hesitated in trusting his bulky person to such cavity, he now seriously contemplated risking the adventure without further delay. True, this channel might lead to some foul vault where, retreat being but too probably cut off, he might perish miserably; but, on the other hand, he could not, unassisted, replace the flag so as that it should escape the vigilant eye of his gaoler; and his attempt at escape being detected, he would doubtless be removed from this chamber, and draw upon himself the bitter enmity of the hitherto friendly turnkey. In this emergency, Van Diest had no choice but to proceed; so debating no further, he dropped noiselessly into the drain, heedless of all else but the possibility of recovering his liberty. The passage, so low and narrow at first that it was with difficulty he could grope along it upon hands and knees, grew lighter and easier as he advanced; but this mode of progressing was slow, and the apprehension of his flight being discovered before he had effected his object, made it appear interminable. But his patience did not fail him; and on reaching a point where the channel slightly diverged from the straight line, he was at last rewarded by a blaze of light proceeding from the mouth of the drain abutting upon the Scheldt, into which it once disgorged its contents; but the wall being very high, and his present position as many feet beneath the quay as above the level of the water, our adventurer's further progress seemed in a fair way of being cut short.

Van Diest was at first much disconcerted at this discovery; but air, light, the cheerful and familiar prospect of the opposite shore, the success that had hitherto attended his attempt, all tended to renovate his courage. Although the hour was yet early, it appeared to Van Diest that the river presented a less busy aspect than usual, even at that time of day; and he soon became aware that something out of the common was going on.

The gladness of the moment colouring all things, he immediately conceived the notion that some great festival had called the mariners away from the vessels that lay deserted at their anchors. He did not, however, delay his own movements to speculate on those of others; no time was to be lost. A small boat tied to an iron ring in the wall, at no great distance from the spot where he lay, attracted his attention. Van Diest was not an expert swimmer, but he knew enough of the art to trust himself by a bold plunge unhesitatingly to the friendly element. The next instant brought him to the surface of the water, and with but little difficulty he reached the boat; when, though not much skilled in the use of the oar, and feeling cruelly his deficiency at such a moment, compelled by necessity, that severest of teachers, he pulled lustily for the opposite shore.

The cold perspiration stood on his brow, and the oars well-nigh escaped from his trembling hands, when, after a few strokes, he perceived hundreds of people thronging the quay and gazing anxiously over its parapets. For one short moment he saw nothing more. The idea that he was discovered, and would be fired upon, bewildered him so completely as almost to deprive him of his senses. The faintness, however, lasted but an instant; the next, recovering himself, he tugged violently at his oars. But, alas! he became painfully conscious that the more strenuous his efforts, the less way he made; for instead of the easy, even strokes that would have sent his light skiff forward, he plunged his oars deep in the water—"catching crabs," as it is technically called—splashed himself all over, whilst the boat rocked from side to side with his efforts. He could not help believing that it was bewitched, and that some evil demon kept it rooted to the spot.

His unaccustomed exertions soon flagged, and he paused to take breath. Released from the counteracting influence, the little craft soon caught the current of the stream, and gently glided in the direction of Ousterweel,

a small village not far from the walls of Antwerp.

Though the quay was every minute more and more thronged, no inimical harquebuss was poised at Van Diest, and he began to suspect the mingled shouts and execrations that reached his ears were directed to other and more important objects than himself. Reassured by this notion, and no boat being in pursuit, he took a cooler survey of the scene. As the boat drifted swiftly past the outer walls of the city, he could not but think that some fete had called forth the burgher-guard to encamp near the village of Ousterweel, so studded were the fields in that direction with white tents, and so numerous were the mounted horsemen, cased in glittering armour, riding to and fro in haste; but he soon saw, with growing surprise, that not only were the gates closed, but that the bridge that crossed a small arm of the Scheldt on this side of the town was destroyed, and that the bastions were here encumbered with so dense a living mass as to appear as if the whole population had aggregated on that point. Van Diest now perceived that what he had first mistaken for a body of the burgher-guard was a considerable force regularly entrenched by the river-side. The idea first suggested by this fact was that they were Spaniards; for such might have arrived during his captivity, whose duration he had had no means of calculating. Fresh fears now came over him; but the boat was by this time so near the opposite bank that he could interrogate a peasant-lad who for some time past had been watching its course. From him Van Diest heard this was a party of Gueux, led on by the Lord of Thoulouse, that had been for some days encamped at Ousterweel; and that the Prince of Orange had caused the gates to be closed and the bridge to be destroyed, in order to prevent any communication between the citizens and the rebels. Van Diest, upon these, to him, in his most critical position, glad tidings, hesitated no longer, but paddled himself to shore. Desirous of throwing himself upon the protection of the Gueux as speedily as possible, he made for the first outpost; but ere he reached it, fell in with a party of horsemen, at whose head he joyfully recognised Paul van Meeren. Great was the surprise of the latter, whose heart had warmed towards honest Van Diest since his unmerited mishap; and he now sincerely congratulated him on his escape, and listened with much interest to its details.

"I need not tell you," continued Van Diest, "that it is not my

intention to add to your numbers, or even to remain among you."

"I guess as much," replied Paul; "but we have several well-armed boats down the Scheldt, which brought us here after our failure at Flessingen. Should circumstances oblige us to take again to the river, it will be easy to give you a passage up to Middelburg, and thence to ship you off for England."

"Well," said Van Diest, overjoyed at the prospect, "a particularly

benign star seems to preside over my flight."

At that moment a shot or two was faintly heard beyond Ousterweel, and a horseman galloping up, on seeing Van Meeren, checked his speed for an instant to communicate the intelligence that a large body of men, bearing the king's standard, were advancing upon that quarter. An immediate attack was threatened; and he was now about to warn Thoulouse, who was not yet informed of the coming danger. Before Paul had time to reply, the bearer of these tidings was again on his way towards Thoulouse's tent.

"No time is to be lost," said Paul, turning to Van Diest; "we must turn and form as quickly as we can. This is rather sudden, and we are in sad disarray; but a good cause and a brave spirit are half the battle."

"And I," said Van Diest, "what's to become of me?"

"Get as fast as you can into the first house you reach—no matter which; it will prove your best place of safety."

Paul was about to set spurs to his horse, when Van Diest laid his hand

on the bridle-rein.

"Stop a moment," he said. "And if we never meet again?"

"Then," said Paul, "God prosper my poor country and Margaret! I could, however, wish not to fall this day, that I might live to fight many a fair field—but, hark! By Heavens, the combat is beginning in

earnest! Hasten away to the houses. Adieu!"

One grasp of the hand, and Paul spurred forward at headlong speed in the direction of the smoke, which now began to rise in slow and increasing volumes above the outposts of the camp, that extended beyond the village. Van Diest's route to the cottages was straight enough, yet did he find it no easy task to get near them; for parties of marching soldiery and detachments of cavalry now began to move forward from all quarters towards the point attacked, and with so much haste and

The gladness of the moment colouring all things, he immediately conceived the notion that some great festival had called the mariners away from the vessels that lay deserted at their anchors. He did not, however, delay his own movements to speculate on those of others; no time was to be lost. A small boat tied to an iron ring in the wall, at no great distance from the spot where he lay, attracted his attention. Van Diest was not an expert swimmer, but he knew enough of the art to trust himself by a bold plunge unhesitatingly to the friendly element. The next instant brought him to the surface of the water, and with but little difficulty he reached the boat; when, though not much skilled in the use of the oar, and feeling cruelly his deficiency at such a moment, compelled by necessity, that severest of teachers, he pulled lustily for the opposite shore.

The cold perspiration stood on his brow, and the oars well-nigh escaped from his trembling hands, when, after a few strokes, he perceived hundreds of people thronging the quay and gazing anxiously over its parapets. For one short moment he saw nothing more. The idea that he was discovered, and would be fired upon, bewildered him so completely as almost to deprive him of his senses. The faintness, however, lasted but an instant; the next, recovering himself, he tugged violently at his oars. But, alas! he became painfully conscious that the more strenuous his efforts, the less way he made; for instead of the easy, even strokes that would have sent his light skiff forward, he plunged his oars deep in the water—"catching crabs," as it is technically called—splashed himself all over, whilst the boat rocked from side to side with his efforts. He could not help believing that it was bewitched, and that some evil demon kept it rooted to the spot.

His unaccustomed exertions soon flagged, and he paused to take breath. Released from the counteracting influence, the little craft soon caught the current of the stream, and gently glided in the direction of Ousterweel,

a small village not far from the walls of Antwerp.

Though the quay was every minute more and more thronged, no inimical harquebuss was poised at Van Diest, and he began to suspect the mingled shouts and execrations that reached his ears were directed to other and more important objects than himself. Reassured by this notion, and no boat being in pursuit, he took a cooler survey of the scene. As the boat drifted swiftly past the outer walls of the city, he could not but think that some fete had called forth the burgher-guard to encamp near the village of Ousterweel, so studded were the fields in that direction with white tents, and so numerous were the mounted horsemen, cased in glittering armour, riding to and fro in haste; but he soon saw, with growing surprise, that not only were the gates closed, but that the bridge that crossed a small arm of the Scheldt on this side of the town was destroyed, and that the bastions were here encumbered with so dense a living mass as to appear as if the whole population had aggregated on that point. Van Diest now perceived that what he had first mistaken for a body of the burgher-guard was a considerable force regularly entrenched by the river-side. The idea first suggested by this fact was that they were Spaniards; for such might have arrived during his captivity, whose duration he had had no means of calculating. Fresh fears now came over him; but the boat was by this time so near the opposite bank that he could interrogate a peasant-lad who for some time past had been watch-From him Van Diest heard this was a party of Gueux, ing its course. led on by the Lord of Thoulouse, that had been for some days encamped at Ousterweel; and that the Prince of Orange had caused the gates to be closed and the bridge to be destroyed, in order to prevent any communication between the citizens and the rebels. Van Diest, upon these, to him, in his most critical position, glad tidings, hesitated no longer, but paddled himself to shore. Desirous of throwing himself upon the protection of the Gueux as speedily as possible, he made for the first outpost; but ere he reached it, fell in with a party of horsemen, at whose head he joyfully recognised Paul van Meeren. Great was the surprise of the latter, whose heart had warmed towards honest Van Diest since his unmerited mishap; and he now sincerely congratulated him on his escape, and listened with much interest to its details.

"I need not tell you," continued Van Diest, "that it is not my

intention to add to your numbers, or even to remain among you."

"I guess as much," replied Paul; "but we have several well-armed boats down the Scheldt, which brought us here after our failure at Flessingen. Should circumstances oblige us to take again to the river, it will be easy to give you a passage up to Middelburg, and thence to ship you off for England."
"Well," said Van Diest, overjoyed at the prospect, "a particularly

benign star seems to preside over my flight."

At that moment a shot or two was faintly heard beyond Ousterweel, and a horseman galloping up, on seeing Van Meeren, checked his speed for an instant to communicate the intelligence that a large body of men, bearing the king's standard, were advancing upon that quarter. An immediate attack was threatened; and he was now about to warn Thoulouse, who was not yet informed of the coming danger. Before Paul had time to reply, the bearer of these tidings was again on his way towards Thoulouse's tent.

"No time is to be lost," said Paul, turning to Van Diest; "we must turn and form as quickly as we can. This is rather sudden, and we are in sad disarray; but a good cause and a brave spirit are half the battle."

"And I," said Van Diest, "what's to become of me?"

"Get as fast as you can into the first house you reach—no matter which; it will prove your best place of safety."

Paul was about to set spurs to his horse, when Van Diest laid his hand

on the bridle-rein.

"Stop a moment," he said. "And if we never meet again?"

"Then," said Paul, "God prosper my poor country and Margaret! I could, however, wish not to fall this day, that I might live to fight many a fair field—but, hark! By Heavens, the combat is beginning in

earnest! Hasten away to the houses. Adieu!"

One grasp of the hand, and Paul spurred forward at headlong speed in the direction of the smoke, which now began to rise in slow and increasing volumes above the outposts of the camp, that extended beyond the village. Van Diest's route to the cottages was straight enough, yet did he find it no easy task to get near them; for parties of marching soldiery and detachments of cavalry now began to move forward from all quarters towards the point attacked, and with so much haste and

irregularity, that Van Diest barely escaped being trodden down in the rush.

The sullen roar of cannon began to mingle with the firing of small arms before the agitated burgher reached a few straggling houses whose scared occupants were invisible. His presence of mind did not, however, desert him even in a scene so trying to unaccustomed nerves. The Gueux, he reflected, might not, after all, triumph; and should they be defeated, it was most important for him to avoid being discovered among them by the brutal soldiery in the hour of victory. A convenient hole to burrow in was the great desideratum, from which he could crawl forth at his leisure. Instead, therefore, of attempting to enter any of the cottages, having espied a large enclosure spreading behind a house of neater appearance than the rest, the wall of which was low enough to allow of his easily getting over it, he availed himself of the circumstance, and carefully examined the premises to ascertain what further advantages they might offer.

The tocsin now rang throughout Antwerp, telling of the ferment which the battle created among the thousands witnessing it with enforced passiveness from the walls of the town; and the deep, solemn, incessant peal, over which the cannon ever and anon domineered with its awful roar, as if impatient of its monotonous voice, flung its melancholy warning on the air; to which the cries of the wounded, the shrieks of the combatants, and the fierce shouts of the spectators from the bastions, responded as with one prolonged wail of human woe, between the discharges of musketry and the thunder of artillery that proclaimed in

hoarse tones the rage of man supreme in that hour of strife.

There is a mysterious excitement in such sounds, which even the most torpid natures cannot resist; they vibrate through the system, and cause a strange effervescence to mount to heart and brain; nor did Van Diest resist their influence. His sympathies were now roused in favour of the Gueux, and he had well-nigh forgotten himself so far as to think of joining them; but the wish faded as soon as it was formed; still he was irresistibly impelled to watch the result of the struggle. A leafless tree stood conveniently near, up which he succeeded in clambering; but although, from the mid-way position he selected, he could perfectly command the flat country extending around, still it would have been difficult for a practised, and was quite impossible for an unpractised, spectator to define the movements of the combatants.

To Van Diest nothing was distinguishable through the dense smoke that enveloped the contending parties but the occasional flash of the firearms, the waving of banners, and the wheeling up of fresh bodies, which,

however, were soon lost behind the cloudy canopy.

The contest, which had hitherto raged wide of the hamlet, now rolled nearer and nearer; nor was it long before the Gueux, their lines broken and their numbers diminished, were seen flying in every direction. Hundreds precipitated themselves towards the river, into which they plunged with a view to escape by swimming; but their blood soon mingled with the water, as shot after shot stiffened into a corpse some vigorous struggler. Groups of wounded and stragglers came rushing on towards the houses, protected by the remnant of Thoulouse's force, led on by himself and Paul. As they rode up to the spot where Van Diest yet

lingered, he could perceive that his friend, though deadly pale, was not hurt; that he looked grave, but not depressed; and that his energy seemed unsubdued.

Thoulouse also appeared calm, and severe in aspect as ever; high resolve and dauntless courage were stamped on every line of his coun-

"We had better all dismount, scatter, and conceal ourselves among these houses," said Paul to his commander. "If any of the leaders, but especially you, my lord, can escape, we may yet rally on some other point, and avenge this day's disaster. See! the bloodhounds are close

upon our heels!"

It was, indeed, so. The grim visages and the bristling spears of the foremost column of the king's troops were visible through the broken rear of the fugitives. There was no time to be lost. Thoulouse gave the command, and hastily disbanded those who, still true to discipline, strove to maintain some show of order in their ranks. The greater part rode on furiously past the village, and made the best of their way across country, which incident was favourable to Thoulouse's manœuvre; for the attention of the enemy being naturally drawn towards the movements of the majority, those who remained had time to conceal themselves effectually; and whilst some sought safety in more distant houses, Paul and Thoulouse entered that from the enclosure of which Van Diest had viewed the engagement.

The main force of the enemy, followed slowly by a body of reserve, was now coming up; and Van Diest, who happily bethought himself in time that a leafless tree did not afford the best of shelters, looked about distractedly for a better. An empty cistern, which could not be much above his height, chanced to meet his eye—a broken wooden cover lay near it—it stood, too, close to the wall, and thus was not likely to attract attention. Mentally thanking Providence for this relief, he precipitately

descended the tree.

He had scarcely time to enter the cistern, and carefully adjust the cover over his head, before the rush of cavalry, followed by the tramp of infantry and the rumbling of artillery, was heard passing along the other side of the wall behind which he lay perdue. The pursuit seemed to be hot, and to be carried far beyond the village.

As the sounds of strife died away, and the turmoil was succeeded by the deepest silence, Van Diest breathed more freely, and even contemplated an egress from his incommodious retreat, when subdued voices, in eager colloquy, on the other side the wall, attracted his attention.

"I would one word with you, my lord of Beauvoir." This was said in

tones Van Diest could not mistake—the speaker was Chievosa.

"Who and what are you?" replied a gruff voice. "Pass on your way; I have no time to spare."

"I pray you, my lord, to attend to me for one moment," persisted Lopez. "The sun rises in the south."

"Ha!" returned Beauvoir, "the regent's pass-word? Then what would

you of me?" "I have the duchess's instructions to communicate whatever valuable information I might gain, unhesitatingly, to you, as the leader of the

forces against the rebels."

"I doubt not, my fair master unknown, that your information may be valuable; for, if I remember rightly, it was you who warned the duchess of the movements of Thoulouse both at Flessingue and here, and were thus the cause of this day's expedition?"

"And victory," retorted Chievosa; "for had not the Gueux been sur-

prised, I doubt if you would have had so cheap a bargain of them."

"Perhaps not," was the answer, in accents still more haughty than before; "but tell quickly what you have to communicate, if it be indeed of importance."

"Shall you consider this day's work complete, if you do not discover

Thoulouse?"

"He cannot escape. I have sent scouring parties in every direction." "They will not find him," said Chievosa. "In this very house, he and one of his most desperate adherents are at this moment concealed."

"Ha! This intelligence, Sir Stranger, deserves my thanks. By-the-by, know you the pass-word of the day? Without it you may chance to be molested by the soldiery. Here it is - 'Inquisition - Amen.' I will

report your conduct to the regent."

The sounds of horses' hoofs, clattering in haste towards the village, informed Van Diest that the Sire de Beauvoir had departed. After another pause of some duration, confused sounds of returning troops and renewed strife made Van Diest conjecture that the huts wherein the Gueux had sought shelter were attacked, and defended with equal fury; and the shots, screams, shouts, and execrations, that soon filled the air, but too surely confirmed this idea. As the sounds receded or approached his pulse beat quicker or more slowly, with renewed or lessened apprehension. So trying was his position, that he bitterly lamented not having remained in the security of his prison; but he soon began to suffer from

a new and still more alarming discomfort.

The crevices in the wooden cover which he had adjusted over his head had hitherto permitted him to inhale, though sparingly, the pure spring air from without; but it now gave way to a thick, stifling vapour, that irritated his windpipe and filled his eyes with a pungent blinding sub-The feeling of suffocation became so intolerable that Van Diest was compelled, at every risk, to raise the lid; but this did not afford him A dense smoke came rolling on in heavy murky volumes from the house wherein the defeated chiefs had taken refuge, and tainted the whole atmosphere; whilst a lurid light flashed occasionally through it and as suddenly disappeared, and Van Diest perceived with horror that the house had been set on fire. All around it soldiery was drawn up three or four deep, ready with halbert and arquebuss to thrust the sufferers back into the flames, should they attempt to break through.

The house, however, seemed tenantless, so undisturbed was the silence that reigned throughout; and Van Diest for a moment indulged the hope that the fugitives had vacated it. Lucky it was for him that he was at the further extremity of the extensive enclosure, and that the soldiers were entirely bent upon the accomplishment of their cruel deed; for the intensity of his feelings at this juncture made him altogether regardless

of his own safety.

Flames now issued in forked tongues from between the closed shutters, and even from the crevices in the thin walls; and the thatched roof was fairly in a blaze before any sign of life became visible. Suddenly a casement was thrown open, and yells of triumph welcomed this wishedfor signal of distress, which the enduring victims had been so tardy in affording to their savage persecutors. Two figures appeared at the window: one glance downwards showed them how matters stood; but vain was the hope of their assailants, that they would humble themselves

by idle entreaties, or by still idler efforts, to escape their doom.

There they stood, side by side, pale, but collected. The eyes of both were fixed on Antwerp, whose towers gleamed gaily in the sun, as if in mockery of their parting gaze. Even from his position Van Diest could perceive a sorrowful expression on Thoulouse's countenance, softening, but not diminishing, its stern resolve. Paul looked fiercely at his assailants, and shook his clenched hand at them; then suffering the fingers to unclose, he looked with a more serene expression on his native city, towards which he extended his open palm, but whether to invoke its protection or to bestow upon it his last blessing, it passed Van Diest's skill in reading the human countenance to determine. The flames now caught the window-frame near which they stood, and played around them; their figures became uncertain and vacillating; a film passed over Van Diest's eyes, and he closed them to look no more upon a sight which sickened his very soul. The crash of falling timber was next heardthen the crackling of the flames playing riot with the fragile tenement; and when at last he again had the courage to gaze upon the scene of desolation, the roof had fallen in, the floors had given way, and the whole was but a smouldering ruin. The soldiers, well satisfied with their work, filed off to perform the same duty on other points; and the lurid aspect of the atmosphere showed they were but too speedy and successful in their operations.

Half-choked, breathless, panting for air, yet Van Diest durst not venture from his lair, lest the hunters should be upon him. As the inferiority of the materials, and the slight way in which they had been put together, facilitated the progress of the fiery element, so it permitted its effects to pass the more speedily away. A couple of hours had scarce elapsed before the flames had ceased, and a lighter smoke rose to a loftier height in the less encumbered air; but silence and quietude were not restored, and the certitude that the regent's troops continued to hover about the place induced Van Diest to refit more closely over his head the

protecting canopy he had for a time been forced to lay aside.

Three feelings contended for mastery within his breast. It would have been hard even for himself to decide whether the physical pang of burning thirst, or the moral one of uncontrollable fear, were the most powerful; but certainly one feeling predominated over both—one until then a stranger to his tranquil bosom—a deep, heartfelt desire of revenge on him who was the author of this awful catastrophe. He was not long left, however, to brood over his own thoughts. Again shouldering of arquebusses and the soldiers' measured tread were audible behind the wall, and again Chievosa's hated voice was heard.

"What do you mean to do with these three hundred prisoners, Sire de

Beauvoir?"

"I suppose, Sir Stranger," replied the same gruff voice which Van

Diest had heard but a few hours before—" I suppose the regent has not extended your commission so far as to authorise you to watch or to control my movements?"

"Certainly not; mere curiosity induced me to ask so indifferent a question, which, of course, it rests with you, my lord, to leave unanswered

or not at your pleasure."

"Then your curiosity will soon be gratified. These men who have dared to stand in arms against their lawful sovereign, or the troops of his representative, which is the same thing, shall be shot without further ceremony."

"All, my lord—all the three hundred without exception? Surely, having punished the leaders in so exemplary a manner, this extreme

rigour is not indispensable?"

"It is," said Beauvoir. "They should all perish to a man, were they thousands instead of hundreds!"

"The civil war is then begun in earnest," said Lopez; "but, with your permission, I will ride away before this wholesale butchery begins."

"Ay, go and tell the duchess; I well know she will approve of this

deed," answered the ruthless soldier in a well-pleased tone.

Van Diest then heard the clattering of horses' hoofs as the rider hurried away with great precipitation; then came the word of command, spoken in Beauvoir's harsh, discordant tones; then the dropping shots—the groans—the screams of the victims as they fell one by one along the wall against which they had been placed. Had but Chievosa been one of them, Van Diest thought, he could almost have listened with pleasure to those sounds of dread which now caused his very blood to freeze within his veins. He could not compute the time during which he had to endure this agony; but it remained engraven on his mind as though years of suffering had been concentrated in that one fearful hour. At last even this trial came to an end. Beauvoir rallied his forces without the village; but though the danger was more distant, it was not removed; nor did a complete silence reign throughout until night spread its dark mantle over this darker scene, and then it was the silence of death.

But the night dews brought no refreshment to Van Diest's parched lips and burning brow, nor its calmness tranquillity to his fevered pulse. Cruelty and treachery, such as he had that day witnessed, roused within him sensations that seemed incompatible with the slugglishness of his nature, but which, once awakened, it was not in his power nor his will to

lull again to rest.

tod and import off; suppose I " - probed a mod woll a find broad had result fortness at to do to G E O R G E D A N V E R S. mod belower

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

T.

"THERE'S Lady Clara's everlasting bell! ring, ring, ring, from morning to night. I wonder poor Palmer, her own maid, is not quite disgusted with the sound of it. Catch me living in a house with a confirmed invalid again!—no peace, no freedom, no cheerfulness; never know when one's work is really done. I like to see the whole of the family clean off the premises, then poor slaves of servants can hope for a few hours of uninterrupted enjoyment; but here, forsooth, as Lady Clara is too ill to visit, some one or other of us must always be moping in her sick room. I wish the great folks were obliged to take their regular turn in nursing, then they would find out how wearisome it was. 'Take physic, pomp, and feel as wretches feel,' as some great preacher says."

"Great poet, Miss Turner, if you please-Shakspeare."

"Shakspeare or Doctor Watts, it's all the same to me; I only mentioned it for the truth of the thing. But not they, indeed; they are always too tired with their gaiety to think of sitting up with those who want their services. They don't care if the house is as dull as if a dead corpse was lying in it, so long as they can have their pleasure. I am determined I won't ruin my constitution with broken rest any more, and that's the long and the short of the matter, Mr. George."

"But if it is so distressing to you, surely it must be much more so for the young lady herself, worn down as she is by constant pain and suffering, and so patient through all her afflictions too. I am surprised that you, as a woman, do not rather commiserate her, than complain of the little unavoidable trouble she is obliged to give, and for which she

invariably expresses such regret."

you, my lord, to leave unanswered

"'Soft words butter no parsnips,' as my mother, who is dead and gone, used to say. For my part I would prefer, a thousand times, waiting on a perfect termagant, who almost in the same moment gives a blow, and then salves it over with a handsome present, than on a lady as meek as an angel, who, never betrayed into passion, has no need to make one forget the injury done to one's feelings by bribery; like Lady Clara, for instance, who, to my certain knowledge, has never given Palmer an angry word. But then what real good, think you, does that mildness do for a poor servant, anxious to make a little nest-egg for old age or infirmity? It is positively more than two years since Palmer has had one cast-off silk dress. That eternal pink satin and swansdown Lady Clara had from Madame Devy's, still hangs up in the wardrobe as good as new; Palmer protests she is absolutely sick at the very sight of it."

"How can she be expected to wear out fine dresses in her deplorable

state of health?"

"Ah! there's the very root of the evil; there's the serious loss and

misfortune of serving an invalid."

"Well! I could not entertain such selfish ideas, under such truly agonising circumstances, Mrs. Turner; for my part, I candidly admit that my heart bleeds for the poor thing."

"Well, really, Mr. George, that beats all I ever heard in the shape of a liberty. Poor thing, indeed! I only wish my lord heard you calling his daughter, the Lady Clara, a poor thing. If he had never

been astonished before, I fancy that would rather amaze him."

"I meant nothing in the slightest degree offensive or familiar in the very natural expression the warmth of sympathy inadvertently caused me to give utterance to; but, in the constant contemplation of suffering, there appears so much to remind us that we are all so merely mortal, that we are all, as it were, equal in the sight of that Being who does not select peculiar pangs for the rich and poor among the creatures He created—making a distinction even in afflictions, that, for the instant, I forgot the conventional difference this world makes between the humble menial and the daughter of an earl."

"Do, pray, speak plain English; all those long words will be your ruin, depend upon it. This is not the first time, or I am much mistaken, that you have forgotten the vast difference which this world places between the humble menial and the daughter of an earl. I was not

born yesterday, nor am I blind, thank goodness."

"What can you possibly mean?"

"Why, that you are in love with the Lady Clara."

"Me! What a preposterous idea!"

"Not so preposterous as you may pretend to believe. I've seen such a thing happen before now, young as I am, therefore I am not easily deceived in such delicate matters."

"That may be; but with all your penetration, your sagacity is at fault now. You have not, as you well know, the remotest shade of reason to bear you out in this idle conjecture."

"Yes, I have experience, which is always to be relied on."

"What experience can you have had?"

"This: when I lived in the service of the Duke of Beverley, in the north, there was just such another handsome, genteel young man as yourself, named Charles Murray, kept especially as a sort of ornamental footman, to attend exclusively on the ladies, and fiddle-faddle with them about the drawing-room and flower-garden, as you do here; so that he was always smartly dressed, and consequently thought himself much above his fellow-servants, carrying himself very high amongst us, avoiding our society as much as he decently could, stealing away to trim his nails, or

read poetry-books, from which no good was ever learnt yet.

"I did all I could to attract his attention, for, although I was the upper-housemaid, I would have demeaned myself to receive his civilities, if he had been inclined to be only commonly gallant; but all my endeavours to please were thrown away. His contempt awoke my indignation, and, like every other slighted woman, I was determined to discover the cause of it; I had not watched him long before I plainly perceived that he aimed at nobler game; I taxed him with it, his alarm betrayed the truth, and the most excessive bribery silenced my jealous spite. However, one day—I shall never forget it, it being the first of the series of grand dinners which his grace gave annually to the county gentry, to make them die of envy at his grandeur, and from which they still would not have been excluded for the world—never was there a more regal display, never was there a more sumptuous dinner, never was there a

more splendid assemblage, never was the duchess more studiously dignified, never was the duke more condescendingly affable, never had the young ladies looked more lovely, nor more magnificently dressed; all was light, show, glitter, and ceremony; all felt too proud to thank God for what they possessed, and all was going off most delightfully, when, lo! and behold, between the first and second course, Lady Emily, the youngest of the family, and a perfect beauty, fainted dead away! Forth rushed Charles to prevent her falling; up started the duke, choked with rage, exclaiming, 'Villain! how dare you touch my daughter?' 'Who has more right to touch her, my lord duke, than her husband?' replied Charles, folding the Lady Emily to his bosom.

"Oh, my! the confusion this confession cost! Such ordering of carriages, such scrambling to get away; no one thought of taking leave, but several took the wrong cloaks and hoods; but not a single penny did I get for waiting on the mean creatures; they were all too busy in their mutual rejoicings over the downfal that they had just witnessed; or, perhaps, took advantage of the hurry and flurry to save the trifle so

righteously due to me for my civility and attention.

"When I ventured to peep into the dining-room, after they were all gone, it was like the last scene in a play: the duchess was on the floor in strong hysterics, crushing her beautiful turban all to nothing; Lady Emily lay on her husband's bosom, white as a ghost; her sisters stood close to her, crying and wringing their hands; the duke was striding up and down like a madman; the butler and the other servants still actually holding the dishes they were going to place on the table; and the chaplain looking as aghast as if before an archbishop, and, I fancy, with an eye of envy at Charles: and all this uproar and disgrace was occasioned by a footman forgetting the difference which this world places between one in his station and the daughter of a nobleman, Mr. George!"

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Turner, do not imagine that I ever could so

far forget mine,—ever be guilty of such treachery."

"Love does not think of treachery, it only thinks of the hope that continually feeds it with false promises; it is like a man on the verge of ruin, who still gives bills, hoping something fortunate will turn up before they become due, so as to save his credit, and only wakes from his dream when in a gaol; so it will be with you ere long, for I am convinced that what I say is as true as Gospel; for if you were not strangely preoccupied, you must have perceived that all the female-servants here were not absolute scarecrows."

"Pray, pray, let me implore you never to mention this most unfounded suspicion to another human being. Oh! if it were but to reach his lordship's ears, I should infallibly lose my situation, which would be the

death of me."

"Ah! see how the truth will out! Discarded servants do not usually die of grief. I have left twenty capital places without a sigh of regret; and here you, at the bare mention of losing your first, are in an agony of horror. George, I repeat it, and would, with a whole bench of magistrates trying to daunt me, you are desperately in love with the dying Lady Clara."

The young man waited to hear no more, but hurrying up to his own room, he fastened the door, and then threw himself on his knees by the

side of the bed, with that instinctive terror which an ingenuous mind ever feels at the idea of baseness or dishonour.

When, after a time, he raised his head from the counterpane, the large damp patch on it attested the many tears he had been shedding.

II. He nwose of saw dolder come

GEORGE DANVERS, although the son of very humble parents, early evinced talents of no common order, accompanied, as is too frequently the case, with a delicacy of constitution which rendered him totally incapable of following the laborious employment of his father and brothers as farm-servants; hence his mother's constant anxiety as to what would eventually be his destiny, knowing, alas! but too well that a sickly child was one of the heaviest burdens with which the poor could be afflicted; for in proportion to its helplessness, so is the maternal affection, ever striving and struggling with unwearied tenderness for the one that can the least assist itself; but where the pittance which supports nature is only obtained by unrelaxing daily toil, the life of those who cannot add their portion to the family fund must be a life of the most severe privation, despite the efforts of the self-sacrificing beings who would fain render it otherwise. And so George was beginning to feel in all its painful and mortifying intensity, when Providence came most unexpectedly to his assistance; for, on the accidental mention of the very superior talents displayed by the drooping boy, by the master of the Sunday-school, to the Rev. Mr. Meredith, the clergyman of the parish, he, after examining the little gifted pupil, resolved at once to give him a good solid education, hoping hereafter to place him in a banking-house in which he had some interest.

Mr. Meredith was neither so prejudiced, nor, indeed, so ignorant of the many striking facts on record to the contrary, as to conceive that talent was confined to station, and that it must, of necessity, follow the other favours of fortune; still, he knew how fatal it was to the future of a youth not to give that talent an early and vigorous direction, and not allow it to run wild, like a lovely but uncultivated flower, to waste its strength and sweetness, and fade in premature and unprofitable decay.

He saw, with almost grief, that George possessed a vivacity of imagination, and an ardour of temperament, highly inimical to serious study, which had, unfortunately, been fostered by the injudicious but pardonable pride of his mother; but which, if not suppressed, would ultimately produce for him only sorrow, disappointment, and humiliation, for the days were gone by when men could dream dreams, and see visions, and find them both pleasing and profitable. Hence, although it went to the good man's heart so to do, he studiously and sternly discouraged aught save the dry details compatible with his business-like prospects, coldly glancing over the effusions of that warm and grateful mind, and chilling the aspirations of his elated protégé with the unsympathising observation, that "he considered a taste for poetry evinced a morbid sensibility, which was both unmanly and unnatural." George submitted to this harsh opinion with the docility of a lamb, but the anguish of a martyr; he abandoned the muse for the ledger, and hoped it would repay him for the sacrifice; but who can reckon on anything in this life? who can form plans here certain of realisation? Just when George was preparing to take possession of the so long anticipated situation, to the amazement of the entire county the firm of "Faulkener, Witworth, and Faulkener" stopped payment, one of the partners having become a defaulter to an enormous amount.

Thousands were thrown on their own resources by this unexpected defalcation, in a pitiable state of poverty, and George lost the inde-

pendence which was to crown all his exertions.

Mr. Meredith was indefatigable in his endeavours to obtain some other appointment for one whose superior education now rendered him less fit than ever to fill a merely laborious employment; but, after two years of that "hope deferred, which doth indeed make the heart sick," he was informed by the gentleman who had been most profuse in promises, that, "owing to the pressure of the times, and some heavy personal pecuniary losses, he had been obliged, although with infinite reluctance, to give the appointment in question to his second son, but that he was not without hope of shortly hearing of something even more eligible for his esteemed friend's (Mr. Meredith's) deserving protégé." To this mere matter of course palliation for a mean and dishonourable breach of faith, neither Mr. Meredith nor George paid the slightest attention; both felt that there was not any reliance to be placed on the vague assurance of a man who had not scrupled to serve his own interest at the first favourable opportunity, despite the reiterated assertions that he considered himself absolutely and irrevocably pledged to promote the interest of another.

George was amazed and shocked at such a display of selfishness; but Mr. Meredith, more experienced, only thought, ainsi va le monde!

George, after various efforts to gain only the smallest competence, to relieve, in part, the burden he felt he was to his kind and generous benefactor—which, however, all failed—he, unknown to Mr. Meredith, applied for the situation of footman to the Earl of Melcombe, which, to his great joy, he obtained.

Nearly twelve months had glided away since he had entered on his subordinate yet not entirely ungracious duties, in a sort of intangible and indefinable reverie. George was happy in that dreamy and dangerous happiness, like the inebriation produced by inhaling narcotics, or the essence of those flowers which contain a subtle poison in their aromatic

chalices.

Day by day he gazed on all that was most lovely and interesting in this world, to the young, the ardent, and the uncorrupted—a fair-haired girl of seventeen, gradually dissolving, as it were, like a soft mist, from before his eyes; and night by night he prayed that that life of sweet and engaging beauty might be prolonged, although it could never, never shed one sun-ray of brightness to cheer his onward path; but to say that he was in love with the Lady Clara, to even think that he was in love with her, was, as he said to the irate and vigilant housemaid, "too preposterous."

Yet why, when kneeling by his humble bed, after the startling conversation with her, did he, amidst the flood of bitter tears then shed, shrink from that deep, searching self-examination which would at once have satisfied him of the real state of his feelings? Why did he press his folded hands over his throbbing heart, with convulsive energy, as if to keep down the turbulent thoughts uprising defyingly there, hoping to screen them from himself, hoping to screen them from Heaven? Why

VOL. XXII.

did he recoil from submitting that heart to the probings of conscience, as if its wounds were still too green to endure the wholesome and curative torture? And why, when he again appeared before the unconscious girl, did his whole frame tremble, his tongue faulter, and the last portentous words of Miss Turner seem to ring in his ears—"You are desperately in love with the dying Lady Clara!"

Not once did he attempt to respond to these questions; not once did he dare attempt to respond to them. He only resolved to be more circumspect than ever; to commune only with his own thoughts in the secresy of his own chamber; to affect an easier and more social manner towards those with whom it was his lot, for the present, to associate; and, above all, never, by the slightest unguardedness or indiscretion, awaken a shadow of suspicion in the pure bosom of her he so venerated: hoping, by these means, to silence Miss Turner's conjectures, to prevent others from conceiving similar ones, and, at every sacrifice, retain his present place. Poor George! And yet he was not in love! Alas for his delusion!"

The part he had to play with Lady Clara was, however, comparatively easy, as neither she herself nor any one connected with her entertained the most remote idea that they could be regarded by a menial save as in the relative position of the served and the serving, assisted by the stronger claim of gratitude which a really well-disposed inferior feels when conscious that he is drawn by the chain of universal human sympathy closer to his superior. George's respectful and unassuming deportment, his invariable attention, his evident study to give satisfaction, his quiet domestic turn of mind, and his visible attainments, so modestly suppressed, rendered him, in the opinion of the earl and his family, as something above the common hireling. Hence he was treated by them all with a kind consideration, which would have been highly injurious to a more vain and ignorant person. Still, there was a marked and pointed difference maintained inviolate between them. George was ever the servant, although a most esteemed one; and his master was still the nobleman, although a most benevolent and benign one. So was it probable, with this mutual understanding of power and dependence, that the Earl of Melcombe would for an instant pause to tone down his thoughts to the humiliation of a daughter of his inspiring a passion in the bosom of a rustic, highly as he might be endowed by nature? Or would that rustic for less than an instant stay his thoughts on that power which had only to raise a finger to crush him to atoms? Oh, no, no! love, in such a case, was indeed too, too preposterous.

Thus, the one blinded by pride, and the other by that deference which holds the soul in subjection, despite its struggles to be emancipated from such galling bondage, neither felt distrust nor alarm; things progressing with an uniform and unbroken monotony, only varied to George by the tremendous conflicts he had to contend with, which at times almost overcame his fortitude, and drove him to the verge of despair, but for which he happily found a sweet and soothing remedy in song; for although Mr. Meredith had, with a kind and judicious wisdom, endeavoured to eradicate the taste for poetry which George so early evinced, it only lay dormant in his bosom, like the seedling in the earth, until the genial season for its fair and fragrant blossoming should arrive; for, fostered by his unsuspected but yet indomitable passion, it revived with a force and beauty as marvellous as it was irresistible; and many a touching lyric enchanted

the readers of the local paper, who never guessed that they derived their

delight from so humble a source.

But it was not for the multitude that George wrote; it was not for the multitude that he curtailed the hours naturally allotted to rest; it was not for the multitude that he poured out the plaintive and affecting strains of a tender and troubled heart. The whole universe contained but one single being whose approval was dear to him, whose admiration he coveted. And yet months of painful suspense and uncertainty elapsed ere he could ascertain whether that precious eye glanced over those impassioned verses, that precious heart felt their power, although the paper was, with a trembling hand and throbbing bosom, duly laid on the little table especially appropriated to the light amusements in which the enfeebled girl could still indulge.

One day, however, when he entered the room without being summoned, to arrange some vases of flowers, he had the inexpressible rapture of beholding Lady Clara so absorbed in reading his last effusion as not to notice his entrance. He hurried, with a noiseless step, to the further end of the apartment, with, perhaps, an unjustifiable but still irrepressible curiosity, not absolutely to watch her—nothing so mean, so dastardly was in his thoughts—but to learn by her emotion the effect his poetry had on her feelings, to reap, as it were, the reward of his labours,

or to renounce them for ever.

George did not imagine for an instant that there was anything culpable, anything dishonourable, in thus stealing on the secret actions of the innocent and unsuspecting girl. Completely overmastered by the more imperative desire of knowing the truth, he listened to the approval of the ever-deceitful heart, which flattered the rash temerity, which

encouraged this base espionage.

Breathless and agitated almost to swooning, he remained with his eyes immovably fixed on the fair and fragile creature, who even robbed Heaven of some of his holiest thoughts. He saw her bosom heave; he saw a large bright tear fall on the paper; he saw those soft angelic eyes slowly dried; and then he saw his lines reperused with a more intense, a more earnest attention. He could have fallen down and worshipped the gentle being whose delicate sensibility so amply, so gloriously repaid him for all his past doubts and agony, his sleepless nights and anxious days; but the recollection of his position repressed any outburst of gratitude and admiration; for would she not have naturally spurned the homage of one so lowly, disdained the display of talents which had so affected her, and reproached herself for the weakness she had betrayed? No, no, no; suffer her to believe that her sympathy has been awakened by the gifted and the high-born; suffer her to believe that her tears have flowed in the congenial channel traced out by pride, for pride to follow, whose sorrow bringeth no shame, no degradation; it is enough, more than enough, to know that she does appreciate those talents, that she has hallowed them with a tear: each nobler sentiment must be satisfied, and only a despicable vanity would force the naked, perhaps odious, truth on her. O heart! too ambitious, too importunate heart! but one short hour before, and that tear would have raised thee to the height of superhuman bliss; and now, and now thou scarcely appearest to comprehend its mighty, its priceless worth! Sunk and dejected, faint and sorrowful, thou sighest still for the impossible, the almost dishonest! Rouse thee, oh,

rouse thee! for Heaven is thine antagonist in the awful combat, and will be the victor; for death is in the van, and who can hope to conquer such

a foe?"

As these conflicting thoughts flashed with the rapidity of lightning through the mind of the agitated young man, he regained all his self-possession, all his former deference and respect for the object of his hopeless adoration; and, with returning reason, also came the full consciousness of the turpitude of which he had been guilty in so long being in the presence of Lady Clara without her being aware of it, and it was with a feeling of insupportable contrition that he reproached himself with his treachery, and resolved to atone for it, as far as in him lay, by making her sensible of his vicinity; he therefore began to busy himself among the vases of flowers, as if intent on their arrangement only. Lady Clara rather started at the noise, and looking up with a sweet and placid smile, observed, "I did not know you were in the room, George."

"I came in as cautiously as I could, madam, as your ladyship was

engaged in reading, and I feared to disturb you."

"I have been reading some very affecting lines, more affecting to me, probably, in my state of health, than to any other person; they describe the pain and languor of sickness with the most harrowing fidelity. I hope the poor author does not write from experience; poets have such an unlimited licence of imagination."

"Oh, madam! be assured that when a poet has the skill to strike the chord of feeling, which responds in harmonious unison with his own, he

does not write from the imagination, but the heart." May stom at or

"Then I pity the poor heart which poured out the strains in question,

for it must, indeed, be a tortured one."

Did George hear aright? Did Lady Clara Stanmore confess to him that she pitied his heart, that she deplored the wounds it disclosed? Impossible! And yet he stood before her; and yet he actually heard the silvery tones of her voice vibrating round that palpitating heart. Oh! he must go, instantly go, or he certainly should commit some extravagance in his vehement ecstasy.

This was the first time that anything like conversation had ever occurred between them, and what a fund of chaste and tender sentiment did that brief reciprocity of confidence reveal! what a store of soothing and pensive recollections for him to brood over, when perhaps that young

and lovely creature shall be slumbering in the grave ! Supplied that

How would those few enchanting words destroy, as with an instant charm, the bitterness of all that fate might hereafter drug his cup of life with! What a panacea would they prove against sorrow! what an antidote against despair! what a security against complaint! what a source of perpetual contentment of spirit! what a cause for divine aspirations! what an occasion for perfecting that piety which will enable them to reap the fruition of that hope blighted on earth, whose purity can only be realised in heaven!

Oh! with such a phylactery he might well defy the sharpest arrows of fortune to penetrate his elated and sacredly guarded bosom! All, all must fall blunted from the breastplate of that love which religion sanctions, which honour never violates, and which nature vindicates and

upholds.

inw the awini copidate and went HONOUR VERSUS HONESTY.

I.

d with the rapidity of lightning IT will be a symptom of amendment in a world that vastly needs it, when people come to the conclusion that honour means honesty, and that dishonesty must always mean dishonour. Fifty or sixty years ago, the words, though "current," were as "inconvertible" as those desirable securities, the contemporaneous assignats of the Directory; and even to-day they are far from being popularly identified with each other. During a prolonged sojourn in North America, circumstances made me acquainted with a remarkable illustration of the effect of false readings of words and

Virginia is, par excellence, the head-quarters of the aristocratism of the States. The number of old families settled there for centuries, and claiming direct descent from the "blue blood" of the mother country, is larger than in any other part of the Union. Nowhere else is the pride of lineage so marked; nowhere else is society so exclusive; nowhere so nearly at a stand-still, or rather, so approximate to retrogression.

Here and there, in the rural districts, you will find an old-fashioned planter's mansion, possibly somewhat decayed in all but its prideful recollections, wherein its owner is as enwrapped as the stout Lord of Bradwardine himself—quite a different kind of pride from the moneyed exclusiveism of New York, where Wall-street gives the cue to fashion and prestige. There is more politeness and less cleverness, more generosity and less intelligence, more hospitality and less energy, in the old blue-blood State. Virginia is the most northerly of the larger slave-holding States, and the " national institution," with its patriarchal appurtenances, serves to perpetuate the predicament of unhealthy immobility. In this matter, however, the slave-breeding patriarchs prove but hard step-parents. It is the great focus of the growth of marketable blacks, of whom it produces more than it consumes: and the high-born planters, who despise trade and traders, so far descend from the stilts as to make yearly sales of their surplus negro stock to the agents of the southern dealers. Every season many thousands of stout young blacks are forwarded in gangs southward, for quick "consumption" in the reeking sugar-houses and fever-breathing cotton-swamps of Louisiana. Virginia produces; Louisiana consumes. Without this periodical supply (absorbed by death in an average of three autumns) the plantations of Louisiana would soon be desolate and sterile, from lack of the human blood that is poured out in fertilising them.

Old Virginia is pre-eminent in her maintenance of "honour." Whilst she practises the duello with a grace and courtesy very different from the bowie-work of rude Arkansas, the occasions are not rare when to refuse fighting, and to give up society, include inseparable cause and consequence. It was still more so some years ago, when the events took place which I

shall now describe as shortly as can be. In America, the two branches of law are, like Mr. Hudson's branches of iron, in a state of "amalgamation." Each barrister may be his own attorney, and speak from a brief of his own drawing. Now,

some twenty years since, there was practising, or rather retiring from practice, in the civil courts of Virginia, a lawyer of eminence, to whom, as I would eschew wounding personal feelings, I will give the general local name of Randolph. He had one fair and richly-endowed daughter, and, residing with him, were two "articled pupils," for whom the convenient cognomina of Jackson and Johnson will here do as well as their real ones. Jackson was a young man of studious habits and reserved temper: manly and honest he was considered, but encumbered with a delicacy of mental constitution which, with some, passed for sullenness; with others, for timidity. He seemed generous, truthful, and candid. He had talent, too, and industry; and, in fine, got credit for many of the qualities which, when drawn into light, tend to fix affection and respect.

His fellow-student, Johnson, was in some respects his opposite—a careless, dashing young fellow, frank in address and easy in manner; not particularly idle, and by no means peculiarly industrious; "goodnatured" on the whole, when good-nature was not more troublesome than ill-nature, but not at all of a disposition to incur serious inconvenience for the sake of any living being; free, frank, and débonnaire at social meetings, where a ready tongue and indomitable animal spirits gave him certain advantages over his taciturn colleague. He was, moreover, a first-rate legal draughtsman, and his services were particularly valuable in this

department of the office business.

Both these young gentlemen were of good blood and fair prospects; and it was a secret confidentially known amongst the genteel circles of Nestorville, that for one or the other of them was reserved the comfortable reversion to the white hand, and fat lands, and goodly stock of black cattle of all genera, which the gentle Eva Randolph could bestow on the

object of her choice.

The puzzle of the town was to make out which of the rivals stood most promisingly in her good graces; for that rivals they were, and that Eva preferred one of them to any of her other male friends, was an arrangement of some years' standing in the "reckoning" of neighbouring gossips, and, indeed, in that of Mr. Randolph himself. As he liked the project, no

wonder that he looked on it as-likely!

It was positive that Eva laughed and talked more with Johnson, when, on a clear frosty day, he had the felicity of "fixing" her for the most delightful of American winter treats—the sleigh-ride through the sparkling forest paths; whilst it was a literal certainty that the lady looked, if more grave, at least as happy, when, in the mellow "fall," in the golden western sunset, on a stroll through the gorgeous woodland, the modest tones of Jackson might be heard swelling into eloquence, as some theme was mooted, all worthy of majestic mind. Still her heart and its secret were in her own keeping, and her right to dispose of them had not yet been questioned.

It seemed that there existed between the young men thus peculiarly placed, living and studying under the same roof, and competitors, as it were, for a prize which neither had yet presumed to claim, none of the bitter or jealous feelings ordinarily engendered by such relations. But if either could be suspected of an unfriendly thought, it was Jackson, who

was less ready to laugh at Johnson's off-hand jokes than Johnson was at all times to praise his quiet colleague, and to avouch his admiration of his

good qualities.

Mr. Randolph, a man of ability, was also a man of some oddity, and his oddities were occasionally the subject of a jest in the little social firmament of which he was a principal luminary. The jests, however, were enjoyed only in private, by a select few of the professed jokers of the town; for the lawyer, whatever his mannerisms, was far too respectable a person for open banter. He had some whims, too, originating in pardonable inklings of self-importance, connected with reminiscences of his early years. One of these was a fixed persuasion that the great Jefferson had been materially indebted to him for hints towards the composition of the memorable "Declaration of Independence." It had so chanced, that when Randolph was a youth of sixteen, at the time when thoughts of freedom were finding vent all through the colonies, in the "burning words" that forewent immortal deeds, Jefferson was present at a college examination, where the "prize oration," delivered by the future lawyer, consisted of a lucubration on the rights of men and of colonists. It would be next to impossible that such an effusion, however crude it might be in its conclusions, should not embody some of the general principles soon afterwards set forth in the declaration of July the Fourth; and Jefferson, with the amenity of manner which distinguished him through life, applauded the young orator. "Nobly spoken, my young Virginius," was a compliment which, coming from such a quarter, was not likely to be soon forgotten by its object. In the autumn following, during some private festivity, at which Hancock, John Adams, and Jefferson, were present, the latter, still actuated by his usual kindness of temper, pointed out the youthful Randolph, and observed to a bystander, "Here is a young gentleman who was beforehand with our Declaration." The words, jestingly spoken, were so taken at the moment; but on the boyish mind they made an impression which, almost effaced by the strong, sober thoughts of maturity, was destined to renew itself long, long after, as old age advanced, and the intellect began to collapse, and to fall back towards that melancholy caricature of childhood which occasionally accompanies senility.

As, on the physical frame of man, a mark made in infamy loses its prominence whilst the child grows up, but again stands out, sometimes with hideous exaggeration, amid the waste of old age; so, the analogy is preserved in the mental orgasm. The fleeting fancies of the boy, forgotten in the stand-up battle of manhood, are reproduced in our decline, with an intenseness which exacts compound interest for the long interval

of forgetfulness.

Striking a truce with philosophics, the plain fact of the case is, that Mr. Randolph, towards the close of his life, reverted so passionately to the visions which gilded its opening, that at length, by a process of deduction perfectly conclusive to himself, he had arrived at the persuasion that not only he might have been, but that he positively had been, one of the central pillars of the young republic. The good-natured jest of a great man was magnified into a tribute of serious thanks for sage hints and profound suggestions; and the most formidable drawback from the enjoyment of a Fourth of July festival at Mr. Randolph's semi-rural residence, "The Oaks," was the ordeal of listening with gravity, until

gravity reached its agony, to the thrice-told tale of the venerable host's imaginary connexion with the document that gives celebrity to the day.

The 4th of July, 183-, arrived. The élite of a ten-miles circle were invited to the celebration at "The Oaks." Due honour was done to the glorious recollections of the occasion, and at a late hour the major part of the guests departed, delighted with the spirited proceedings of the day. Some of the juniors, however, prolonged the revels. When the small hours had struck twice, and the dawn was about peeping over the tall heads of the oak and hickory, some young men still sat, as only young men of Saxon stamina will sit, over a last batch of prime sherry. As morning wore on, the effect of their liberal potations became more manifest; politics were discussed, and persons were discussed; and, the discourse proceeding from persons to personalities, the eccentricities of the worthy host became the subject of numerous thoughtless attempts at facetiousness. The elder members of the company having long since retired, the conversation was conducted in that "free-and-easy" tone which usually graces an early morning carousal, and the old gentleman's weaknesses were handled by rival wits with an unscrupulousness which those will estimate who know how decent persons can speak when the enemy of reason has his way.

At this carousal the sprightly Johnson was not present. His absence from the July parties was an unusual thing—one of those strange accidents called chance, which happen when Fate has her work to do. The death of a relative had called him away for the week. Poor Jackson, unfortunately for himself, was there, though—save in a very diluted punning sense—not in *spirit*. The truth is, his ordinarily temperate habits had caused him soon to succumb to potations which better seasoned Bacchanalians endured for several hours longer; and he was lying outstretched, in undignified obliviousness, on a sofa. This single act of

intemperance, it will be seen, cost him dearly.

At length the party broke up-or broke down; the majority taking passive positions, in all conceivable unpicturesque attitudes on the floor. But all who were there had not got drunk. Unsuspected amongst them were some hard-headed observers, through whom, on the Saturday next following, that widely-circulating journal, the Nestorville Star of Freedom and Universal Democrat, was favoured with a smartly-seasoned epitome of the merry sayings and doings of the day; in which sketch the shafts aimed at the peculiarities of the somewhat aristocratic Randolph furnished the most conspicuous feature. The venerable object of the lampoon evinced more indignation at the breach of decorum committed beneath his roof than he had shown on many occasions when real injury was done to him. It would be unedifying to recapitulate the sundry moods and tenses in which he manifested an ire scarcely consistent with the usual stately placidity of his demeanour. It was shrewdly "guessed," however, that he better could have borne a far more grave offence; that his annoyance would have been not a tithe so great had not his darling foible—the "Declaration," and his imaginary connexion with it-formed the principal mark for the facetious impertinences of the Star of Freedom. As this was his pet notion, so, when rubbed against, it was the sorest place in his sensibilities; and for any irreverent dealings with it he was implacable. Three days after the article appeared, Mr. Randolph was lying in bed,

suffering a fever of irritation, the obnoxious Star of Freedom before him, when Johnson entered, with visage lugubrious, to condole upon the

"infamous outrage" that had been perpetrated.

"You see, Johnson," cried the invalid, "what these newspaper scoundrels have been about. But they are paid for these things. Their conduct is not half so bad as that of the young men—young men of good families, too—some one of whom must be guilty of this shameful indecency. And no small part of my vexation is, that we cannot discover the author. They refuse me all clue to him. A pity, Johnson, that you were not there; or if Jackson, now, had not chosen this very occasion, for once in his life, to get so stupidly tipsy——"

A look—a dubious look—a look at once unintelligible and intelligent, made the old man pause. There was Johnson's honest face—a face usually beaming with smiles, the tableau vivant of riant hilarity; but it was now clouded with a canopy of inscrutable solemnity, in which sorrow

and sympathy strove for the mastery.

"Yes, Jackson so drunk! Strange, indeed, sir! Jackson, above all men, who will never take his third glass of wine with us. It is extraordinary. But, in fact, you see——" And here, with a conspicuous effort, he suppressed some rising remark.

"I'll be d-d, sir, if I do see," rejoined Randolph. "What I want is to see—to see through the entire business. And you, with your long face

-it has grown a foot within the week!"

"Sir," said Johnson, "there is something which, in justice to all parties, must be cleared up here. The outrage is a flagrant one. And Jackson, too, poor fellow, the pattern of steadiness, who was never known to finish his half-pint of wine. So unfortunate—astonishing—unpleasant for all parties. But—I shall make inquiries."

Mr. Randolph's intellect, as I have hinted, was on the wane; his irritability had been increased by the accidents of the week. Whilst the mind was dulled, the nervous susceptibilities were sharpened; thus the attitudes and incoherent language of Johnson left him in as promising a state of mystification as bewildered octogenarian could well attain.

Honest Johnson disappeared for the rest of the day; but the morning following he entered the old man's room, with a visage more elongated, if possible, than before. Approaching the bed, he gazed for a moment or two with a look of reverential sympathy at its occupant; stammered; sighed; seemed—

Willing to (speak) but still afraid to (say).

"Mr. Johnson," exclaimed the patient, "pray why do you keep grimacing there? Leave off your pantomimics, man, and come to the point

with whatever mighty matter you wish to speak about."

"Mr. Randolph," replied the young man, in a voice (as my friend Proser hath it) "hoarse with emotion," "you think that Jackson was intoxicated on that unfortunate night. Would to Heaven it were indeed so! Nay, I hope—yes, I will still try to hope—that it was as you believe. Friend of my youth! Companion of my boyhood! Oh! I could have trusted my life on his honour, as I could trust the integrity of my own soul! But—now—now—"

"This is all mere face-making, mammery, sanscrit, hieroglyphics-

ten thousand times more confoundedly perplexing than any of them. I insist, sir, that you will come to your meaning. These grimaces fatigue me."

"I still love my friend, as I once—alas! that the time should be passed!
—as I once esteemed him. But I have a duty to you, Mr. Randolph—

the duty of truth, of gratitude, and honour."

"Perform that duty, then, and tell me plain facts in plain words. You are already endangering my life; you have thrown me into a fresh fever. Do your boasted duty, sir; reveal your mystery, and relieve me from the torture of your theatricals."

"It is a painful duty-a harrowing necessity, but a necessity that

must be obeyed. My friend, too, my cherished comrade!"

How long Johnson had been studying the Virginian melodramatics I am not here prepared to affirm; but I understand from cognoscenti that his words were ejaculated with as "imposing effect" as if the heart-stricken young man had been for half a dozen seasons practising pathetics in the Waterloo-road. Once again he faltered forth:

"I said, sir—I hoped—that—that Jackson was drunk that morning. But look at this. How I obtained possession of it, you shall afterwards

learn."

The invalid took the bundle of dingy paper presented to him. It was a slip-shod looking manuscript, smacking odorously of the printing-office. The manuscript of the "report" that had caused the old man so

much bitterness of spirit!

And here and there, where the first thought had seemed not venomous enough, the writer had introduced words of more stinging ridicule, all harping on the lawyer's sore and tender points. The shaft of ruder ribaldry had been tipped, and barbed, and pointed, and polished into intensity of malignant meaning. And the infamous work, in its outline and completion, bore the marks of a style of handwriting peculiar to Jackson!

The lawyer looked the embodiment of rage and surprise. His vanity had already been wounded; his affections were now pierced by an unexpected pang. Ridiculed by his guests, he here, in addition, found himself betrayed and traduced, and held up for the laughing-stock of the country, by the ingrate whom he had cherished, and who, forsooth,

he had imagined, loved and revered him in return.

If I had the fertile facility at dialogue-painting wherewith many of my eminent rivals are endowed, I might weave up into some score pages of "thrilling interest" the explosions of wrath that followed this discovery of Jackson's perfidy. Not possessing that happy faculty, my policy, with regard to this description of material, must be, like that of the late respected chairman of the Lords' committees, to "cut it short" whenever I can. Instead of a full-blown report, then, I shall indulge my readers with a summary.

With infinite reluctance and ill-suppressed grief, the faithful Johnson confessed, that, having a particular intimacy with Mr. Plume, the accomplished editor of the Star of Freedom, he had prevailed upon that gentleman to forego the etiquette of newspaper secrecy; and that, though Plume shrank, in the first instance, with the delicate feelings peculiar to

his brethren, from disclosing the author of what he had regarded as a fair "Report of the proceedings at 'The Oaks," he had, the moment he was made aware of the fallacy of the ribaldrous inventions which he had been betrayed into circulating, come forward like a man of honour to proclaim the concoctor of the outrage. It was but too clearly proved that Jackson, under guise and semblance of intoxication, had been a listener to all the irreverences of the memorable morning of July the 5th; had carried them away in his retentive brain, and, not content with this, had so "peppered" and aggravated them, with dint of ingenious maliciousness, that by far the worst of the scurrilities contained in the "report" had their origin in his own malignant exuberance of invention. To procure insertion of the libel, Jackson had communicated "confidentially" with Plume, and after assuring him of the perfect accuracy of the "report," paid him the modest consideration of fifty dollars for the occu-pation of two of his influential columns. It is almost superfluous to explain that no power on earth could have induced the inflexible Plume to give up the name of a correspondent, save the knowledge that that correspondent had abused his privilege, and thus shut himself out from the code of courteous forbearance.

HURRY SKURRY.

granted to him. It was

A TALE OF MY LODGINGS.

III.

UNPARALLELED was the excitement which prevailed in the town of B— on the morning of Thursday, the 15th of June, 18—, this being the morning after we left Mr. Scrimpit in the sick chamber; for then it was rumoured that Mrs. Smith, of Smithgrove, was dead.

The first person in the town who "heard the news," I have discovered, after some little research, to have been unquestionably Mrs. Dick, widow of the late Abraham Dick, licensed retailer of tea, tobacco, and snuff, London porters and light dinner ales, and other useful commodities in the town of B——.

Mrs. Dick made a call, at nine in the morning, upon Mrs. Johnstone, ostensibly for the purpose of borrowing a jelly-bag, but in reality for the purpose of imparting the great intelligence which she had just received from the "Doctor's John" in exchange for a morning's dram; and here was a triumph for Mrs. Dick, to have got hold of such a piece of news before Mrs. Johnstone!

"Good mornin', Mrs. Dick," said Mrs. Johnstone, who was engaged in the twofold occupation of peeling a turnip and toasting a pair of unprotected knees at the kitchen fire.

"'Morning, 'm," replied Mrs. Dick. "Have you heard the news?" and without pausing for a reply, Mrs. Dick proceeded to communicate the astonishing fact, that Mrs. Smith, of Smithgrove, was dead, and had left behind her one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. "One hundred and fifty thousand pound, and not one fardin' less, ah can assure ye 'm."

"Ah don't believe one word of it, Mrs. Dick," replied Mrs. Johnstone, "not one word of it. Mercy preserve ma life! a hundred and fifty thousand pounds—a hundred and fifty thousand fiddlesticks—more nor the national debts, Mrs. Dick."

Here Mrs. Johnstone looked as if she expected to overpower Mrs. Dick

by the extent of her political information.

Mrs. Dick's wrath was here rising high at this obstinate incredulity of Mrs. Johnstone's, and she was on the point of making a sarcastic reply, when, remembering the value of Mrs. Johnstone's custom in the bohea, raw sugar, and ginger-cordial line, she restrained herself, and taking up her jelly-bag, took her departure, with a polite "Good morning."

No sooner, however, was Mrs. Dick fairly away than Mrs. Johnstone put on her pattens, and set sail on a voyage of discovery. By-and-by she met in with Mrs. Fair, with whom she went shares in her good fortune, and the two old ladies had such a day of calling and gossiping as

was quite a treat to behold.

In the market-place, too, before ten o'clock, the popular excitement was immense. Dr. Bolus, who began by describing how apoplexy was the cause of the old lady's death, and thence made a digression concerning apoplexies in general, was listened to with breathless interest by an audience of short-necked people, one or two of whom gave up port wine for three days in consequence of the impressive nature of the doctor's discourse; but the grand centre of attraction was Mr. Scrimpit, the lawyer, who was supposed to know not only what the old lady had left, but how she had left it. As he stood with his hands shoved down to the depths of his trousers-pockets, from which, every now and then, there reached the upper air a sound as of the chink of silver, he positively electrified his audience with the dark hints which he threw out of the stocks, and the shares held by his late lamented client—so much so that the jealousy of all the other legal gentlemen in B——knew no bounds.

It appeared that on the night of her death, when she had sent so hurriedly for Mr. Scrimpit, the old lady had, to all appearance, intended to make some alteration in her will, or, at all events, to make some communication regarding it; but it was too late, the words stuck in her throat. It was impossible to make out what she meant, and in a desperate struggle

to render herself intelligible, the old lady expired.

Nothing was talked of but who was to be the heir to Smithgrove, and to all the shares and the stocks. The excitement of relatives knew no bounds, as, indeed, a fortune of five thousand a year is something to feel

a little excited about.

There was little doubt in the public mind but that the prize lay between them. Mr. Skurry, in the first place, who might have been sure of it had it not been for his own folly, was still thought to have some chance, though not a very good one. Then there was Miss Wilhelmina Laurie, who, besides being related to Mrs. Smith, had always been a great favourite; but the general favourite was decidedly Mr. D'Orsay Skene, he, as well as Mr. Skurry, being a full nephew of the deceased lady—the former being the son of a younger sister, and the latter of a younger brother.

Mr. D'Orsay Skene had long been the ruling fast man of the town of B—, and it was according to the fashion displayed by him that all the

clerks in the offices had their coats cut; was there a watchman knocked down, or a mysterious ringing of bells heard at dead of night in the peaceful streets of B——, Mr. D'Orsay Skene got the credit of it; he was, moreover, six feet one inch in his boots, and favoured by Providence with black whiskers. He could dance to admiration too, and drink some of the most seasoned topers of B—— under the table; he was not rich, but had a "damn expense" sort of way about him, which won the hearts of all; and, in short, Mr. D'Orsay Skene was a man born to be popular.

In addition to these advantages, Mr. Skene was blessed with a flow of animal spirits which nothing could stop, and, consequently, was universally considered as "the best-natured fellow in the world;" whether or not he was a real favourite in society I am not quite sure, but everybody gave out that they liked him. Hitherto, he had not been very fortunate in life, having at one time studied for a doctor of medicine, but having the misfortune to undergo that operation which is technically termed "plucking," he had come to the conclusion that his talents did not point to the medical profession, and had desisted accordingly. His remarkable translation of a passage of the "Æneid," on which he was examined, is still remembered:

Ingens jacit in littore et sine nomine truncus,

says Virgil, which Mr. Skene being required to translate, rendered as follows: "Ingens truncus," a huge box; "jacit in littore," lies upon the

shore; "et sine nomine," and without an address upon it.

Now, however ingenious in itself this reading might be, and curious as indicative of a conjecture, on Mr. Skene's part, of the existence of railway companies during the good old days of Pius Æneas, it somehow or other did not meet with the approbation of the learned professors, who, with characteristic bigotry, adhered to the old reading, and Mr. D'Orsay Skene was accordingly "plucked." Some young men might have regarded this in the light of rather a disagreeable occurrence, but to Mr. Skene's happy temperament it appeared only in the light of a very good joke indeed—a piece of exquisite humour on the part of the old fogies; and thus we see, as the reader has probably seen, or at least heard before, that extremes meet, and that total thoughtlessness may lead to the same result as philosophy.

At last the awful day arrived. Mr. Skurry had come to B—— shortly after his aunt's death, and had taken on himself the management of the funeral; but the day previous to that on which it was to take place he disappeared, and where he had gone to no one knew; so Mr. Skene acted

as sole master of the ceremonies.

The reading of the will has already been the theme of painters and of novelists, so that I shall not attempt to describe the overwhelming interest that seized upon all assembled when Mr. Scrimpit broke the seal, and read aloud the will of the deceased; it was overwhelming—it was awful; the boldest grew pale, and "held their breath for a while."

The will, after mentioning sundry legacies—amounting in all to about ten thousand pounds—proceeded to bequeath to Miss Wilhelmina Laurie the sum of six thousand pounds; and the residue of the property, real and personal, was bequeathed to—Mr. Hurry Skurry! It was over. On some of the assembly it was as if a thunderbolt had fallen from heaven; one paralytic old man, tottering on the verge of the grave, was especially

furious; tearing off his badges of woe with quivering hands, he threw them on the ground and spat upon them, and heaping imprecations upon the memory of the old lady, tottered out of the house. This was an old miser; and a fortnight afterwards a very similar scene took place at his own funeral. One or two others, again, who had got legacies unexpectedly, could hardly restrain their tears of joy; and expressions of "Good-hearted old lady," "D—d old screw," "Benevolent old woman," "Old hag," &c., were such as met the ears of those who could listen—that is, of those who had expected nothing, and were not disappointed.

But where was the heir all this time? Mr. Scrimpit was going distracted to think of a man being out of the way when he ought to have been taking possession of an estate worth five thousand a year; the thing was monstrous, and hardly credible. It appeared, however, on making inquiry, that Mr. Skurry's servant had arrived a little while ago with a trunk and a carpet-bag; and this individual, being examined, deposed that he had gone down with his master to the train, put his luggage in for him, and seen him in himself, and that on the train stopping his

master was not to be seen:

"And that is all I can tell you, sir," said the servant; "but it's Mr. Skurry's way, sir; when he does come, sir, it will be at two or three in

the morning, sir."

Mr. Scrimpit, who had no idea but that everybody in the world was punctual and matter-of-fact as himself, was, to use an expressive phrase, dumb-foundered, and he resolved within himself that if Mr. Skurry did not make his appearance within eight-and-forty hours, he would set out in search of him; for the horrible idea had seized him, that an eccentric gentleman like Mr. Skurry might take it into his head to employ some other man of business than himself, and that the great Smithgrove estate should be managed by any one else, was an idea too much for Mr. Skrimpit. He was relieved from his apprehensions, however, and awakened out of his slumbers simultaneously, by the arrival of Mr. Skurry at two in the morning, as foretold by his servant—it appearing that he had taken three tickets, and made fruitless endeavours to catch three trains during the day.

Ere many weeks were over, Mr. Skurry had taken his position in society as Hurry Skurry, of Smithgrove, Esquire. He was, as regards personal appearance, I fear, rather commonplace, being short and rather plain, with lively-coloured whiskers; and now the great question that agitated the town of B—— was, who would Mr. Skurry marry? Unprejudiced judges thought it likely that Miss Laurie and he would

make it up; yet this was by no means certain.

The truth of the matter was, however, that while the world was thus wondering to whom Mr. Skurry would condescend to throw the hand-kerchief, that unfortunate gentleman was suffering under an agony of jealousy. He had fallen desperately in love with Miss Laurie; but so had Mr. D'Orsay Skene; and Mr. D'Orsay Skene was by no means a rival to be despised even by a gentleman with five thousand a year.

Such was the state of matters, when the authorities in the town of B—— resolved to give a ball; the day fixed on being that upon which Mr. Skurry came of age, which event took place about fourteen months after the death of his aunt. Surely, it was thought, if Mr. Skurry's

intentions in the matrimonial way were not to be divined from his conduct at a ball, it was very odd indeed. The grand point, however, was to get Mr. Skurry to come to it; no doubt was entertained but that he would accept the invitation, but considerable apprehension was entertained that he might accidentally set out to the Antipodes, or some such spot, a day or two beforehand. However, there was no help for it, and so they must just take their chance.

TV.

THE eventful evening has arrived, and Mr. Skurry is sitting alone, moodily, over the fire, discussing his wine and walnuts; the ball is to commence at ten, and it is now nine. He was moody, I say, in spite of

the good things which fortune had showered upon him.

"Yes," muttered he to himself, "true it is that I have five thousand pounds a year, and that Mr. D'Orsay Skene has not half so many hundreds; but then I am but five-feet-five, and Mr. Skene is six-feet-two in his boots. Mr. Skene's whiskers are black, and, though I abhor deceit, I almost fear I shall be constrained to dye—miserable man that I am!" Here Mr. Skurry buried his face in his hands, and delivered himself up to the green-eyed monster.

Rousing himself at length, he drank off a tumbler of claret, and passing his hand slowly across his chin, he rose, and repaired to his dressing-

room.

To people of a certain irritability of mental constitution there are few, I believe, among the minor trials of life, equal to losing one's keys, unless, indeed, it be when a drawer will not go into its place, when you first try it at one corner, and then at the other, then a gentle persuasive in the centre; all of which failing, you probably, muttering some hasty exclamation the while, give it a kick with your foot, which causes you to send off for the cabinet-maker when you have cooled down. Now, Mr. Skurry was precisely a man of the description of temper to be fairly unhinged by an occurrence of this kind; and he was, moreover, in a peculiarly absent and hasty humour to-night; the consequence of which was, that no sooner had he commenced the temper-trying operation of shaving, than he cut himself a gash across the upper lip, that would

Now to cut oneself shaving is a peculiarly trying thing at any time, but when one is shaving for a ball it is altogether overpowering; words cannot paint the fury which poor Mr. Skurry lashed himself into; he rushed to his coat-pocket for the keys of the cabinet, into which he recollected he had put some patent sticking-plaister a day or two ago—he dived first into one pocket and then into the other. "Confound it," muttered he to himself, "keys are always in the last pocket one puts their hand into." In the present instance he was wrong, however, for the keys were neither in the last, nor in any other pocket; then he dived into topcoat-pockets, and brought up handfuls of tobacco, broken pipes, shillings, letters forgotten to be posted, and what not, but still no keys. All this while the blood, which was flowing from the wound freely, was amusing itself by dropping on the breast of the shirt in which he had just enrobed himself, and this freak on the part of his "ruddy drops" was no

sooner perceived by Mr. Skurry, than the small remnant of his temper forsook him. He stamped—and the duties of a faithful historian oblige me to confess that on this occasion he also swore—he rang the bell furiously, and ordered every servant in the house to bring him his keys instantly, on the pain of dismissal; for they must have taken them away;

keys could not go away of themselves, that was clear, &c.

They were not to be found, however; so seizing hold of the handle of the cabinet drawer, Mr. Skurry tugged at it till he was blue in the face; it would not yield, however; one tremendous tug more, and down came the whole cabinet, and he had just time to make a precipitate retreat in order to save himself from being crushed under it, for it was a considerably heavy one; along with the cabinet, however, tumbled on the ground the missing keys, which had been hidden away in one of its recesses.

At this stage of matters Mr. Skurry lay down in bed and recovered himself, after which he set to work with recovered temper and finished his dressing, patching up his lip, in a temporary manner, with some of the nap off his hat—for it turned out after all that the sticking-plaister was not in the cabinet. He resolved, however, to go to the surgeon and apothecary before going to the ball and have it dressed; it was hardly time yet, though, to go, and for once it seemed as if Mr. Skurry was

about to be too soon; but fate had decreed otherwise.

Seeing that it did not behove him to set out for a short while yet, Mr. Skurry began to amuse himself with surveying the wrecks of his cabinet. It was one of remarkable workmanship, abounding in secret drawers and repositories of every kind and description. They seemed to be all empty, however, as idle curiosity tempted him to open one after the other, containing nothing but a faint smell of rose-leaves or musk, or sometimes a few birds' eggs. At last, however, he touched a spring, which disclosed a drawer in the very centre; he opened it, and there was something in that drawer; he took that something in his hands, and gazed at it with eyes transfixed: suddenly the blood left his cheek, which grew white as the marble figure that stood by him; his knees knocked under him, and he sank almost fainting upon a chair. All this was not without cause, for in that drawer he had found a will of his aunt's, of later date than that by which he succeeded, in which she revoked her former will, and bequeathing him six thousand pounds, left the residue of her estate to Miss Wilhelmina Laurie. This will was holograph, and signed without witnesses, so how the matter might stand in a legal point of view, Mr. Skurry could not tell; but his aunt's last intentions were clear—the handwriting he himself would have sworn to; so what honour said was plain.

Now, however disinterested an attachment a gentleman may have for a lady, to surrender five thousand a year to her, and perchance to a rival, is not a very pleasant duty—for I fear much the days of such romantic love as that of Miss Juliet Capulet and Romeo Montague, Esq., have gone past. The document, then, which was to render him comparatively a beggar, was in his hand; none save Heaven and himself knew of its existence. On the table was the taper—reputation, that soul of virtue, would never suffer—it was a temptation to any man out of fiction.

Mr. Skurry at length rises calmly from his seat; the colour has re-

turned to his cheek, and his tread is firm and his air resolute.

"Luke," said he to the servant who replied to his summons, "is the carriage ready?"

"Yesir."

Mr. Skurry got into his carriage.

"Assembly-rooms, sir?" said the man, touching his hat. "No, Luke; drive to Mrs. Laurie's, in the Crescent."

" Yesir."

Mrs. Laurie was engaged, the servant said; but if Mr. Skurry would walk in for a few minutes, she would not keep him waiting long. So Mr.

Skurry said he would wait.

The fact was, that Mrs. Laurie was superintending her daughter's toilet, who was at present engaged in that operation with regard to her hair which, I believe, young ladies term "doing" it. The astonishment of the two ladies was unbounded when they were informed that Mr.

Skurry was below, and wished to see Miss Wilhelmina alone.

Mr. Skurry's biographer has been unable to lay his hands on any memoranda of the conversation which passed between Miss Laurie and Mr. Skurry at this meeting. He has the best of reasons for believing, however, that that gentleman's first step was to volunteer an unconditional surrender of the Smithgrove estate, having no doubt that he was not morally entitled to retain possession of it; that Miss Laurie was overpowered by his generosity or justice, as it may be considered, and peremptorily refused to accept it. She had, she said, sixteen thousand pounds, and what could she, a girl, want with five thousand a year? but that he might rise in the world by means of it; that though in itself it did not constitute greatness, it might help him to become great—but as for her, five thousand a year would be a positive burden to her; that Mr. Skurry was overcome by Miss Laurie's disinterestedness, and that they were thus both overcome; that the ice being once fairly broken, Mr. Skurry, from offering his fortune, got to offering himself; that he went down on his knees and avowed himself the most wretched of men, and that, if Miss Laurie refused to listen to him, life would henceforth be as a wilderness and desert, in which the single green spot would be the recollection of Miss Wilhelmina Laurie—all as young gentlemen have been in the habit of saying, under similar circumstances, for a few thousand years now.

Now, what said Miss Laurie? Did she tell poor Mr. Skurry, I wonder, that she would always entertain a sincere friendship for him? or what did she say? I cannot exactly tell; but I am, fortunately, able to mention one or two facts, from which the reader can draw his own inferences—viz., that Mrs. Laurie, Miss Laurie, and Mr. Skurry, went that night to the ball together, in Mr. Skurry's carriage, all very late, to be sure. Further, that for a very long time afterwards Mr. Skurry kept his appointments with a punctuality that might have satisfied the most crotchety man of business. We still fear, however, that his wife will

sometimes have to wait dinner for him.

A TALK ABOUT SMALL-TALK.

BY CHARLES ANTHONY.

" SMALL-TALK," which we believe to have come in with tea, increasing in popularity as the beverage in consumption, may be met with in many classes of society, under different aspects, and at different degrees. It embraces a wide circuit, including the tea-table, the concert-room, the morning call, the private party, and the ball-room. At any of these it may be met with, oozing away at different degrees of temperature, rising highest among peculiar individuals—as, par exemple, " The doll young lady;" "the young lady who has been thirty, and no more, for these many years;" "the faded dowager;" and the "Jimmy Jessamy, or young ladies' man." For our own part—and we must confess we have our likes and dislikes-" small-talkers" are regarded by us with anything but admiration, -nay, at times, we have looked upon them with suspicion, having invariably found that in this and this alone they are great. Should the conversation take a more elevated turn, they become silent as mutes, and look as lost as the pretty little babes in the wood must have done, who were afterwards covered with green leaves. Nor do we think small-talkers possess the best of hearts nor the most charitable of feelings, for the very essence of their say lies in the actions, doings, and misfortunes of others. Nor are they always the putters of the best construction on things—the makers of bad into good. Small-talkers are harmless as long as their budget contains nought but the frivolous, but they may become dangerous; for the steps to scandal may be imperceptible, and to those predisposed, soon arrived at. They then become the breakers of those links which bind society together; and it would be well if smalltalkers, under these circumstances, could have a mark set upon them, to distinguish them from the rest of humanity. Society has its different stations, and he who has the entrée to these, cannot fail to observe (unless he keeps his eyes shut), that the higher the grade, the more "small-talk" hides its diminished head, until at last it is banished altogether as a low thing; while, in the contrary direction, the lower it descends, the more it thrives and flourishes. But the frivolous small-talker comes not under the malignant classification, and is (when of the Jessamy tribe), as some of the younger of the softer sex would say, "as harmless as he is dear."

The Jimmy Jessamy, or young ladies' man, is the fascinating individual we are now about to introduce to the reader. A dear duck of a fellow with the young ladies, we have no doubt he will be equally admired by the connoisseur, when we have shown him up arrayed in all his bright colours, achieving those glorious deeds wherein lies his forte. The young ladies' man is pale, with a contour somewhat regular; he has a beautiful set of teeth—he shows them greatly when he smiles—and can boast of carefully arranged locks, black as night, the which he is continually rearranging with his right hand. He is great in small-talk, and can keep a group of pretty ones on the laugh for an hour; and it is not at all uncommon to hear him distinguished from some other individual bearing the same patronymic, by the appellation of that "dear Mr. S——." He sings too, and, as we heard a rather green young lady once, who was

commencing her first season, exclaim, "Heavenly!" His selection, of course, is sentimental: "Will you love me then as now?" "Yes, I will thee still the same;" "When sorrow sleepeth, wake it not," &c. &c. Nay, in excited moments, he has been known to go further, and give "Com'è gentil," and other opera gems, tolerably well, if we pass over the slight squeak which would persist in making itself heard occasionally in the upper notes. The Jessamy knows what any of his young ladyfriends look well in-and this is, indeed, saying much for him; consequently, he has always on hand a large quantity of sweet nothings and pretty compliments, suited to the "blonde" or flashing "brunette." He delights in arranging the preliminaries of a ball, and his indefatigability is really wonderful; this becoming, before the grande nuit, a perfect furo, as he hurries from one member of the committee's house to another. For weeks before, the Jessamy can talk of nothing else, and the committee, appreciating his enthusiasm, gladly allow him to take the lead in arranging everything-either from having to attend to more serious matter themselves, or from a dislike to becoming prominent. At such a time the young ladies' man is in his element. He arranges and re-arranges the matter for the printed invitation-notes, till his brain gets rather confused, as bits of paper scribbled over with different styles, "When the pleasure of your company," "When the honour of your company and friends," &c., "When your presence," &c., seem to dance before his eyes. The cards with the lists of dances have all been printed, and are now quite ready, but they are plain white. Some London gentleman, who is down on a visit, and is one of the stewards, sneers at the white cards, and describes those which are really comme il faut. Les gentilhommes, silver-edged, blue ground relieved with gold. Les dames, pink ditto, relieved, &c. The plain white cards are now doomed; they are thrown in the fire, and a fac-simile of those described ordered. Were it possible in so short a time, he would have the walls of the room re-beautified à l'Almack's. Several things occur at the eleventh hour to reduce the young ladies' man to despair. Many who had consented to act as stewards from a distance, send notes of apology on the last day: "Exceedingly sorry to disappoint, but unforeseen circumstances will prevent Mr. G-," &c. &c. His activity, however, increases with his reverses, and at a late period he is quite ready to transform into a steward any simpleton who is willing to become a makeshift for the evening. Nay, at such trying times he has been known to take conveyance, and ride for miles into the country, to induce some notable (whose name would look well on paper) to join their list of stewards. An hour before the ball, he is at his post, checking off the names as the stewards show up, true to their colours. Here we leave him actively engaged. In the mean time, we will take advantage of the opportunity to introduce to the reader a slight contrast, by presenting him to an opposite variety of the species 'yclept man.

The practical or studious young man (for we know of no other designation we can give the being we would describe) is not one of the most fascinating of his sex. He allows his whiskers to grow as they please, and frequently has his tie too much to the right or too much to the left—a disregard to the toilette, and a sin, in brother Jessamy's eyes, never to be forgiven. His hair is cut puritanically short, and forms a striking con-

trast to the long, oiled, hyperion locks of Jessamy; but his open counte-The practical or nance and fine development generally tell of depth. studious young man is seldom seen with those of similar age. You may trace him among groups of men who have seen some forty or fifty summers. If he joins freely in the conversation, you may depend upon it (if the men are first class) he has not secured this entrée, weight, and privilege of giving opinions for nothing; that there has been a time when some wrinkled one, with the roughness of Johnson, has tried to "phooh" him down, not from his want of pith, but on the score of youth (as though sage wisdom ne'er could come till life was in the yellow leaf!); or a day when he has come through some severe ordeal of older heads, triumphantly showing them that even youth sometimes in these go-ahead days is not to be "phooh'd" down. The practical or studious young man has many disadvantages. In a ball-room he feels like a fish out of water; and his great trouble, after being introduced to a young lady as a partner, is, what he shall say to her. And he is still more nervous from having once completely dumbfoundered a young lady by asking her, innocently, if she had read Molière in the original. For a time he really envies the Jessamy, as he sees him skip from one end of the room to the other, dealing small-talk rapidly, now buried among young ladies' flowing dresses, disappearing mysteriously, then emerging, appearing in the dis-

tance, doing the agreeable, or arranging some danse or polka.

The practical or studious young man has no small-talk, and he knows Feeling his deficiency, he moves on the other tack, and perhaps finds, after a great deal of sifting, that the "blue-eyed flaxen" by his side is fond of reading. He feels his courage returning; but this is to be again damped by finding the young lady reads chiefly novels. Furbishing up all his old recollection of such, in those bright happy days of seventeen, that most romantic age, he alludes to Sir Walter Scott's; and, finding the young lady has read them, dives in pell-mell, beginning with the "Antiquary," "Rob Roy," or any of the others which he can best remember. But even his time comes occasionally, when he is fortunate enough to meet with a partner whose information is varied, whose conversation, though not so deep nor elaborate as the blue-stocking's, is still interesting, beautiful, and apparently inexhaustible: divine manifestation of a cultivated mind, which bringeth sweet relief to him who has made so many failures at small-talk during the evening. Nay, he has been known, on such occasions, to grow really eloquent as he felt more delighted with the gentle being sitting by his side, until manœuvring mammas and dancing young ladies, nay, even Jessamy himself, have wondered what Mr. H--- and Miss P--- could possibly find to talk about for such a length of time. Time rolls by, and after years of insipid flirting, the Jessamy marries some silly young lady with a very The practical man, feeling the great influence this step has upon his future happiness, makes his selection cautiously, and always happily; looking not to the beauty of the person alone, which is fleeting, but to higher qualities-to that bright light which beams within the mind's lamp, when beauty is no more.

A CURSORY REVIEW OF A LATE MONSTER METROPOLITAN PANIC BY MIDNIGHT.

[RUMOURED SELF-PRESENTATION OF LOUIS NAPOLEON AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S, AND SUDDEN DISPERSION OF A SELECT BODY OF HER MAJESTY'S LIEGE SUBJECTS PEACEABLY ASSEMBLED IN TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.]

Much excitement and consternation prevailed at Charing Cross and its

vicinity on the night of Saturday, the 26th ult.

At the ghost-strolling hour of the period here recorded, dense masses of motley-attired individuals, of all ages, sizes, complexions, and nations, congregated, as if by magic, in Trafalgar-square. Just as they took up their respective positions, the clock of the ancient Abbey of Westminster pealed forth the hour of midnight; on this occasion, the stillness of night was greatly disturbed by the hum of many voices and the tread of innumerable footsteps pacing the ample flag-stones surrounding the ropecoiled monument of England's naval pride and glory. Group after group arrived in rapid succession; each person, as he took up his ground, eyed his right and left hand neighbours with marked suspicion; this arose from the fact of the meeting having been convened both suddenly and secretly. Those who gazed on the vast assemblage might have imagined that all the debtors' prisons, workhouses, madhouses, and, in fact, every asylum in the metropolis for the sick and maimed, had sent forth their full quantum of inmates. No one seemed to know the real cause of the mighty gathering. Several gentlemen displayed scrolls, resembling official documents; others had in their hands rolls and flatly folded pieces of parchment. These circumstances induced some of the bystanders to believe that sundry noble and honourable members of both houses of parliament were holding an open-air meeting; this idea was generally believed, in consequence of the recognition among the great unknowns of a noble marquis and several members of the lower house, ex-ministers of a recently defunct govern-The parchment-scrolls above referred to, instead of being petitions to the "Lords Spiritual and Temporal and the Commons in the present Parliament assembled," turned out to be diplomas, pedigrees, testimonials, and other documents, of no use to any persons except the owners, but which they were obliged to carry about with them lest they should fall into the hands of their creditors, be sold to the confectioner, and be fabricated into jellies for epicure parsons, fat civic functionaries, and gormandizing millionaires.

Such an imposing appearance did this gigantic meeting assume in a few moments after its formation, that even hollow-pated gents and their "gals," returning from the theatres, ceased singing "We won't go Home till Morning," to join the mysterious throng. Among the many reports current with the meeters by midnight, was a rumour that the Chartists had risen in the north, and had come up to London in large bodies by the North-Western and Great Northern Railways. It was also stated that these dictators had despatched a division of their rabble-legion to take possession of the Tower of London. Another report ran like wild-fire through the confused and astonished multitude, that Louis Napoleon

had effected a landing at Dover, and had detached to Walmer a wellorganised and equipped force of infantry and artillery to storm the castle of the hero of Waterloo, with orders that, if taken alive, his grace was to be honoured with a military escort to Ham. This very startling report further stated, that the would-be Emperor of France was at the head of the invading army, for the purpose of presenting himself to her Britannic Majesty, and then paying his respectful compliments to the good citizens of London, accompanied by veteran squadrons and battalions with drawn swords and fixed bayonets, and the gunners of the light artillery with

lighted matches.

Some French gentlemen, apparently refugees, who professed to be well informed on the subject of the kind and friendly intentions of the popular French eagle-tamer towards the people of England, asserted, that all persons who might escape the sword or the Minié rifle were to be huddled into the adjacent prisons, there to wait until efficient executioners could be nominated to despatch them. Bridewell and Giltspur Compter were to be the places for the reception of certain wealthy capitalists of the city, whose lives it might be necessary to spare for financial purposes. A select few of the bankers and shopkeepers of the Strand were to be consigned to the Savoy Church and Tothill Prison, for the like reason. members of both houses of parliament were to be accommodated with lodgings at the Penitentiary, Millbank; but Bright and Cobden, and a few equally short-sighted drowsy members of the Peace Congress, were to be exempt from picking oakum, in consideration of their exertions for leaving their country in such a defenceless state that an invasion might be effected even at noonday by a resolute and well-provided army. Model Prison, at Clerkenwell, was to be the future residence of bankers, merchants, and government clerks, as also other inhabitants of Islington, Pentonville, Hackney, Stoke Newington, and Kingsland. The different lunatic asylums, workhouses, and proprietary chapels of the metropolis, were to be the abiding places of such widows or spinsters possessing cash, with whom it might thus be prudent to contract matrimonial alliances. Poor widows, married or single women, old and young, of all grades, were to be turned into the streets and left to the tender mercies of the French troops. Poachers, pickpockets, highwaymen, and other desperadoes, inmates of the various prisons, and also the convicts at the hulks, at Woolwich, were to be given their liberty on condition of their joining the standard of the The Spitalfields' weavers, and all under-sized artisans, were to be shot in batches, as being an incumbrance to an army either in garrison The liberating portion of this announcement seemed to give great satisfaction to a large portion of the unwashed, who appeared to have no interest in the affairs of the meeting; they therefore dispersed in quest of plunder; but the most respectable section of this assembly abandoned their own views, and expressed their readiness to form a legion for the protection of her Majesty's august person.

So fast did the reports above named gain ground and credence, that the inhabitants enrolled themselves as special constables; the picquet of the Queen's Guard, as also the escort of orderlies, turned out with an alacrity that would have done credit to veteran soldiers before an enemy in the field. Even the drowsy Charlie, who nightly takes his post at Drummond's, aroused from his slumbers, and rang the house-bell to warn the

resident clerk of the impending danger and evident sacking of the coffers of the establishment by the advanced guard of the invading army.

The clatter of the hoofs of the troopers' horses, and the jingling of the scabbards of the picquet of the household cavalry brigade, as they trotted along Whitehall, confirmed the report of the arrival in London of the French cuirassiers; and the knight of the rattle and lantern, who usually slumbers in his box at the door of Cox and Greenwood's, awakened the housekeeper and resident messenger, and duly warned them of their perilous situation. Scotland-yard was all bustle and animation. There were to be seen inspectors, superintendents, and sergeants of the Peel brigade of metropolitan foot blues, actively engaged in serving out to their men swords and pistols, with orders to make good use of

them and their staves among the invaders and their supporters.

On the police issuing forth from their head-quarters, they marched upon Trafalgar-square, which they completely surrounded, and garrisoned the Post-office with a powerful reserve, as also Morley's Hotel and the National Gallery. In rear of the police were the foot-guards from St. George's and the Wellington barracks; but the very peaceful demeanour of the assemblage induced the civil and military authorities to desist from coercive measures until they inquired into the cause of the gathering. These judicious precautions were carried into effect by experienced and competent officers, whose object was to preserve order and peace without These functionaries addressed themselves to opponent chiefs, or commandants, of the different bodies of unarmed brigades, and found upon inquiry that they were members and delegates of the British and Foreign Hard-up Club, who were about to hold a midnight meeting, instead of converting the Sabbath to that purpose. This explanation was instantly communicated to the commissioners of police, and officers commanding squadrons and battalions; and the information being deemed quite satisfactory, they were allowed to disperse. This boon they availed themselves of, and broke into divisions and subdivisions; but a large and apparently select body marched direct for St. Martin's Hall, where previous arrangements had evidently been made for their reception.

Among the dense assemblage we noticed several honourable gentlemen in seedy black, cotton hose, clumsy shoes, and dingy white cravats. These long-backed individuals much resembled a forest of withered birch. Mingled with the sable throng were friars of "orders grey," aged and youthful Jesuits, and sturdy Irish priests; the foreign emissaries of the Church of Rome were enveloped in cassocks, the cowls of which they drew over their heads, and thus concealed their features. Several of the laymen of the honourable members of the Hard-up Club wrapped themselves in the folds of their ample cloaks, or disguised their faces by the

use of respirators, false noses, or green spectacles.

As soon as the honourable members entered the hall which they had chosen as their place of assembly, the gallant president took the chair, and the secretary read the minutes of the last meeting; after which Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Richard Clatterscabbard, C.B., K.H., begged to call the attention of the meeting to the scene which they had just witnessed, and to impress upon its members the necessity of forthwith tendering to her Majesty their services as a legion of light infantry.

He was well aware that a great difficulty would oppose itself to their formation. He did not mean to insinuate a lack of loyalty, but a lack of cash to furnish the proposed force with the required outfit. To remedy this evil, he suggested that honourable members should submit to be encased or immersed in a solution of gutta percha or Indian rubber, and then to be painted red, brown, or green; the two latter colours would enable them to represent light infantry, and the first (red) troops of the line. All they required would be accoutrements, which would, no doubt, be supplied by government; thus equipped, they could at once turn out in "light marching order." Knapsacks would be unnecessary; the gallant heroes not being encumbered with kits, they could make shifts withshirts; havresacks would also be useless, as many of these brave defenders would frequently perform their duties in the field without rations.

During the rainy season no damage could accrue to the clothing of this force, the members of which would only have to wipe themselves dry. When not on service in the field, they could move about in small bodies, and, by having their faces bedizened with a variety of devices, they might represent wild Indians or New Zealanders, to frighten their creditors, or earn an honest penny as Merryman, under the auspices of Richardson. He should conclude by expressing his opinion that no time should be lost in enrolling their names, for the information of the Lord-Lieutenant of the counties of Surrey, Essex, and Middlesex, with the view of laying them before the Secretary of State for the home department, for approval by her Majesty. The honourable and gallant chair-

man sat down amid a volley of plaudits.

Major Luckless seconded the motion, which was carried without a division, and a muster-roll was directed forthwith to be prepared; when some business of minor importance being despatched, the gallant secretary said, that during the current week he had received a number of letters from gentlemen residing abroad, who were anxious to return to England for the purpose of enrolling themselves as resident members of the Hard-up Club. Attempts had been made in France and Belgium to establish branch lodges of the honourable craft, but from the disturbed state of public affairs on the Continent, it was found quite impracticable; in fact, such was the vigilance and suspicion of the prefects of police and their secret agents, that any assembly or body of men, however limited in number, would create a commotion and lead to unpleasant results. Such was the surveillance, that men of all nations repaired to England, whilst the natives of Great Britain and Ireland alone remained sojourners on French, Dutch, and German soil. Many gentlemen would be glad to return to England but from fear of the law of arrest. Thus money was spent abroad which would be expended in England but for the law in question. From the statements of many gentlemen now absenting themselves from the land of their birth, it appears that the tradesmen of England would be benefited by the repeal of a law which compelled legions of customers to become absentees. To the tourist of small means France and Belgium did not afford so many advantages as was generally supposed: for instance, no credit was to be had for an Englishman, lodgings must be paid in advance; and for a single individual, commodities of all kinds were not cheaper than in Wales, or in some parts of England and Ireland. For the truth of this assertion, he would read a letter from a member of the Corresponding Continental Society to one of the craft in London. (Loud cries of "Read, read.")

" Bruges, June 15th, 1852.

"DEAR FREEWRIST,-

"Since I last had the pleasure of passing an evening with you, I have been wandering about parts of the north of France and Belgium; but as I remember you had an idea of going eventually to the latter country, I imagine it might not be inopportune to add my mite of recently-acquired information on the subject to the knowledge you already possess. My tour was partially pedestrian, and chiefly alone, so that I

had ample opportunities for minute inquiries.

"I reached Boulogne from Dover in less than two hours. The English residents, or emigrants, from four to five thousand, at the former place, are gradually increasing in numbers. As to the season this year, it is said not to have been very brilliant, which is perhaps not to be regretted by the unconcerned, since strangers are most unmercifully fleeced by the harpies whose business it is to take them in hand, and who perform their task with great dexterity. Provisions, both there as well as at every spot along the coast and interior, where there is an opportunity of contributing to the supply of the London markets, are more expensive than is usually supposed on the English side of the Channel. beer is very small, very bad, and dear at any price; none but a halfstarved medical man who wanted a job would think of recommending it. In fact, the comparatively few articles I find more moderate, are vegetables, fruit, and sometimes fish, which, however, to persons who have been accustomed to a London stock and variety, is not very satisfactory. It is by no means a matter of astonishment that the necessaries of life should be expensive in this part of France, geographically situated between and in compass of the fangs of two insatiable monsters, London and Paris; the former appropriating a no inconsiderable portion of the produce of the land, and the other the productions of the sea. Washing is cheaper than in England, whereas dress in general, everything considered, is about on a par. Brandy, wine, and gin, as well as cosmetics, liqueurs, essences, are something cheaper; tolerable brandy costs about 1s. 6d. or 2s. per bottle; there is inferior, but it is neither fit to be made or used. Such brandy as is occasionally found in England from Bordeaux is never seen here, as the merchants of the latter place export to foreign countries almost all their best and oldest spirits. Common red wine, which when new partakes of the flavour of red ink, may be had from 6d. to 10d. a bottle, according as it is more or less bad. In Belgium, on the average, provisions, house-rent, dress, &c., are about a fourth or fifth cheaper than To single individuals, the saving effected by a residence on the Continent is not important; but to a family permanently located, it is otherwise, especially where juveniles for education enter into the general computation. Many of the towns of Belgium, as Ostend, Bruges, Brussels, &c., as well as those in the north of France, as Calais, Boulogne, Dunkerque, Paris, &c., contain such numerous specimens of Albion's hopeful sons, that a stranger cannot be too cautious in associating with them. One of the last places to be selected for even a cursory sojourn, is the town of privateers in war, and smugglers in peace-Dunkerque,

where a hostile feeling towards the English invariably exists, and where some choice emigrant spirits from England and the Ocean's Gem are to be found, who are too hot and fiery for even Calais and Boulogne. Belgium is preferable as a residence to France, and Bruges in many respects the most eligible town. I went there last summer to see some friends from England, who have been living in it for many months; should you visit that part, if you please, I will refer you to them for complete information on all points.

"Wishing you health, happiness, and prosperity, I remain, dear Free-

wrist, yours most sincerely,

(Signed) "W. ROVER."

The next document, said the gallant secretary, to which it is my duty to call the attention of this august assemblage, is an address from a number of noblemen and gentlemen, clerical, naval, and military residents of Coblentz. (Cries of "Read, read.") The secretary then read as follows:

"We, the undersigned, having recently observed in the leading London journals a periodical report of the proceedings of members of the nonstationary depôt and movable battalion of an Economical and Aristocratic Club about to be established for gentlemen of limited income, we beg leave to congratulate the projectors of this useful and gigantic enterprise, and to offer them our aid in furtherance of its completion, and at the same time to beg that our names may be enrolled as candidates for admission whenever circumstances, which now make us involuntary exiles, allow us to return to our native soil. We feel assured, that were the legislature of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland to repeal or lessen the rigour of the law of arrest, many single ladies and gentlemen, as well as whole families, would be, like protested bills, returnable. Such an influx of sojourners in London, or any other city, town, or hamlet, could not fail to benefit the trading portion of the British public, who, of course, would have no faith in gentlemen who had so long been aliens to the commercial interests of "home, sweet home." Ready money would thus be the order of the day, and shopkeepers would hermetically seal their ledgers against the returned truants, and inscribe in legible characters over their doors, "No credit given here." Such has been the number of foreigners who have given lessons in book-keeping during the last year, that snips, snobs, and purveyors of comestibles, have resolved henceforth to put no trust in princes; therefore less devoted patrons of long credit and no dunning could not expect to find confidence in the vendor of any description of commodity. Wishing that every success may attend the formation of the Hard-up Club,

"We remain your brothers in adversity."

Here follow the signatures of several noblemen, an Irish bishop, many clergymen of the Church of England, and Roman Catholic priests, whose reduced circumstances are attributed to the late fall of the Roman pontiff.

The above address was received with great applause, and was ordered

for reconsideration at the next meeting.

The secretary then proceeded to read a like address from Liège, which ran as follows:

"We, the undersigned, select section of legions of ill-fated individuals, absentees from the land of our birth, now sojourning at Liège, have of late perused with pleasure and satisfaction the minutes of the preparatory arrangements for the establishment of a reasonable and really gentlemanly club for members only of small pecuniary resources. This great boon to the non-wealthy would-be club men we duly appreciate, and hope it may meet the support not only of Britons, but of foreigners of distinction, more particularly of the family of the late Louis Philippe and other dethroned monarchs resident in England, with the exception of the railway ex-sovereign, the fallen angel of Sunderland. We would be most happy to become members of the projected club, if circumstances over which we have no control would permit our return to the abiding-places of our relentless creditors and quondam acquaintances—we do not say friends, because we know that poor gentlemen cannot expect favour, or even countenance, from their more wealthy equals, much less from rich parvenus. All we wish is to associate with our brethren in affliction, who, though poor in purse, are rich in blood and honour. Trusting that the about-to-be-established club may be patronised not only by foreign royalty, but by British aristocracy of reduced pecuniary resources,

"We remain your well-wishing candidates and intended members."

Here follows a long list of titled and untitled divines, laymen, and

naval and military officers.

The gallant secretary then said, another document which I shall submit to the notice of the meeting, is a letter signed by several ladies, apparently the lovers or intended wives of gentlemen residing abroad. The epistle in question runs thus:

"Mr. Secretary,—We, the undersigned, are a coterie of young ladies, who are prevented from seeing our intended husbands in consequence of their being obliged to reside on the Continent, whither our papas and mammas will not take us, and we never receive any written communication from our truant admirers; in fact, many of us thought that our intended husbands had departed this life, until we recently saw their names in the newspaper, mentioned by a gentleman of the name of Hemp, residing somewhere in the neighbourhood of Holborn—we think, Red Lion-square. Pray, Mr. Secretary, if you can, tell us who this apparently communicative individual is, and if you think he can give us any information of the whereabouts of our truant lovers. Hoping you will pardon this intrusion, we beg to subscribe ourselves your obliged servants, but ill-requited spinsters,

" ARABELLA CHERRYLIP,

" Sophonisba Softglance,

"CLYTEMNESTRA TULIPSTALK,

" ALGERINA ROSEBUD,

"CLEMENTINA SOSLI,

" ALICIA HELIOTROPE."

And many others too numerous to mention.

In confirmation of the assertions set forth in the addresses just read, Captain Readysword begged leave to add his testimony.

London, said he, is the only place for a gentleman of small means, who is not above trying to improve them. Life in the country has its charms

for the squire of "high degree," or the mushroom gentry who, now-a-days, either purchase the estates of their betters, or raise goodly mansions so speedily that we might almost imagine they had obtained aid from the fabled genii of old; but to the poor gentleman of noble lineage such a life would be wretched in the extreme; his very kindred and equals would spurn him, and the parson, the scrivener, and village apothecary, selfdubbed "doctor," would look upon him with contempt, and consider it a mark of peculiar distinction if they honoured him with a bow at the portal of the parish church, on entering or quitting that sacred edifice. It will thus be seen, that a residence in the provinces, save and except a cottage in some romantic glen of North or South Wales, would be anything but congenial to a gentleman of high and independent principles and refined House-rent is certainly cheaper than in the metropolis, but education is not to be had, except that of the old style, accompanied with an abundance of the provincial tongue, and a smaller quantity of Greek and Latin, and the more useful acquirements of French, German, and Italian. To the old sportsman, who still clings to popjoying, or shooting, life in the country retains all its advantages. As to the Continent, its great inducements to a poor gentleman with a large family are, cheapness of rent and all articles of consumption, as also that greatest of all boons, a cheap and sound modern education. The gallant captain further observed, that there was now resident in this mart of talent and perseverance a distinguished brother-in-arms, who could bear him out in all he had said in support of the sentiments expressed in the Belgic addresses. gallant officer in question is a man whose testimony would be of the utmost service to the would-be foreign tourist or English resident. He had tried both, but after an unprofitable though not unpleasant sojourn in a foreign land, he found his own the most productive. This officer has the good fortune to possess a rapid and lively imagination, and plies his pen with the quickness and sharpness of a seamstress's needle. He is particularly expert in manufacturing farces, melodramas, and comedies, and can fabricate any of these entertainments for play-goers, either in a railway carriage or on board a steam-boat; yet with this facility of filling the heads of young "gals" with tales of love, war, or maritime adventure, as also the pockets of the publishers with the more useful commodity from her Majesty's Mint, whilst a sojourner in a foreign clime he could not realise sufficient to enjoy, without injury to his family, the comforts to which he had been accustomed. Fortunately for himself, he took it into his head to revisit London, where he fell in with an old friend and brother-aspirant for military fame, who recommended him to renew his literary avocations in London, and to take to "rowing" among the dwellers in the Paternoster depôt of huge tomes and diminutive pamphlets, instead of sailing from Blackwall to Ostend, or elsewhere on the Belgian or French This advice the ready writer adopted—became an inhabitant of a dingy locality, wrote morning, noon, and night; and in a short time his name, which at one period would have been music in the ears of some of the inhabitants of the adjacent square, appeared not only in play-bills as the author of new dramatic productions, but it figured in the newspapers, under the head of the magazines for the ensuing month. So great was his success, that in a few months he brought out one or two useful little works, which bid fair to become annuals. He also suggested the establishment of an undertaking, which now realises him more cash than did

his more entertaining works. He (Captain Readysword) could adduce many other instances in which the metropolis of Great Britain has proved the best field, not only for foreigners, but Englishmen of talent and enterprise. As to the society of the Continent, it is of a most motley description; Irish absentees and English invalids herd together, generally in the capital, and could, from their rank and supposed wealth, claim the countenance of their ambassador. Ptisicky old gentlemen, with broad toes and narrow soles, also cling to the capital, and carefully shun all acquaintance with their more youthful and fashionable countrymen, especially if they bear military rank. Mammas with pretty daughters likewise sought the protection of large cities or fortified towns; and when they gave parties, invited only foreign nobles or eligible Englishmen, such as wealthy widowers or the eldest sons of rich gentleman, or who considered themselves as such, in virtue of their cash acquired behind the counter or at the Stock Exchange. Thus it is as difficult to get into good society in Paris or Brussels as in London, Bath, or Dublin; consequently, poor gentlemen are obliged to locate themselves in towns which are patronised by runaway lawyers, trustees, executors, broken-down bankers, gamblers, and other refuse of Great Britain and Ireland; but in London a man could keep himself quite aloof from such characters, and need not subject himself to the sneers of steam-made peers and baronets.

The gallant captain resumed his standing-ground amid tremendous

cheers.

The gallant secretary next read the following letter:

" Turn-about-street, Watchwell-square, 1850.

"SIR,—I am sorry to inform you, that it will be quite impossible for me to appear at the next meeting, as I am confined to my bedroom, having received private intimation that the sheriff's officers are on the look-out, not only for me, but for our place of assembly. I thus deem it prudent to absent myself on the approaching meeting.

" I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"A. Bluntless, "Inspector of Bailiffs.

" To Captain Freewrist,
" Secretary to the British and Foreign Hard-up Club, London."

The perusal of the above letter created much alarm and excitement among the dense assembly, who were now still further convinced of the necessity of holding the meeting on the Sabbath. When the general buzz caused by the intelligence conveyed in the official communication from Mr. Bluntless had subsided, the gallant secretary said, that since the last meeting he had received several applications from tradesmen about to be enrolled in the Gazette as bankrupts, or who were on the eve of becoming inmates of the prison of Surrey and Middlesex and the metropolitan counties, to be allowed to take up their abodes in the ground of the projected Ecomomic Residence and Burial Society. These men, said he, principally consist of vendors of tea, coffee, tobacco, ale, and porter; they would be prohibited from selling gin, rum, or brandy, as plenty of choice spirits would be found among the tombs. Leave had already been granted to the sexton

to vend these commodities, who would thus be obliged to place over his door a legibly printed board, with the words, " Ale and porter sold here, licensed to be drunk on the premises;" he, however, hoped that the worthy sexton would not indulge in that clause in the Beer-shop Act which sanctioned household inebriety; and as to the frequenters of this depôt of pipes and pewter-pots, he felt convinced that it would not be the general resort of the better class of residents, whose chief beverage would be from the cup of sorrow, instead of the tankard of nut-brown ale. Innumerable applications had also been made by private gentlemen for admission into this Elysium, and from all he (the secretary) could hear on the subject of this boon to the oppressed debtor, the society bade fair to meet with universal patronage. The admission of resident tradesmen would be a great improvement on the plan before proposed of admitting travelling hawkers, as under that system a sheriff's officer might make his appearance as a butcher or baker, and dish up a tray of writs. If possible, it would be necessary, for the further safety of the living inhabitants, that the tradesmen should kill their own meat and bake their own bread, and that the sheep and oxen for slaughter, as well as coal, flour, and other necessaries, should be delivered to the resident tradespeople on the Sabbath. This precaution would prevent risk, treachery, or surprise. These suggestions met with great applause, and were forthwith adopted.

Mr. Fizgig said, that as the once strictly-observed 5th of November was yearly falling into darker obscurity, and as he anticipated that its observance would ere long be buried in oblivion, he begged that the honourable members of the Hard-up Club would nominate a couple of days in the year for a "flare-up" among themselves. These days of rejoicing, he proposed, should be termed "the Hume and Cobden annual

effigy-burning days."

The proposition of these new and welcome festivities met with unbounded applause, and it was intimated that at a future meeting appropriate days would be fixed for the celebration of the projected enlivening

Mr. Hopestill moved that an humble address be presented to her Majesty, praying that she would be pleased to direct that one day in the week, in addition to the Sabbath, be nominated, in which all persons, except those charged with felony, would be free from arrest. The object of this protection to the debtor is to enable him to attend to his affairs, or enjoy the theatre, or any other amusement, without infringing on the sacred observance of the Lord's-day. This measure also met the approbation of the meeting, and an address was forthwith ordered for the signatures of such members as might on a future occasion be present to sign it.

Mr. Goodcare said, that at the next meeting he should move for the appointment of a committee for the purpose of drawing up a petition to the House of Commons, praying that the government would issue tickets of protection from arrest for a specific period—say twelve months—at a moderate charge, to such persons as could give satisfactory information to the authorities as to their principles of honour and their want of means to discharge their debts. These protection tickets to be renewed

annually, if required.

These documents would be very useful to the involved, and would

bring into the coffers of the Treasury a considerable annual amount, which would act as a counterpoise to the repeal of any other tax. As the members of the Hard-up Club were not interested in buildings, the reduction of the duty upon bricks would be of no benefit to them. (Loud cheers.) Leave granted.

The gallant secretary then read a list of useful articles worthy of the attention of members of the Hard-up Club, and which might be purchased at a very low figure, for cash only. The following are select

specimens of these unique gems:

To be sold:—A wig, not much the worse from the wear of the owner, he not having shown in it very often since its manufacture by Greylocks and Sons, of Chancery-lane. This appendage to the head of man—thick or thin—may be viewed at the bar of the British Lion, couchant, Parchment-alley, Temple-bar. The only motive for parting with this passport to county court appointments, metropolitan magistracy, or colonial judgeship, is, that the proprietor has no friends at court, and cannot, therefore, expect to be as successful as many of his brethren of the long robe, who, though not possessing a higher private or professional repute than himself, have been sent out to good appointments at the expense of government. This useful headpiece is well worth the attention of any member of the bar who has plenty of brass and a little tin. Although the crow's feet have put their mark on the owner, the moth has not lodged in the wig. This remarkable state of preservation is to be attributed to its having been in constant use, having been let out for hire in

defending and prosecuting.

To be sold cheap, a folio ledger, bound in calf, and clasped with brass, late the property of a London solicitor. This MS. volume contains autograph copies of letters from a very shrewd legal adviser to his clients in town and country. Those to his rich clients were couched in the most cringing terms, whilst those to the less wealthy were brief, dictatorial, and domineering. These letters are striking proofs of the indignities to which poor gentlemen are subjected when placed in the power of an attorney, as trustee, executor, or guardian; and show the number of artifices to which this ingenious cash-grasper resorted in order to retain the money of the unfortunate victim who, through the over-caution of a parent, an uncle, or aunt, was left to his tender mercies. An attentive perusal of these epistles would be a warning to timid old ladies and gentlemen not to place the fortune of a son or daughter, niece or nephewbe it large or small-at the disposal of a limb of the law; more particularly if he is to have the nominal disposal of the cash originally intended for the most eligible investment. This boon to the unwary would be extremely useful to minors and wards of Chancery. We should be sorry to see this non-classic but useful volume doomed to travel in Greece (grease), when it would be such an excellent preceptor for youth or second childhood. To be viewed, at Messrs. Cheshire and Gloucester's, Firkincourt, Buttermilk-street. This unique tome was formerly the property of an attorney, who, in his zeal for professional knowledge, had "been in the East, had been in the West," and, to further improve his experience, and impoverish the families of his clients, has decamped to South Carolina.

For sale by private contract, the plan of a machine, by which persons

of timid or suspicious dispositions may weigh, analyse, or measure their words before utterance. This invention would be particularly useful to such nondescript individuals as may wish to gain favour in the eyes of men of wealth or influence. It could be so formed as to be placed in, or removed from the mouth of the speaker, without being observed by the bystanders, and would therefore be a safeguard against the flow of the real sentiments of the heart, to the prejudice of any particular design. The want of means to patent this easy-fitting curb is the only motive which induces the inventor to part with this judicious master of the tongue. To be seen at Messrs. Silence and Careful's, Weighall-street,

London. To be sold a bargain.

To be disposed of by private contract, a very neat and portable model of a fire-engine. This clever little piece of mechanism is termed the household cold water thrower, or pocket fire-extinguisher, or safeguard against the spread of the sparks from the embers of enterprise. This machine would be very useful to such persons as take pleasure in damping the innate feeling of pride and hope entertained by the poor but ambitious portion of the community. From the neatness of its construction, it could be conveyed into the saloon of the gayest assembly, the sick room of the invalid, the counting-house of the tottering merchant, or the bureau of the minister of state; in fact, is well suited for the inmates of the cottage or the baronial hall. It possesses many advantages over the wet blanket, the well-known coverlet of the ancient sect of "Dampers," and may be viewed at the establishment of Waterspout and Co., Drenchall-lane, City.

Several other subjects of importance were called to the attention of the meeting, but as daylight had made its appearance, it was not deemed prudent to enter into them at that time; Mr. Sheriffshie, therefore, moved a vote of thanks to their gallant president, which was earnestly but

briefly responded to, and the meeting adjourned sine die.

During the period the honourable members of the Hard-up Club were discussing their respective grievances, the principal thoroughfares of the metropolis were being patrolled by the police and military; the amateur civic force, the specials, confined themselves to their immediate localities, as did also sundry small squads of volunteer riflemen. Hungerford Market and the terminus of the Brighton Railway, as likewise that of the Eastern Counties, were scenes of most praiseworthy zeal, loyalty, and animated exertion. At Hungerford Pier, drafts of Royal Marines and enrolled pensioners were disembarking in rapid succession, whilst fieldbatteries of six-pounders and five-and-a-half inch howitzers as quickly arrived by the Brighton and Eastern Counties Railways, and the electric telegraph summoned troops from Weedon, Manchester, Chatham, Maidstone, and other depôts, for the protection of the good city of London. where, on their arrival, they found there was no need of their services. The cause which gave rise to this midnight panic is wrapped in mystery; it is, however, reported that it was got up by some ci-devant stock-jobbers of the imaginary principality of Poyais.

methinks the sight thereof would have changed the most gloonly anglerite from his severity to anishility and homenity. And until now, in the planeau fields" had butbleen wandered, mitourhed unhapped

TIXX - 10 V

THE HAUNTED WELL.

BY MARGARET CASSON.

I.

Who is there that does not appreciate the delight of forming one of a large party in a country-house? An agreeable host and hostess, just sufficiently careful of their guests, without too much interference; beauty, talent, and lively powers of conversation, being the staple qualities of the individuals collected in the mansion; perpetual yet varying pleasures the order of the day, and *chacun* finding a *chacune*! Surely, if anywhere here below "Begone dull care" could be sung with effect on the face of

this poor old world, this would be the place.

VOL. XXII.

In the autumn of 18-, such a party as the one above sketched was assembled in the hospitable mansion of Sir John Dalrymple, which was situated in the west of Ireland, near the little town of H--. It was the gay period of the year in this small town—for, like most country places, its festivities were only periodical—the inhabitants very sociable for a couple of months or so, and then the rest of the year scarcely ever meeting or knowing much about each other. There were races and a ball in the present instance, and all the gentry in the county deemed it a duty to fill their houses for the occasion with guests from far and near. It was a decidedly fast party, the one at Balinaslough Castle-so was Sir John Dalrymple's residence named; the house was crammed to overflowing, and his lady-wife's ingenuity had been sorely taxed to bestow the night's lodging on so many; it had ended in some half-dozen young ladies being obliged to share one long room in the upper portion of the mansion, called there "The Barrack-room;" when or why this name was bestowed I know not, and any inquiry would be irrelevant to my story, but from time immemorial so it had been. Many were the guests then assembled under that ancient roof, but of all who formed that "goodly throng," the favourite, the winner of all hearts, the one whom all most eagerly sought, was Kathleen. Kathleen O'Brien was the spoilt child of indulgent parents, naturally high-spirited, and with talents which, if better directed, would have been great in their force; clever, spirituelle, and agreeable, with her wild Irish beauty she presented a combination of attractions rarely to be met with; yet from indulgence, from an overflow of happiness, she was, alas! now becoming wilful, nay, tyrannical in the exercise of her power; too fond of displaying it, she was apt to peril her happiness by the daring risks she ran of forfeiting it by the trials she deemed all bound, as it were, to suffer for her sake. She needed the cold, hard lesson of adversity to pierce with its thorn the delicate rose of life, as was existence to her. The smooth stones of the stream were her portion, and a sadder lot is that often than its apparently more trying brother, the furnace of sorrow. Well, it came in time; but as yet, a truce to reflections; what have they to do with such as Kathleen? her lightest look, her smallest word, betokened such a joyous-hearted being, methinks the sight thereof would have changed the most gloomy anchorite from his severity to amiability and humanity. And until now, in "the pleasant fields" had Kathleen wandered, untouched, unharmed;

but "amor che a nulla amato, amar perdona," brought its retribution, and, behold! Kathleen, sitting thoughtfully by the window of the Barrack-room, gazing listlessly on the fair scene which lay out-spread before her. Kathleen thoughtful! The world has at length discovered to the

gaze something new under the sun.

I said that in Sir John Dalrymple's house chacun had his chacune, and, verily, even one had been found for Kathleen. It was a strange choice for one so gay, that cold man, with his grave calm countenance, almost saturnine in its expression. Yet was Douglas Osmond's no common character, though one that but few women would have smiled upon, though all cared to gain his attention. He was agreeable certainly, in his way; but there was something almost repelling, too, in his manner, though that something was indescribable, so veiled was it under the most excessive courtesy. He gave you the idea of a man who did all from the head, not from the heart; his very love seemed but a cold reflection of the warmth of the real genuine feeling, all appeared so systematic with him; he was never impulsive in any one thing he did; you could not feel interest in him, it seemed so impossible for him to commit himself in any way. He may have been wrongly judged, who knows? His was a character to read, the which defied the talent of the clearest scrutiniser, of the deepest read in the mysteries of the human heart. Yet in him did Kathleen feel that she had met her fate. Some would say, piqued by his indifference when first they met, she had striven to win the only one who refused her his allegiance, until in the dangerous conflict she, the aggressor, had fallen the victim. But this was not the case now; she had never for one instant striven to attract him. Never, never !- I confess, I doubt any true-hearted woman engaging in such a part. Rather holding a doctrine I have found through life to be the case, and one I love to trace and follow, I should say that here the soul had met its other half; that the union of the perfect whole would be the result of a mutual love between these opposite but not antagonistic spirits; and that the more vivid fancy, the finer organisation of her nature, was the first to make the discovery. In him existed those qualities which, joined to her own, would form the full development of character, which two souls, each possessing the mental qualities needed by the other, can alone constitute.

Reader, do you understand my doctrine, and agree with me? Believe me, it is this being found, this cure for deficiency in a character, which accounts for many of the unions we hear of which astonish the world; far more is this a cause than a similarity of disposition. Some tastes and feelings you must have together, but, au reste, the one being should supply the wants of the other in its spiritual soul—its life-world. Were more attention bestowed upon this doctrine, there would be less desecration of the holy name of love, which, alas! we are now so often called upon to witness; comparatively few would be the unhappy marriages now so numerous; and why? because the world loves gold and possessions, riches and lands, power and rank; and the worldly wise bow to those false glittering mockeries, until the real and the true fade from before their vision into the dim distance, and with fevered hearts and brows they cling to the false and disappointing idols of their own hewing, their creatures of wood and stone which their own hands have made, rather than seek the mutual support, the gentle mutual love, the true love strong as death (the only right bond of union this forming between man and

woman)-this, and this alone, constituting the true helpmate for each

during their pilgrimage here below.

And Kathleen still sits thoughtfully by the window. Douglas Osmond has begun by admiring her as a beautiful picture. Gradually attracted to her, he has learnt to think of her, and of her only, in the gay circle around him; but his cautious nature still checked his natural impulses, and forbade him to give way to the feelings which, spite of himself, he daily felt gaining strength in his heart;—he was just balancing between a retreat or an advance. Oh, Kathleen! beware; show your true self; abandon your rash folly—your trials of power. Child of indulgence, pause, for your happiness is at stake—your life—happiness, Kathleen!

II

THE whole party were taking a long rambling country walk. They had started in the merriest spirits, laughing and talking; you would have thought nothing but joy could be in the world; and the lovely face of nature as smiling as their own. Douglas and Kathleen were together; they generally were now. No words of love had been interchanged; but in moments of deep feeling, is the furniture of words necessary?

By many a voiceless token hath my soul discoursed with you.

And so it was with my heroine and her lover. It was the childhood of their love, and they lingered over the bright hour, unwilling to break its sweet charm by giving it reality by a name. As yet Kathleen with him had restrained her usual arrogant display of power, and he scarcely saw this fault in her character; and his love for her, it seemed to have altered the hardness of his nature, to have infused into him a new life—almost Time had sped on. I have not paused to tell of the joyous was he now. races—of the ball; they resembled all races and balls which have gone before them; they had passed, and when the party started for this walk, but two more days remained ere they would separate, perhaps never to meet again. Kathleen was more than ever irresistible this day, and carried away (at length even he carried away!) by his depth of emotion, in that rambling walk, Douglas for the first time spoke of love. waited for her answer-impatiently he turned to her. The old rebellious pride warred fearfully in her heart; and yet, strange paradox! she loved him—even more than she herself would own. And so they were. this instant another voice, speaking close to her, startled Kathleen.

"Miss O'Brien, I am deputed to entreat of you to join the rest of the party; they are endeavouring to make George Wilson take a 'lover's leap,' and you must come and use your influence; his courage is marvellously increasing in resemblance to that of Bob Acres' every moment."

Kathleen laughingly obeyed, and, following her conductor, was soon amidst the gay throng. At the extreme height of the hill they had been climbing—so completely at the summit, that, until you had arrived there, no idea of its existence presented itself to your mind—was a large yawning fissure; some freak of nature, or some convulsion of the elements, had there separated the hill into two cones, this frightful vacuum yawning grimly between; over this were the party endeavouring to persuade the weak youth, George, to leap. He had been the butt of the party for long, and until now had been made a perfect Quixote by the feats of gal-

lantry they had laughingly made him undertake; but this was a more serious affair, and even George proved a little restive now. The matter, begun only in jest, began to assume a character of earnest, and more than one fair dame endeavoured to test the allegiance of her devoted admirer by inviting him to attempt the fearful ordeal.

"Hasten, Kathleen," cried Isabella Graham, flying eagerly to meet her-" hasten and lend your entreaties to induce this recreant knight to attempt 'the lover's leap.' Surely you must succeed, though all else have failed with the would-be preux chevalier des dames."

"It is hardly surprising," said Osmond, quietly looking as he spoke into the gulf before him; "'tis a fearful venture."

"And yet," said Lady Dalrymple, "once it was undertaken and

achieved." "Oh, how?-when?-do tell us, dear Lady Dalrymple," broke from

the eager group.

"I am a bad person to ask," answered she, smiling; "the gift of relating legendary lore, alas! is not mine; but it was in the olden time-a cruel father and two despairing lovers (of course) the foundation for the story; and the old lord said, in answer to the pleading of the young knight, that never should consent of his be given to the marriage of his fair and only daughter, the heiress of his broad lands, with the object of her choice, unless the gallant but landless knight would leap this said chasm; and he did so—he periled his life for the 'ladye of his love,' and won her-and so the lands of the Fitz-Clares passed into the family of the Dalrymples. So you see it was considered no small feat to perform, since even in those brave days it was deemed impracticable—though it was achieved spite of its danger; but 'love will be lord of all,' which, I presume, is the moral of my story."

"Oh! with an object, and such an object, to gain, it might be

attempted," said George, as he shudderingly turned away.

Douglas shrugged his shoulders. Kathleen saw the movement, and cken spectate the proud blood mounted to her very temples.

"Mr. Osmond," said she, aside, to him, "will not you, for my sake,

undertake the perilous leap of the Dalrymple?"
"It was a cruel father, Miss O'Brien, not a hard-hearted ladye-love,

who forced the gallant knight to the fearful enterprise."

"The spirit of chivalry is then extinct," said the girl, scornfully. "Though it were a cruel father in the case in question, the knights of old performed bolder deeds than this for the love they bore to the women of those good days."

Osmond looked at her earnestly, and walked to the edge of the cliff. There was something in the look she did not like, and, mortified with

herself, provoked at her failure, Kathleen paused.

"No one will offer to devote themselves, Kathleen-no one, no one;

such degeneracy is very sad," said Isabella.

"Not even you, Miss O'Brien, can command such a devoted lover." remarked Captain Cunningham, with a scornful glance at Osmond, of whom he was most thoroughly jealous, with that amiable dog-in-themanger feeling which so often distinguishes human nature. He knew he could not win the fair girl himself, but he disliked cordially the idea of another being more fortunate. The gallant captain was one of Miss O'Brien's most devoted admirers, and Kathleen detested him cordially. She gave one sidelong glance at her lover; he was talking to Isabella, apparently heedless of all else around him. Piqued by his seeming indifference, stung to the heart by Captain Cunningham's taunts, of all men he being the one from whom she could least bear them, all the bad points in her nature sprung rebellious into her mind, and seized the mastery of it. She held in her hand a bouquet of flowers. Oh, Kathleen!—and his gift too!—given so short a time ago—plucked whilst you shared that happy walk on the terrace, ere you wandered up this hill. She took then those flowers, she flung them with an unerring aim across the chasm, and,

"Mr. Osmond, I lay my commands upon you," said she, "as a good knight and true, to recover for me these flowers; at my request, to under-

take a feat which all else refuse to attempt."

"A fair challenge, Osmond, from the peerless Queen of Beauty,"

laughed Captain Cunningham.

"Yes," replied Osmond, in a low voice, to Kathleen, "it is a fair challenge from the proud lady of beauty, but not from the woman's heart I believed in and loved. Do you really wish it done, Miss O'Brien?" added he, carelessly and aloud.

Kathleen would have now drawn back—how gladly!—but again the erring pride forbade it, and she bowed her head. He gave one look to the task which lay before him, then one to her he had so fervently loved as his ideal of all perfection; then turned to fulfil his undertaking.

"Oh! stop him, Kathleen—not in earnest—it is death to dare it," wildly shricked the ladies, Isabella first and the most eagerly; but Kath-

leen seemed turned to stone.

A moment of suspense; whilst they speak, it is done—and he?— Douglas is standing unharmed on the other side—a great gulf, indeed, betwixt them! Oh! the feeling of relief this sight gave to all, as they drew the long deep breath after their fear, and the dead silence which the awe-stricken spectators had maintained gave way to the loud heartfelt hurrah of praise and approbation which greeted Osmond, as he wound slowly round the cliff to join the party on the hill-top. He heeded it but little, still less the eager voices of congratulation as he nearer approached them. Apathetically, and as one who had a task to perform which must be fulfilled, he walked straight to the spot where Kathleen stood-no longer the haughty, imperious Kathleen, but the trembling, agitated, blushing girl-and gave her the flowers so dearly earned-purchased at the costly sacrifice of a life's happiness! His wonderful self-control even then failed him not, and a speech of flowered oratory, strong in the conceits of language of the ancient chivalry, addressed to "the fair Queen of Beauty," was heard by all. But to the woman he had loved-

"Pledge for pledge, Miss O'Brien," said he, in a low voice (poor Kathleen!)—"pledge for pledge; the flowers once more are yours, but, in exchange, I retake the heart I once so foolishly offered; gladly I gave it, but, oh! far more gladly do I reclaim a gift so little valued, so lightly prized, so ill bestowed."

He turned and left her. And she? For one moment startled, bewildered by her own act and its fater consequences, she stood as one im-

movable, fixed, chained to the spot; and then, like many another poor aching heart has done before, she "taught her woman's pride to hide her woman's love," and turning to Captain Cunningham, made some passing hurried remark to him, and by degrees was apparently as gay as ever. But it was not from the heart now, that mockery of laughter, those brilliant repartees. Mechanically the spirit did its office; within, a maddening sorrow was at work, and how she suffered! As they left the spot, she turned once, and looked at Douglas; he too appeared calm, far calmer than herself, but his imperturbable countenance defied scrutiny

or interpretation as to the inner workings of that mind.

And so often passes an act in the drama of life; in one brief hour a life's happiness or misery may thus be made or marred—remain from that moment for eternity, or be blighted even as it springs into existence; and those around see nought of the events that have been passing even before their very vision! Alas! life causes us to become far more skilfully the powerful actor than can any stage-teaching; and the lesson once learnt, there is but little fear of its being again forgotten. They left the place where so much had been enacted, unknown, unwitnessed by that crowd; and they wended their way homewards, until they reached the terraced garden before the old castle. Here they encountered their host, Sir John Dalrymple. Did I mention before that he had not accompanied the party? I forget! He was wondering at their long absence, and, of course, was speedily in possession of the whole history.

"Good Heavens! Osmond, my dear fellow," exclaimed he, "what madness! Grateful, indeed, ought you to be that you escaped with life; frightful, indeed, was the attempt. Miss O'Brien, a verdict of manslaughter should be returned against you; or rather," added he, to Kathleen, as he saw she really looked embarrassed—"or rather, the verdict once given by one of our Irish juries, 'Not guilty, but she had better

not do it again."

She tried to laugh.

"Miss O'Brien," said Osmond, fixing his eyes upon the poor girl, "thinks the danger but trifling, the risk of a human life but small in comparison with obedience to her behests—I must not, I presume, to a lady, say, of her caprices!"

The good-natured baronet saw something was wrong.

"It was a pity," rejoined he, "I was not there to keep so mad a set of young people in order; my good wife is hardly equal to the task. Miss O'Brien, in return for your cruelty, you should make a pilgrimage to the haunted well, and learn there the fate of a young lady who can command such obedient knights to perform her slightest wishes so readily. But where is she?—vanished into thin air?" continued he, looking around.

Kathleen was gone; she could bear it no longer; she had borne it so far, but her strength of mind and body were alike failing, and she had made her escape; and she sits by her window, as we first beheld her, leaning her weary head on her hand. "How it aches!" murmured she. Thought and utterance all seemed gone, all ideas were bewildered; her temples throbbed, her very heart seemed to stand still; such a dull, dull pain, and not a tear would relieve the burning eyeballs. And so she remained until eager steps were heard approaching, eager voices echoing through the passages, and the merry companions who shared her room

entered. The poor girl tried to rouse herself; she felt all must be concealed. What would she not have given for one little corner to herself in that large mansion! Oh, to be alone! She said she had gone from the terrace, for she was tired, and so forth; and, summoning her maid, began the necessary duties of the evening toilette. How strange the mechanical manner in which we go through such things, when all other exertion seems impossible!

Isabella came to her.

"You should have stayed to listen to Sir John's story, Kathleen."

"Oh, I heard it—the verdict of the Irish jury, you mean?"

"No, no," replied the other, laughing; "the Legend of the Haunted Well—such a fearful thing; nevertheless, I have half a mind to try it myself."

"Tell it me, dear," said Kathleen, too glad to be spared the exertion of

talking.

"My dear child, I have not time; I shall never be ready for dinner. It was a long, long tale, but the end of it is this: that, owing to a dreadful sin of an ancestress of this house, that little well in the park is haunted; and whoever has the courage to make a pilgrimage at the witching hour of midnight, on a Friday night, dip a handkerchief in the water, and, kneeling on the large stone at its head, say a prayer, actually addressed to no less a person than his Satanic Majesty himself, come home and put the handkerchief to dry before the fire, will be rewarded with no less a sight than that of the hero she is eventually to marry."

Kathleen gave one quick, eager glance at the conclusion of the tale, and then, listlessly bending over a spray of white roses, which was intended to adorn her little head that evening, and apparently occupied in arranging them, and interested in nothing else, merely remarked,

"What a horrid idea! But make haste and dress, dear Isa, or you

will really never be ready."

III.

When Miss O'Brien entered the drawing-room that evening, no one would have recognised in the animated, radiant beauty the depressed, desponding girl who, so short a time before, was leaning by that window. What had produced the change no one knew; but even Douglas heaved a sigh as he looked upon her, and felt how lost she was to him. The next day it was the same. Kathleen was in wild spirits; the hectic flush of excitement was on her cheek, an unnatural brilliancy in her large dark eyes, but it only added to her strange beauty, and increased the admiration she excited. Towards evening she grew restless, and more fitful was her gaiety; and when she went to her room to prepare for dinner, she said she was tired, she should retire early, and asked her maid to give her up a little room in which she slept, and to take the bed she had in the barrack-room.

"Such a wretched place, ma'am, is my room, it is not fit for you."

She insisted, alleging as a reason she never did sleep well in the

barrack-room; so many were oppressive in one apartment.

The Abigail, accustomed to the whims of her young mistress, offered no more opposition; and she told her, having a long journey before her next day, she should not be late, and that the other girls need know nothing of the change. Osmond had never addressed one word to her during all this time, excepting then occasionally obliged to offer her the

common courtesies of society. Whatever she felt, outwardly she heeded it not. She went through the dinner, through the evening as she had done through the day, and adhered to her resolution of leaving the gay party early. She was tired—she would go, in fact; and, with many laments for her cruelty, go she did. It was put down to one of her caprices—she was always independent, and had thereby established the power of moving in a larger orbit than many others, unquestioned and almost unremarked; the world rather likes to make way for those who choose to assume the power. She went, then, from them, but not to sleep—not to rest. Reader, it was Friday night!

IV.

WHEN the mind is perplexed and desponding, when uncertainty weighs heavily upon the spirit, it is strange to mark how eagerly we grasp the most wild and visionary scheme, how we cling to the merest trifle, and raise thereon our hopes. Painfully and morbidly sensitive at such times, the weakest superstition, the simplest saying will he hailed as a saviour, depended upon as an oracle. So it was with Kathleen. Unaccustomed to sorrow, living as she had all her days in luxury and indolence, the first rude breath of adversity had weighed her down to the ground. Isabella's wild tale had come to her as a guardian angel. Alas! how often do we, and that wilfully, mistake the evil angel for the good! It seemed to her excited fancy as if the legend had been told her for the very purpose of provoking the essay: her spirits rose on the instant. Besides, she argued, the terror and risk, it would be expiation of her fault. The fact of her courting danger for his sake would surely equalise all that Douglas had endured for her. To lose him for ever! it could not be! Her impetuous spirit would not let her pause and abide the result of time. Life was a stagnation now: she must act, she must know the worst; the veiled, fated future should not be hidden from her eyes,—she would penetrate its mysteries, she would ascertain the destiny before her. To be his, or?—but the negation she never considered as possible—it could not be; his she was, his and his alone, for ever. Her mind made up, she overlooked every obstacle. She only considered the end, and that her vivid imagination coloured with the brightest hues in the power of fancy to depict. She made her arrangements; she would not allow thought or reflection a place in her breast, and the time has come when she must set out on her perilous pilgrimage. The die purione souther

I mar ve not," she said. " Willy not come to

The old turret-clock was striking the quarter to midnight ere Kathleen was enabled to leave the castle. In the excitement of her mind all peril had been overlooked. She was as one in a dream; but as she closed the little door leading to the terrace, and stood alone and unprotected, with the cold night air blowing around her, she became in one moment calmed, and in a manner sensible to the nature of the deed which lay before her. But it would not do to turn back now, and half provoked at her own heart's beating, she pursued her way through the lonely shrubbery to the now deserted park, at the entrance of which lay the little well, in whose magic powers the poor girl put such implicit faith.

The night was wild and gusty. The clouds swept rapidly over the

face of the heavens, now obscuring every star, now allowing here and there one trembling light to shine through their veil, as if a beam of hope to the wandering maiden: now the wind wailed wildly and loud through the trees, and anon sunk to the softest whisper. Her heart died within her; every falling leaf, every wave of the boughs of the old trees, terrified her, and with a failing courage, Kathleen often thought of returning; but then again, to go back to uncertainty—shame on the hesitation! was it not for his sake for which she was thus daring all?—and her false reasoning resumed its sway. Oh! to lose him, to live on in fear and uncertainty for long weary days!—welcome any peril to learn the worst, rather than this miserable, this heart-torturing suspense! and drawing her shawl closer around her, she went on in the fatal error of

her judgment.

She stood by the old well. It was a strange weird place. The deep black water, rendered deeper and blacker by the dark green moss which grew in fragments on the sides of the old grey stone; and then the ancient yew-tree which o'ershadowed it, lying as it did in a small ravine, with all above it bright and luxuriant, with all in its immediate vicinity dark and drear-it looked an ill-omened spot, as if the brand of the curse of the Evil One rested upon it! As she stood there, distinctly did she hear the midnight hour sound, slowly were its peals given from the distant clock. At this instant, the moon, which before had been obscured by clouds, and had merely given its strange under-current of grey light from beneath them, shone forth in all its brightness. The wind rose with a terrific blast, and swept through the trees, rippling the water of the well, and chilling, as it wandered on, the already chill night air to an icy coldness; and to the morbidly excited imagination of the solitary spectator of the scene, dark shadows flitted mid the shadowy light. Yet, though with a trembling hand, as the last stroke sounded in the distance, did the girl begin her mystic spell, and dip the handkerchief in those dark waters; then with a trembling look did she gaze around as she drew it forth, and held it dripping from the well, as if every instant she feared to see some horrid form appear; and then in one moment, one instant's transition, and she was herself again; fresh courage seemed to belong to her, and kneeling down on the stone, she continued her horrid self-imposed task. With a firm, unflinching voice did she repeat the dreadful invocation, and, rising, stood there, like a Pythoness of old, in the reckless daring of her nature, longing with a fearful intensity to behold that which but a few moments before she had so dreaded to summon before her.

"I fear ye not," she said. "Will ye not come to me, will ye not tell to your eager listener the future she longs and dares to penetrate? Have I braved all to return unknowing and unenlightened from my midnight

search? Will ye not come?"

The clouds swept rapid a ever the

And again and again did the excited Kathleen summon to her aid the awful invisible spirits, but no sound broke the stillness of the night, save the wind; and again that wailed around her, bearing, as it sounded, peals of mocking demon laughter on its wings as again it died in the distance. And with a smile, half in mockery at her own credulity, half in derision at the impotence of her will in its power, the girl turned from the scene of her unhallowed pilgrimage.

PERE LA CHAISE.

BY F. MORGAN FETHERSTON, ESQ.

GLORIOUS art thou, O Lutetia!* in the magnificence of thy queenly beauty! Art and nature have united to imprint the seal of loveliness

upon thy brow.

Thus thought I as I stood, one lovely evening in June, upon the heights of Mont St. Louis, in the Cimetière du Père la Chaise, and gazed enraptured upon the panorama of Paris, spread out like a map beneath my feet. And well might my heart beat high, and my vision brighten, for eye of man never rested upon a fairer prospect. Standing by the monument of Le Général Foy (who is represented the size of life, as haranguing the Chamber of Deputies), the whole city of Paris is distinctly visible. To the left, across the Seine, we perceive the domes of La Salpêtrière, the Val de Grace, and the noble Panthéon, anciently dedicated to Sainte Geneviève, patroness of Paris; in the same direction, we behold the picturesque towers of St. Sulpice, the Observatoire, the Palais de Luxembourg, and, in the distance, the Ecole Militaire, and the masterpiece of the great Mansard—the gilded dome of the Hôtel des Invalids. On the right bank of the river are the columns of the Barrière du Trône and of Juillet: the latter has a golden figure of Fame, as if in the act of flying from the summit; glittering in the sunbeams, it looked to me one blaze of fire. Further, in the Cité, we perceive the cathedral of Notre Dame and the Palais de Justice, near which is the prison of the Conciergerie. In looking further to the right, we perceive the countless pinnacles of the Hôtel de Ville, and the towers of the Eglises de St. Gervais, St. Jacques, and St. Eustache; beyond these are the columns of the Place de Châtelet and of Vendôme (a fine statue of Napoleon crowns the latter), the Palais des Tuileries, Le Louvre, La Madeleine, with countless other public buildings; and, towering away beyond the Champs Elysées, the grand Arc de l'Etoile, upon which are inscribed the victories of the French armies, from the Revolution till 1815. The heights of Montmartre, St. Sèvres, Mont Valérien, and St. Cloud, confine the view on the north and west, and with their varied picturesque forms add to the grandeur of the

I stood for a considerable time viewing the great city, so calm and lovely in the clear atmosphere, and then, casting "a longing, lingering look behind," I descended, and commenced a survey of the mansions of the dead. What histories do they tell! What sermons from the text, "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity," do they preach! But Death's kingdom has not here the repulsiveness it has with us. All here is fresh and lovely with the verdure of beneficent nature; all tends to

^{*} The ancient name of Paris.

inspire the mind with calm reflection. Around us are old elms and weeping willows, and solemn yews, and the melancholy cypress; we linger amid groves of sycamores and acacias, and saunter down avenues of poplar and linden trees; our senses are delighted with the sight and fragrance of unnumbered flowers, -roses, and jasmine, and honeysuckle, and mignonette, cover nearly every grave; the poorest grass mound has its little memento of love and recollection, if only a poor myrtle or an humble pensez à moi. And what taste and elegance are displayed in the tombs! Gothic chapels of inimitable beauty, pyramids towering towards heaven, the honorary cenotaph, the marble mausoleum, the gorgeous sarcophagus. These are the last homes of the wealthy, the powerful, the illustrious; but Père la Chaise has other graves not less dear, not less full of memories. They have tokens, too-perhaps a modest urn, a neatly carved cross, a simple hour-glass. And far away, o'er many an acre wide, lie the graves of the poorer still—those who cannot afford a stone whereon to write lines of affectionate remembrance for the parent, brother, sister, or child beneath. "Alas! that poverty should so often chill the heart, and wound it in all its purest and noblest emotions. Mournful is it, too, that distinctions of rank should extend even to the last sad home of all, and the rich corpse be reckoned "too genteel" to lie beside its poor brother in corruption!"

Such were my reflections as I gazed upon those frail mementoes of mortality, those thousands of rude wooden monuments, which a few seasons will soon decay, to make room for a fresh series, to be again replaced by others. The poor cannot long indulge the luxury of weeping over the lost and loved; the ground is only theirs for a few months—

quick lime does the work of years!

In traversing these wide domains of death, how touching are the inscriptions that meet our gaze. On a humble stone, the plot in front of which is decorated with a single rose-bush, we read, "Pauvre Marie, agée 20 ans!" on another, "Adieu, bonne mère!" On a grassy mound, covered with sweet-scented mignonette, and neatly kept, is a rude wooden cross, on which is painted, "Jacques Delille, agé 3 ans. Petit ange de bonté au ciel, priez pour nous"-a little plaster image of a praying child, in a frail box, is beneath. A fond mother has lost two children; she finds consolation in the thought that she shall one day rejoin them: "Dormez en paix, doux enfans; un jour nous serons réunis." How grand are the words of the Psalmist upon this marble tomb o'ershadowed by a single weeping willow: "In te, Domine, speravit, non confundar in æternum." Many have chosen this fine impressive inscription to mark their faith in a better world; for infidel epitaphs, the relics of the revolutionary era, are still far from uncommon. I noticed the well-known one, "Death is an eternal sleep," on several monuments. On others we see written the startling words, "Memento homo quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris." How seldom do men dwell enough on this too obvious truth! A despairing lover writes, "O! ma chère Caroline, j'etais heureux lorsque je voyais tes amiable sourires; aujourd'hui je pleure et pleurai toujours!" A good father dedicates a stone "A mon fils chéri." The next has a death's head and bones, with "Mort est ici. Silence, êtres mortels! vaines grandeurs,

silence!" Again we read the terse inscription, "Amicus amico!" On another, "Mon seul ami, mon frère François." A little further are two arms as springing from the tomb; the hands, beautifully sculptured, are clasped, and beneath is written "Toujours unis." Again, "Touts mes regrets sont là." On the tomb of a parish priest, after the enumeration of his charity and many virtues, we are told "Remuneratio ejus cum

Altissimo."

As in all Roman Catholic countries the words "Requiescat in pace" are frequent, there are few tombs which do not bear on them the initials R. I. P. In the enclosed tombs and little chapels, many of which have stained glass windows, are altars fitted up with vases containing geraniums, myrtles, and tube roses. On the anniversary of the death, and on the saint's day of the departed friend or relative, the survivors come to the altar and pray for his or her soul. On All-Souls' Day, the 1st of November, thousands visit the cemetery to pray for their friends, and on few days we cannot see dozens praying by different graves, regardless of the notice of the passers-by. All nations find a last asylum in Père la Chaise; the Russian, the Pole, the American, the Negro, the Briton, the Hindoo, the Austrian, the Hungarian, lie peacefully side by side; the Jew, the Atheist, the Protestant, the Catholic, the follower of Mahomet, and the worshipper of Vishnu, commingle their dust, and show in death that charity, perchance, they scorned to exercise in life. Here-"Siste viator heroa calcas!"-lie the mighty warriors of the Empire, whose names are even yet as trumpet-calls to Gallic ears-Ney, Massena, Davoust, Suchet, Lefèvre, St. Cyr, Cambacerès, Kellerman.

> They have slept their last sleep, They have fought their last battle! No sound will awake them to glory again.

The tomb of Suchet, Duc d'Albuera, is a splendid marble monument, enriched with sculptured trophies and orders. Fame is writing the marshal's victories, amongst which the Englishman will be surprised to see several we have long claimed as British triumphs. Suchet takes his title from Albuera, in Spain, where the French say he defeated the English with

great slaughter!

Lefèvre, Duc de Danzic, has a small square marble tomb. Fame is crowning his medallion with laurels. Massena has an obelisk twenty feet high. On the sides are inscribed "Rivoli, Zurich, Genès, Essling." Mort 4 Avril, 1817. Below is a small pillar to Massena's friend, General Berthe; on it is inscribed, "Thirty-one years of service, twenty-one campaigns, six wounds." St. Cyr is represented at full length, in his uniform as field-marshal. Cambacérès has a marble tomb, elevated above a vault. Kellerman's monument is decorated with antique trophies of arms, and bears the words "Valmy" and "Marengo." Davoust has a pyramid of granite; and Ney, "the bravest of the brave," has a marble tomb inscribed with his victories.

On a plain stone slab we read the words "TALMA;" no eulogium, no pompous praise; "his epitaph his name alone." There, across you avenue, is the grave of the Abbé Sicard, the instructor of the deaf and dumb, his name formed by fingers—the language invented by his fellow-labourer in the vineyard of humanity, the Abbé de l'Epée. Wandering musingly

along the winding walks, and shadowy avenues, and grassy platforms, we note the tombs of many whose names "are familiar in our ears as household words." In varied spots, but all most beautiful, are laid: The intrepid Manuel-a bronze medallion shows his noble Roman features; the eccentric La Fontaine-a fox is sculptured on his tomb; the unfortunate Blanchard—a balloon in flames shows her fate; the scientific Denon-he has a bronze statue, full size, sitting in a meditative position; the imaginative St. Pierre-who has not read and wept over his "Paul et Virginie?" the brave Lavalette, fortunate in his love and his escape-a basso relievo shows his wife changing clothes with him, and aiding his flight; the free-thinking Volney, the pious Meztrezat, the astronomer La Place-Jupiter, Saturn, and the sun and moon, are sculptured on his tomb, and in wreaths are the names of his immortal works-"La Mécanique Céleste," "Système du Monde," and "Probabilités;" the dreamer Fourrier, the apostle of a new creed, which has found disciples wherever poverty exists; the inspired Bellini-his bust is in a medallion, a winged female folds a lyre to her breast and his works, and the scenes of his triumphs are sculptured within wreaths of bay-leaves; this monument is covered with names in pencil; both hemispheres, and nearly every civilised country, has its delegate, so universal are the conquests Near the circular walk, wherein is the fine monument to of genius! Casimir Perrier, Louis Philippe's regretted minister, lies the learned Monge; further, the philosopher Legendre. To the right of the entrance, beyond the Jews' burial-ground, is the tomb of the loving Héloise and her unhappy Abelard; they are sculptured as lying side by side; the fretted roof of a Gothic chapel overspreads their unbroken slumber, and lovers have covered their forms with fair coronals and wreaths of summer flowers.

These claimed my first attention, and then I turned to the merely great in wealth and rank—those who seek to attract the eye of posterity by the splendour of their mausoleums, forgetting the greatness of their tombs makes more apparent the littleness of their unknown names; some, however, have made to their wealth wings to carry blessings to the poor; over such let the pyramid rise, and the trophy blazon; their families can view them without blushing: over others let us show our charity and be silent. One of the grandest tombs in Père la Chaise is that erected to the memory of Don Mariano Louis de Uquilo. It is an open, circular Doric temple, supported by eight columns; the tomb is in the centre. The family Gemond have an immense obelisk over their sepulchre, surmounted with a golden star. The Beaujour family have also a huge pillar, with a large gilt coronet at top. The Countess Demidoff has a splendid mausoleum; so has the Countess Betheni, on the summit of which is a cushion and coronet. The family Plaisance have a Doric temple ornamented with busts and relievo. Marie Emilie Venusli, Duchess de Duras, has a pyramid to her memory, on which is sculptured an angel bearing her soul to heaven. The tomb of the family Greffuhl is of great beauty; it is in the form of a Gothic chapel. The families Duclos and Dutlet have Ionic temples; and numerous other stately monuments lie heavy on the earth in this city of the dead. It was with some degree of pain I viewed these pompous monuments and still more pompous inscriptions; they seemed so

out of place above poor dust and ashes. Ah! pride, pride, if man ever conquers thee, he will indeed be fitted for communion with the meek-eyed denizens of heaven! Scattered amongst the grander tombs, I noticed a monument to the painter Guicault; he is represented in a full-length

statue, leaning, with his pallet and brush in hand.

The poet Casimir de la Vigne has a monument of white marble. A female figure leans over his grave, holding a lyre, and weeping. Jean Menod, Protestant pastor in Paris for twenty-eight years, has, very appropriately, an open Bible on his tomb. Regnaud has a square elevated column, bearing the names of his works and the following inscription: "Français, de son dernier soupir il a salut la patrie, un même jour à voir finir ses maux, son exile, et sa vie." At the foot of the terrace, by the Chapel of the Dead, lies the heart of David. The urn containing it is covered with sweet roses.

Turning to the west, what British heart does not thrill as his old fami-

liar Saxon meets his gaze upon each tomb and sepulchre?

A plain stone marks the grave of Dr. Gilchrist, of Edinburgh, the celebrated Oriental scholar. Further lies Sir William Keppell, who died 10th of December, 1834, aged eighty-two years; his grave is covered with moss-roses, geraniums, and myrtles. Suddenly the eye is arrested and the soul enthralled by the inscription, "Sir Sydney Smith, Admiral of the Red. Born 21st of June, 1764, died 20th May, 1840. Cœur de Lion." Below are his arms and appropriate motto, "Forward!" and a medallion shows his fine-featured, noble Roman face. All this is well enough, but some unhappy poet has perpetrated the following lines. All must admire the rhyme of the last two verses!

Peace to the hero, who undaunted stood,
When Acre's streets were red with Turkish blood.
In warlike France, where great Napoleon rose,
The man who checked his conquests finds repose.
England, who claims his triumphs as her own,
Has raised for him the monumental stone.
This tomb, which marks his grave, is now supplied
By friends with whom he lived, midst whom he died—
A tribute to his memory. Here beneath,
Lies the bold heart of England's Sydney Smith.

Who can read unmoved the next inscription?—" Sacred to the memory of George Richardson O'Ryan, son of Hannah O'Ryan, widow of John O'Ryan, aged 14 years:

Only in dreams thou comest now, From Heaven's immortal shore, A glory on that sainted brow, Which death's cold signet bore."

Also, "Samuel O'Ryan, aged 17, the second and only surviving child of his sorely bereaved mother:

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Sweet spirit, rest thee now;
E'en whilst with us thy footsteps were,
His soul was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow home beneath,
Soul to its home on high:
Those who have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die."

Another English tomb draws forth the sympathetic sigh. It is a chaste marble monument, crowned with an urn. On it we read—"Sacred to the memory of Matilda, youngest daughter of Sir Grenville Temple, Bart., who, in the bloom of youth, and endowed with every estimable quality that could either adorn or endear, closed her innocent life 4th of January, 1834, aged 20:

She has passed as a flower."

Sunset was fast approaching, and I still lingered amidst these shades. A soft and pleasing melancholy attuned my heart to the stillness of the hour, unbroken save by the warbling of some sweet bird, or the rustling dart of the dragon-fly. Seated upon a tomb, I communed with my own soul. If, thought I, the silent graves in this last Mecca of earth's pilgrims could speak, what histories could they unfold of hopeless love, of glorious enthusiasm, of vengeful passion, of heroic endurance! By how many different roads have the sleepers around me sought after fame and happiness, and the rendezvous of all is here at last! Fame some few have grasped; some twenty poets, historians, and philosophers will live in men's minds the century out; hundreds of others will live an ephemeral life, measured by months or, perchance, years. And yet for this phantom, flittering existence, "this second life in others' breath," men will sacrifice ease, and health, and heaven. Alas! how mournful, yet how true, those lines of a living genius who has felt his mortality (Victor Hugo):

To dream is happiness, suspense is life,
Shiftings, and journeyings—vain, ambitions all!
The eternal journey is enough for man.
All tends below to one mysterious goal.
Man's soul!—oh, whither flies it? whither man?
Lord, Lord, what is the hap of earth in heaven?
What must we do?—what think? trust? doubt? deny?
Dark labyrinth! route triple-pathed! black night!
The wisest sits beneath some wayside tree,
And whispers, "Whither, Lord, thou wilt, I go;"
He hopes, and in the three gloom-shrouded ways
Man's onward march he pensive hears afar.

"Ah, Chenier! liest thou there?" exclaimed I, as I caught his name upon a lowly tomb; "had I forgotten thee? Thou, too, hadst thy doubts, thy dreams, thy hopes. Let me, in this hour of solitary musing, recal some of thy graceful philosophic lines:

All have their griefs, though in their brethren's eyes Men with calm front their miseries disguise; Each inly 'plains, and, in his weariness, Envies his neighbour racked by like distress. None estimates the pains that others feel, Since, as he veils his own, they theirs conceal. With tear-fraught eye, each murmurs in his heart, 'The world is blest, I only stand apart.'

The world is blissless all; each man to heaven Appeals with prayers to change the fortune given. The wish is granted; soon the fresh tears flow—They find they have but made a change of woe.

Thou must have suffered, departed spirit—suffered much before thou didst write those lines; and thou wouldst not, if thou couldst, have claimed exemption. Suffering is man's heritage. Coward would he be who would not share his fellow's lot,—and coward thou wast not. Ah, poor Chenier! thy song was vain to save thy life; thy very dying breath was tuneful; and even beneath the frightful guillotine thou didst ring:

As the summer-day pours its parting ray,
Or the breeze its farewell sigh,
At the scaffold's foot do I wake my lute,
As I wait my turn to die.

"And ye, too, warriors of the Corsican, who lie around me in undistinguished mass—ye, whose glorious tricolor waved triumphantly o'er the towers and citadels of Europe; ye, whose embattled legions rivalled your eagle's soaring flight—have not your martial pride, your indomitable courage, your generous devotion, been in vain? Here are ye dust; and the Rhine is not Gallic, the Alps and the Pyrenees are still Gaul's boundaries. 'Alas! what shadows are we, and what shadows we pursue!" And now, as the overhanging arch of heaven, changing into varying hues of crimson, orange, blue, and gold, warned me that the orb of day was waning quickly beneath the horizon, to throw light and glory on the graves of another hemisphere (for,

The hills rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,
The vales stretching in pensive quietness between,
And rolled round all old Ocean's grey and solitary waste,
Are all the sad abodes of Death),

I arose, and slowly bent my steps towards the Boulevard d'Aulnay-As I passed the pillars at the entrance, I read, "Qui credit in me etiam mortuus fuerit, vivit." Johan. 21. "Spes illorum immortalitate plena est."

The beautiful lines of Bryant came to my mind; repeating them, I left the regions of the dead, and returned to the busy haunts of men:

So live, that when thy summons comes
To join the innumerable caravan,
Slow moving onwards to the realms of death,
Thou goest not as a quarry slave at night,
Scourged, to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed,
With an unfaltering trust approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams!

bus; some spraging perpendicularly up likering spire of a church, others running along in brushe sidges, or presenting that appearance of high

smooth surface, now jagged, abstraced, abulating, resughested with bresh-

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES;

A Romance of Pendle forest.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GORGE OF CLIVIGER.

THE sun had already set as Nicholas Assheton reached Todmorden, then a very small village indeed, and alighting at a little inn near the church, found the ale so good, and so many boon-companions assembled to discuss it, that he would fain have tarried with them for an hour or so; but prudence, for once, getting the better of inclination, and suggesting that he had fifteen or sixteen miles still to ride, over a rough and lonely road, part of which lay through the gorge of Cliviger, a long and solitary pass among the English Apennines, and, moreover, had a large sum of

money about him, he tore himself away by a great effort.

On quitting the smiling valley of Todmorden, and drawing near the dangerous defile before mentioned, some misgivings crossed him, and he almost reproached himself with foolhardiness in venturing within it at such an hour, and wholly unattended. Several recent cases of robbery, some of them attended by murder, had occurred within the pass; and these now occurred so forcibly to the squire, that he was half inclined to ride back to Todmorden, and engage two or three of the topers he had left at the inn to serve him as an escort as far as Burnley, but he dismissed the idea almost as soon as formed, and, casting one look at the green and woody slopes around him, struck spurs into Robin, and dashed into the gorge.

On the right towered a precipice, on the bare crest of which stood a heap of stones piled like a column—the remains, probably, of a cairn. On this commanding point Nicholas perceived a female figure, dilated to gigantic proportions against the sky, who, as far as he could distinguish, seemed watching him, and making signs to him, apparently to go back; but he paid little regard to them, and soon afterwards lost sight

of her.

Precipitous and almost inaccessible rocks, of every variety of form and hue; some springing perpendicularly up like the spire of a church, others running along in broken ridges, or presenting the appearance of high embattled walls; here riven into deep gullies, there opening into wild savage glens, fit spots for robber ambuscade; now presenting a fair smooth surface, now jagged, shattered, shelving, roughened with brush-

VOL. XXII.

wood; sometimes bleached and hoary, as in the case of the pinnacled crag called the White Kirk; sometimes green with moss or grey with lichen; sometimes, though but rarely, shaded with timber, as in the approach to the cavern named the Earl's Bower; but generally bold and naked, and sombre in tint as the colours employed by the savage Rosa. Such were the distinguishing features of the gorge of Cliviger when Nicholas traversed it. Now the high embankments and mighty arches of a railway fill up its recesses, and span its gullies; the roar of the engine is heard where the cry of the bird of prey alone resounded; and clouds of steam usurp the place of the mist-wreaths on its crags.

Formerly, the high cliffs abounded with hawks; the rocks echoed with their yells and screeches, and the spots adjoining their nests resembled, in the words of the historian of the district, Whitaker, "little charnel-houses for the bones of game." Formerly, also, on some inaccessible point built the rock-eagle, and reared its brood from year to year. The gaunt wolf had once ravaged the glens, and the sly fox and fierce catamountain still harboured within them. Nor were those the only objects of dread. The superstitious declared the gorge was haunted by a fright-

ful, hirsute demon, yclept Hobthurst.

The general savage character of the ravine was relieved by some spots of exquisite beauty, where the traveller might have lingered with delight, if apprehension of assault from robber, or visit from Hobthurst, had not urged him on. Numberless waterfalls, gushing from fissures in the hills, coursed down their seamy sides, looking like threads of silver as they sprang from point to point. One of the most beautiful of these cascades, issuing from a gully in the rocks near the cavern called the Earl's Bower, fell, in rainy seasons, in one unbroken sheet of a hundred and fifty feet. Through the midst of the gorge ran a swift and brawling stream, known by the appellation of the Calder; but it must not be confounded with the river flowing past Whalley Abbey. The course of this impetuous current was not always restrained within its rocky channel, and when swollen by heavy rains, it would frequently invade the narrow causeway running beside it, and spreading over the whole width of the gorge, render the road almost impassable.

Through this rocky and sombre defile, and by the side of the brawling Calder, which dashed swiftly past him, Nicholas took his way. The hawks were yelling overhead; the rooks were cawing on the topmost branches of some tall timber, on which they built; a raven was croaking rustily in the wood; and a pair of eagles were soaring in the still glowing

sky.

By-and-by, the glen contracted, and a wall of steep rocks on either side hemmed the shuddering traveller in. Instinctively, he struck spurs

into his horse, and accelerated his pace.

The narrow glen expands, the precipices fall further back, and the traveller breathes more freely. Still, he does not relax his speed, for his imagination has been at work in the gloom, peopling his path with lurking robbers, or grinning boggarts. He begins to fear he shall lose his gold, and execrates his folly for incurring such heedless risk. But it is too late now to turn back.

It grows rapidly dusk, and objects became less and less distinct, assuming fantastical and fearful forms. A blasted tree, clinging to a rock, and

thrusting a bare branch across the road, looks to the squire like a bandit; and a white owl bursting from a bush scares him as if it had been Hobthurst himself. However, in spite of these and other alarms, for which he is indebted to excited fancy, he hurries on, and is proceeding at a thundering pace, when all at once his horse comes to a stop, arrested by a tall female figure, resembling that seen near the mountain cairn at the entrance of the gorge.

Nicholas's blood ran cold, for though in this case he could not apprehend plunder, he was fearful of personal injury, for he believed the woman to be a witch. Mustering up courage, however, he forced Robin to

proceed.

If his progress was meant to be barred, a better spot for the purpose could not have been selected. A narrow road, scarcely two feet in width, ran round the ledge of a tremendous crag jutting so far into the glen that it almost met the steep barrier of rocks opposite it. Between these precipitous crags dashed the river in a foaming cascade, nearly twelve feet in height, and the steep narrow causeway winding beside it, as above described, was rendered excessively slippery and dangerous from the constant cloud of spray arising from the fall.

At the highest and narrowest point of the ledge, and occupying nearly the whole of its space, with an overhanging rock on one side of her and a roaring torrent on the other, stood the tall woman, determined, apparently, from her attitude and deportment, to oppose the squire's further progress. As Nicholas advanced, he became convinced it was the same person he had seen near the cairn, but when her features grew distinguishable, he found, to his surprise, that it was Nance Redferne.

"Halloa! Nance," he cried. "What are you doing here, lass, eh?"
"Cum to warn ye, squoire," she replied; "yo once did me a sarvice, an ey hanna forgetten; it. That's why I watched ye fro' the cairn cliffs, an motioned ye to ge back. Boh ye didna onderstand my signs, or wouldna heed 'em, so ey be cum'd here to stay ye. Yo're i' dawnger, ey tell ye."

"In danger of what, my good woman?" demanded the squire, un-

easily.

"O' bein' robbed, and plundered o' your gowd," replied Nance; "there are five men waitin' to set upon ye a mile further on, at the Bowder Stoans."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Nicholas; "they will get little for their pains.

I have no money about me."

"Dunna think to deceive me, squoire," rejoined Nance; "ey knoa yo ha borrowed three hundert punds i' gowd fro' yung Ruchot Assheton; an os surely os ye ha it aw under your jerkin, so surely win yo lose it, if yo dunna turn back, or ge on without me keepin' ye company."

"I have no objection on earth to your company, Nance," replied the squire; "quite the contrary. But how the devil should these rascals expect me! And, above all, how should they conjecture I should come so well provided! For, sooth to say, such is not ordinarily the case with me."

"Ey knoa it weel, squoire," replied Nance, with a laugh; "boh they

ha received sartin information o' your movements."

"There is only one person who could give them such information," cried Nicholas; "but I cannot, will not suspect him."

"If yo're thinkin' o' Lawrence Fogg, yo're na far wide o' th' mark,

squoire," replied Nance.

"What! Fogg leagued with robbers—impossible!" exclaimed Nichclas.

"Neaw, it's nah so unpossible os aw that," returned Nance; "yo'n stare when ey tell yo he has robbed yo mony a time without your being aware on it. Yo were onwise enough to send him round to your friends to borrow money for yo."

"True, so I was. But, luckily, no one would lend me any," said

Nicholas.

"There yo're wrong, squoire, fo', unluckily, they aw did," replied Nance, with a scarcely-suppressed laugh. "Roger Nowell gied him one hundred; Tummus Whitaker, of Holme, another; Ruchot Parker, o'

Browsholme, another. An more i' th' same way."

"And the rascal pocketed it all, and never brought me back one farthing," cried Nicholas, in a transport of rage. "I'll have him hanged—pshaw! hanging's too good for him. To deceive me, his friend, his benefactor, his patron, in such a manner. To dwell in my house, eat at my table, drink my wine, wear my habiliments, ride my horses, hunt with my hounds. Has the dog no conscience?"

"Varry little, ey'm afear'd," replied Nance.

"And the worst of it is," continued the squire, new lights breaking upon him, "I shall be liable for all the sums he has received. He was my confidential agent, and the lenders will come upon me. It must be six or seven hundred pounds that he has obtained in this nefarious way.

Zounds! I shall go mad."

"Yo wur to blame fo' trustin' him, squoire," rejoined Nance. "Yo ought to ha' made proper inquiries about him at first, an then yo'd ha' found out what sort o' chap he wur. Boh now ey'n tell ye. Lawrence Fogg is chief o' a band o' robbers, an aw the black an villanous deeds done of late i' this place ha' been parpetrated by his men. A poor gentleman wur murdert by 'em i' this varry spot th' week efore last, an his body cast into t' river. Fogg, of course, had no hont in the fow deed, boh he would na ha interfered to prevent it if he had bin here, fo' he never scrupled shedding blood. An if he had bin content wi' robbin' yo, squoire, ey wadna ha betrayed him, boh when he proposed to cut your throttle, bekose, os he said, dead men tell neaw teles, ey could howd out nah longer, an resolved to gi' yo warnin'."

"What a monstrous and unheard-of villain!" cried the squire. "But

is he one of the ambuscade?"

Nance replied in the affirmative.

"Then, by Heaven! I will confront him-I will hew him down," pur-

sued Nicholas, griping the hilt of his sword.

"Neaw use, ey tell ye—yo'n be overpowert an kilt," said Nance. "Tak me wi' yo, an ey'n carry yo safely through em aw; boh ge alone, or yo'n ne'er see Downham again. An now it's reet ey should tell ye who Lawrence Fogg really is."

"What new wonder is in store for me?" cried Nicholas. "Who

is he?"

"Maybe yo ha heerd tell that Mother Demdike had a son and a dowter," replied Nance; "the dowter bein', of course, Elizabeth Device; and the son, Christopher Demdike, being supposed to be dead. How-

somever, this is not the case, for Lawrence Fogg is he."

"I guessed as much when you began," cried Nicholas. "He has a cursedly bad look about the eyes—a damned Demdike physiognomy. What an infernal villain the fellow must be !—without a jot of natural feeling. Why, he has this very day assisted at his nephew's capture, and caused his own sister to be arrested. Oh, I have been properly duped!—to lodge a son of that infernal hag in my house—feed him, clothe him, make him my friend—take him, the viper! to my bosom! I have been rightly served. But he shall hang!—he shall hang! That is some consolation, though slight. But how do you know all this, Nance?"

"Dunna ax me," she replied. "Whatever ey ha' been to Christopher Demdike, ey bear him neaw love now; fo', os ey ha towd yo, he is a black-hearted murtherin' villain. Boh lemme get up behind yo, an ey'n bring yo through scatheless. An to-morrow yo may arrest the

whole band at Malkin Tower."

"Malkin Tower!" exclaimed the squire, in fresh surprise. "What, have these robbers taken up their quarters there! This accounts for all the strange sights said to have been seen there of late, and which I treated as mere fables. But, ah! a terrible thought crosses me. What have I done? Mistress Nutter will be there to-night! And I have sent her. Death and destruction! she will fall into their hands. I must go there at once. I cannot take any assistance with me. That would be to betray the poor lady."

"If yo'n trust me ey'n help yo through the difficulty," replied Nance. "Get up then quickly, lass, since it must be so," rejoined Nicholas.

With this, he moved forward, and giving her his hand she was instantly seated behind him upon Robin, who seemed no way incommoded by his double burden, but dashed down the further side of the causeway in answer to a sharp application of the spur. Passing her arms round the squire's waist, Nance maintained her seat well, and in this way they rattled along, heedless of the increasing difficulties of the road, or the fast-gathering

gloom.

The mile was quickly passed, and Nance whispered in the squire's ear that they were approaching the Boulder Stones. Presently they came to a narrow glen, half-filled with huge rocky fragments, detached from the toppling precipices on either side, and forming an admirable place of ambuscade. One rock, larger than the rest, completely commanded the pass, and as the squire advanced a thundering voice from it called to him to stay; and the injunction being disregarded, the barrel of a gun was protruded from the bushes covering its brow, and a shot fired at him. Though well aimed, the ball struck the ground beneath his horse's feet, and Nicholas continued his way unmoved, while the faulty marksman jumped down the crag. At the same time four other men started from their places of concealment behind the stones, and, levelling their calivers at the fugitives, fired. The sharp discharges echoed along the gorge, and the shots rattled against the rocks, but none of them took effect, and Nicholas might have gone on without further hindrance, but, despite

Nance's remonstrances, who urged him to go on, he pulled up to await the coming of the person who had first challenged him. Scarcely an instant elapsed before he was beside the squire, and presented a petronel at his head. Notwithstanding the gloom, Nicholas recognised him.

"Ah! it is thou, accursed traitor," cried Nicholas. "I could scarcely

believe in thy villany, but now I am convinced."

"The jade you have got behind you has told you who I am, I see," replied Fogg. "I will settle with her anon. But this will save further

explanations with you!"

And he discharged the petronel full at the squire. But the ball rebounded as if his doublet had been quilted. It was, in fact, lined with gold. On seeing the squire unburt, the robber captain uttered an exclamation of rage and astonishment.

"You are mistaken, you see, perfidious villain," cried Nicholas. "You have yet to render an account of all the wrongs you have done me, but

meantime you shall not pass unpunished."

And as he spoke, he snatched the petronel from Fogg, and with the butt-end dealt him a tremendous blow on the head, felling him to the

ground.

By this time, the other robbers had descended from the rocks, and seeing the fall of their leader, rushed forward to avenge him; but Nicholas did not tarry for any further encounter, but, fully satisfied with what he had done, struck spurs into Robin, and galloped off. For a few minutes he could hear the shouts of the men, but they soon afterwards died

away.

Little more than half the ravine had been traversed when the rencounter above described took place, but though the road was still difficult and dangerous, and rendered doubly so by the obscurity, no further hindrance occurred till just as Nicholas was quitting the gloomy intricacies of the gorge and approaching the more open country beyond it. At this point Robin fell, throwing both him and Nance, and when the animal rose again he was found to be so much injured that it was impossible to mount him. There was no resource but to proceed to Burnley, which was still three or four miles distant, on foot.

In this dilemma, Nance volunteered to provide the squire with another

steed, but he resolutely refused the offer.

"No, no—none of your broomsticks for me," he cried; "no devil's horses—I don't know where they may carry me. My own legs must serve me now. I'll just take poor Robin out of the road, and then trudge

off for Burnley as fast as I can."

With this, he led the horse to a small green mead skirting the stream, and taking off his saddle and bridle, and depositing them carefully under a tree, he patted the animal on the neck, promising to return for him on the morrow, and then set off at a brisk pace, with Nance walking beside him. They had not gone far, however, when the clattering of hoofs was heard behind them, and it was evident that several horsemen were rapidly approaching. Nance stopped, listened for a moment, and then declaring it was Demdike and his band in pursuit, seized the squire's arm and drew him out of the road, and under the shelter of some bushes of hazel. The robber captain could only have been stunned, it appeared, and as soon as he had recovered from the effects of the blow, had mounted his horse, which was concealed, with those of his men, behind the rocks, and started

after the fugitives. Such was the construction put upon the matter by Nance, and the event proved it correct. A loud shout from the horsemen, and a sudden halt, proclaimed that poor Robin had been discovered, and this circumstance seemed to give great satisfaction to Demdike, who loudly declared that they were now sure of overtaking the runaways.

"They cannot be far off," he cried; "but they will most likely

attempt to hide themselves, so look well about you."

So saying, he rode on, and it was evident, from the noise, that the men implicitly obeyed his injunctions. Nothing, however, was found, and ere many minutes, Demdike came up, and glancing at the hazels, behind which the fugitives were hidden, he discharged a petronel into the largest tree, but as no movement followed the report, he said:

"I thought I saw something move here, but I suppose I was mistaken. No doubt they have got on further than we expected, or have retired into some of the cloughs, in which case it will be useless to search for them. However, we will make sure of them in this way. Two of you shall form an ambuscade near Holme, and two further on within half a mile of Burnley, and shall remain on the watch till dawn, so that you will be sure to capture them, and, when taken, make away with them without hesitation. Unless my skull had been of the strongest, that butcherly squire would have cracked it, so he shall have no grace from me; and as to that treacherous witch, Nance Redferne, she deserves death at our hands, and she shall have her deserts. I have long suspected her, and, indeed, was a fool to trust one of the vile Chattox brood, who are all my natural enemies;—but no matter, I shall have my revenge."

The men having promised compliance with their captain's command,

he went on.

"As to myself," he said, "I shall go forthwith, and as fast as my horse can carry me, to Malkin Tower, and I will tell you why. It is not that I dislike the game we are upon, but I have better to play just now. Tom Shaw, the cock-master at Downham, who is in my pay, rode over to Whalley this afternoon, to bring me word that a certain lady, who has long been concealed in the manor-house, will be taken to Malkin Tower The intelligence is certain, for he had obtained it from Old Crouch, the huntsman, who is to escort her. Thus, Mistress Nutter, for you all know whom I mean, will fall naturally into our hands, and we can wring any sums of money we like out of her; for though she has abandoned her property to her daughter, Alizon, she can no doubt have as much as she wants, and I will take care she asks for plenty, or I will try the effect of some of those instruments of torture which I was lucky enough to find in the dungeons of Malkin Tower, and which were used for a like purpose by my predecessor, Blackburn, the freebooter. you content, my lads?"

"Ay, ay, Captain Demdike," they replied.

Upon this, the whole party set forward, and were speedily out of hearing. As soon as they thought it prudent to come forth, the squire

and Nance emerged from their place of shelter.

"What is to be done?" exclaimed the former, who was almost in a state of distraction. "The villain has announced his intention of going to Malkin Tower, and Mistress Nutter will assuredly fall into his hands. Oh! that I could stop him, or get there before him!"

"Yo shan, if yo like to ride wi' me," said Nance.

"But how-in what way?" asked Nicholas.

"Leave that to me," replied Nance, breaking off a long branch of hazel. "Tak howld o' this," she cried.

The squire obeyed, and was instantly carried off his legs, and whisked

through the air at a prodigious rate.

He felt giddy and confused, but did not dare to leave go, lest he should be dashed in pieces, while Nance's wild laughter rang in his ears.

Over the bleached and perpendicular crag—startling the eagle from his eyrie—over the yawning gully with the torrent roaring beneath him —over the sharp ridges of the hill—over Townley Park—over Burnley steeple—over the wide valley beyond he went—until, at last, bewildered, out of breath, and like one in a dream, he alighted on a brown, bare, heathy expanse, and within a hundred yards of a tall, circular stone structure, which he knew to be Malkin Tower.

SKETCHES OF FOREST LIFE.

THE FOX HUNT.

WE are certainly a practical people. The decree has gone forth, and our forest glades are to be depopulated. No "antlered monarch" shall confront us, standing boldly forward at the head of his gazelle tribe-no bugle-horn shall wake forth its deep music, ringing through the echoes of the thick covert, as some noble stag springs forward. There is even floating in the far distance a vision of fallen trees, of ugly red tiles draining that ground which has stood untouched since the deluge, and still bears on its surface the marks of the advance and receding of its waters; of ploughed fields, of hedgerows of propriety, of smoking brick-kilns, and reclaimed wastes of bog-land. But again comes the glorious forest, with its old haunts and long sunny glades, through which the shadows run races; its wild waste lands of moor and heather, and its sweet bitter scent born of the gorge blossoms, which deck it as with a golden mantle. Again, and from the covert rings forth the clear music of the horn; there is a rustling through the dead leaves around us, and slowly, warily, glancing before, behind, and on each side of him, away steals Reynard! A whine, a snuffle, a short, sharp cry of joy, and the foremost hound is on him;—forward burst all the pack. One long straight line of country is theirs; and through the gorge, and over the line of rail, and on, on, ever straining up the hill to Boldre Wood, following them come the field. There is the master: quick upon the pack is heard his eager voice encouraging, and breaking from the covert flashes the bright scarlet against the deepening underwood. Merry laughs are ringing out into the cold, clear air; the dead boughs are crushing beneath the horses' feet; and farmers on forest ponies, and striplings on rough, unbroken colts, are riding as if life depended on them. The older and better sportsmen hang back: here is a sudden check—the hounds have run their fox into a piece of low gorze land, and while the warier leaders of the field are defiling round the bog that surrounds it, the more impetuous riders are wiping the mud off their horses' knees, and recovering themselves with crestfallen attitudes from the lowly positions they have been led into. But another short, sharp whine-the old hound has hit off the scent again-and through the gorze cover, and over the plain, and straining away towards Salisbury—so ride we merrily! Up come a herd of red deer-the hounds have disturbed them-and now bounding forward they take up their position on one of the heights above us, and with noble fronts and lordly presence, stand watching our movements in the vale below. There are a herd of forest ponies—now they stand and gaze on that long line as it streams past them on the plain! - the eager pack, the frantic horses, and the flying prey !- and now they, too, have joined us, scrambling up the forest dykes, and over the rotten banks, and splashing, floundering through the bog-land. There is a lovely green carpet before us now for a race; but the riders are hanging back. up come that band of foresters, and one is patting the turf with his small, quick hoof, and advancing slowly, steadily, trying the ground at each step, his brethren following him. And now they have crossed that belt of green, and horse and rider have followed them, bowing to the animal instinct of their forest life. There is a long white line of road-a boundary-fence—and now we have crossed the forest grounds, and find ourselves in close country. Slowly and wearily flags Reynard-doggedly, surely, perseveringly, the pack pursue him. And now there is a wild halloa !- the master's voice is heard warning the field back, and rushing through the hedges, and from the distant road, the laggers are fast seen tumbling in. But the whip has dismounted, and now he is seen holding the brush above his head—the hounds are scrambling for the spoil which has been thrown amongst them—and the master has taken the brush from the whip's hands, and has wreathed it gracefully in thy bridle's rein, O forest Diana! There is a golden glory spread upon the glades, and the wearied horses and their joyous riders are wending happily homewards.

GIPSIES.

There is scarcely anything more lovely than a summer sunset evening in the forest. Everything is bathed in "golden amber;" the quick light plays amongst the tremulous foliage; the mosses and lichens take a thousand different hues and tones; the rivulet's day-dress of blue wears a golden border; the flowers are closing their lids in an atmosphere of their own scent and beauty, and a halo of repose and loveliness is resting everywhere. Down in the shadow of the dingle may be seen a gipsy's tent; the thin blue smoke is curling above the forest oaks; a stray donkey is grazing at a distance; here, a group of joyous children; there, crouched together, three or four women, with crimson kerchiefs—their black eyes, olive complexions, and glistening white teeth, speaking warmly of the glowing south. Ever at intervals is heard the song of the nightingale, and with the closing evening drop in by pairs or singly the stray members of the tribe. There is a certain amount of chivalrous honour extant amongst these gipsies. Robbers, freebooters, and depre-

dators as they are by profession, they will never molest those who have done them kindness or service; nay, more, they will even interfere to prevent others from robbing them. There are certain families in the forest bounds who are very kind to these tribes. When once encamped, they will supply them with provisions for the time, they will visit their sick, and speak gently to their children. The kindliness is never forgotten; they find no hen-roost molested, no fat turkey missing, no pheasant snared; nay, they will even become companionable with such. One friend of mine told me, that in returning from a long day spent in the forest, he would often spend a night with them in their tents, when nothing could exceed their kindness and hospitality. To break bread with a gipsy creates in their eyes a species of brotherhood; and in the case I mention, so much sociability was engendered between the parties, that they even undertook to teach him their language. One old lady (the mother of the tribe) adopted him as her son. My friend told me she would read him his destiny with the greatest faith imaginable, weeping bitterly at the same time over the sorrows which in her divination she had accorded him. These tribes visit the forest annually, generally encamping in the same place, and remaining about the same period. Truly it may be said of them, that while they never forgive an injury, a benefit is rarely forgotten. But the evening is far advancing towards night; the tall boles of the trees are standing forward like sentinels against the sky; the rabbits have picked up courage, and are frolicking in the gloom; scarcely a note is heard from the tuneful covert; only the solitary cry of the night-hawk, and the pale white lamp of the glowworm; silence and repose are spread over all, save where a stray zephyr brings on its wings a dirge from the distant ocean, or the damp fresh smell of the sod rises like an evening sacrifice. So sleep we soundly,—the glorious earth around us in forest raiment, and the illimitable space of heaven above. horses sweep silently ever the preensward.

one spring - one start, and they are bounding like antelopes over the plain; still are they met on. REED SHINAT ow the keeper has toosed

"This is a thing you do not expect to meet in the forest," exclaimed my companion, as after having wandered on horseback through miles of forest scenery, we found ourselves emerging from the ancient trees on to a wild piece of waste moorland. On a rise before us huge masses of trees again stood prominent, and advancing slowly from a kind of ravine that clothed their sides, a cumbrous vehicle drawn by four horses was seen approaching. Coming thus upon it, with the sturdy foresters walking by its side in their white smock frocks, with long whips in their hands, one was almost tempted to believe that some daring omnibus had tried the tracks of the forest wilds in a desperate speculation of carrying commerce or society from one outlying village to another! In coming nearer, however, the mystery was solved-" Deer Van" was painted on the vehicle in large red letters, and we were soon informed that it was enlisted on her Majesty's service for the capturing of deer for her park at Windsor. It was followed by a miscellaneous assemblage of her loving subjects: one or two light tilted carts driving desperately over the rough broken ground, threatening at each instant to dislodge or dislocate the necks of their occupants; sturdy foresters, with thick oak staffs in their hands, and

may yet live to see cabbage gardens and smoking manufactures

boots deeply bedded with huge iron nails; equestrians on wild forest ponies, themselves as uncouth as the animals they bestrode; urchins with bare feet and ragged raiments fluttering in the wind; and last—but, oh! how far removed from least—one single old deer-hound, led in a string by a forest-keeper on a rustic pony, and evidently glorying in the admiration and regard of the whole field. But now up came the waggons, laden with their weight of nets, and an eager consultation is held, and a small covert of gorze pointed out wherein a herd of deer was supposed to lay concealed. Do you mark that man with the white smock-frock and glowing face, how he is busied in arranging and ordering everybody about. He has been conveyed from the New-road for this especial purpose, and is supposed to be able to capture anything, from a mouse upwards. But now the nets are placed; six feet high or better they stand, forming the circle of a good mile or more, and at each conclusion a long line of feathers, suspended a certain height from the ground, and fluttering wildly in the breeze, are connected with them, in order to make a more certain capture. The deer have risen from the low gorze covert; a graceful herd, with a noble buck a few yards in advance, and with delicate nostril and large mournful eye, appear to be regarding us attentively. They seem like the guardian spirits of the old woods, startled and woke to consciousness by the sound of the hammers beating in the stakes for the nets, and the rough voices of the men.

There is a word of command. We are requested to join in the circle of those men who are to surround the deer and the covert, and drive them into the nets. Slowly, warily, silently, we advance. Large is the circle formed, and horsemen, at several hundred yards distance from each other, are seen gradually drawing nearer into a closer circle. The deer still stand planted—the rays of the sunset fall glistening on the old forest boughs under which the nets are pitched, and the long shadows of the horses sweep silently over the greensward. Now we are near upon them; one spring-one start, and they are bounding like antelopes over the plain; still are they met on every side; and now the keeper has loosed the deer-hound from his hold, and straight as arrow from the bow he has dashed like lightning on his prey; singling out the noble buck from the pack, and seizing hold of his ear, he has pinioned him to the ground. One moment the female herd stand affrighted, looking on; then charging the file of horsemen, they sweep past them, leaping as high as their riders, and rush madly through their ranks, bounding with graceful action back again to their old forest retreats. Now we draw near; the noble buck is loosened from the hold of the hound, and is placed across a lad's back, while two attendant squires are securing his feet on either side. The van is some little distance off, and they are bearing him to it. Yes! take your last view of the glorious old woods, bathed in their sweetest dress. There is a faint touch of green, like a promise and a whisper of spring, hanging around them, and one or two snowdrops have already forced their way through the dead leaves; but there is no promise of future springs for The old trees will be no longer you, O graceful fawn-like band. The old trees will be no longer haunted by your presence—only they will watch in silent sorrow and indignation the march of civilisation; and on the spots where Queen Margaret lay weeping in her sorrow and her retreat—where Rufus fell, and knights and ladies swept by in royal procession, we or our children may yet live to see cabbage gardens and smoking manufactories.

SADDLEBACK.

THE DAISY-MEAD TOURNEY, AND HOW IT ENDED.

BY HEWLEY STAFFORD.

"I HAVE it," shouted stout old Baron Thunderton, as one fine morning in May he jumped out of bed, into the arms of his astonished valet-de-chambre, who was holding in readiness a well-aired shirt, and upsetting him, in a very uncomfortable position, into a footbath filled with water—"I have it," chuckled the baron. His valet, though inclined to question as to who had got it, like a well-bred servant rose from his wet seat, and again offered the garment to his lordly master, who hastily donned that and the other component parts of his daily costume, and without stopping to shave, descended the stairs with rapid and sounding strides, and burst into his breakfast-room, where his daughter, the fair Maud, was awaiting him, ejaculating for the third time, "I have it!"

"What, dear papa?" asked fair Maud, in surprise, not only at his abrupt entrance, but at his disordered appearance, for he was ordinarily

a very prim and regular old baron.

"Never mind, you puss," said the old gentleman.

Fair Maud, like a dutiful daughter, asked no further questions, evidently imagining that her noble papa had gone to bed the wrong way, or got out on the wrong side, or had undergone some other well-known discomposing process—possibly he might have had pork chops for supper. She therefore quietly poured out the beer (coffee not being then understood, as beans were used solely as food for horses), and carved a huge slice out of a venison pasty, which she handed to the old gentleman.

The old gentleman's appetite was, however, not very good. The beer was, and that went down tankard after tankard; but the pasty remained untouched. Some stupendous project had evidently taken root in his

mind, and absorbed his appetite.

At length he suddenly quitted the table, and without saying a word proceeded to his armoury, where sending for the herald—not the newspaper, for such things were yet undreamed of—he bade him go and publish in all the towns in the kingdom the following notice:

"O yes! O yes! Know all good knights and true, that the Lord Baron Thunderton intends to hold a tourney, at his castle of Saddleback, on the second Monday in June, at which all knights are invited to contend

for the hand of the baron's daughter-the fair Maud."

This, then, was what had caused the baron to jump out of bed so sud-

denly, to upset his valet, and had spoiled his appetite.

The truth was, the subject had long occupied the brains of the baron. He was getting into years, and, like a wise man, foresaw that some time or other he would inevitably go the way of all flesh; and it was, consequently, a matter of anxiety as to who should sustain the dignity and state of the barony of Thunderton and castle of Saddleback after his departure. Though he loved his daughter, he had but a feeble opinion of women in general, and deemed them quite incompetent to fulfil the duties of a high station—in his case, by-the-by, not marked by any par-

ticular display of talent. In those times a person's possessions were his or her own so long only as he or she could keep them, and that required a strong hand. As men were by nature more gifted in that respect than women, the baron, after mature deliberation, decided that the only way to ensure the preservation of his estates after he was gone, was to get a husband for his daughter.

A very easy thing to do, it might be supposed; but so thought not Baron Thunderton. Husbands there were to be had in plenty; but good ones were as scarce then as in the present time, and he was determined to have one of the right sort. None of your weak, namby-pamby sort of fellows, but one with a strong arm and stalwart frame, who could hold his

own, and, if need be, some one else's too—if he could get it.

It was the solution of this difficulty that had puzzled the baron's mind for some time past, until that morning when the bright idea above named

had presented itself to him.

Well, the notice was published, according to the baron's order, in all the towns in the kingdom, and created, as might be supposed, considerable excitement—for the fair Maud's beauty and the baron's riches were well known—but nowhere so much as in the breast of the fair Maud herself, who had no desire to be thus put in the market for the best bidder

-or, rather, the hardest hitter.

Remonstrance with the baron was unavailing. He had resolved upon it; and now that he had gone so far, he was determined not to make a fool of any one (except himself), for such, he argued, would be the result if he withdrew from his offer. Besides, he was in favour of it himself. It was his own idea—not an original one by-the-by—and he firmly believed that it was the surest means of getting his daughter a proper husband—for who so fit as a good fighter; as though hard blows were necessarily, as sometimes they are incidentally, the principal ingredients in married life.

"These being my sentiments," he would say, in answer to his daugh-

ter's entreaties, "I'll stick to them." And so he did.

It must not be imagined that the fair Maud had no inclination for a husband; the contrary was the case. But she wished to choose one for herself, and had, in fact, or rather in imagination as yet, already done so, in the person of a gay young knight, who resided within a few hours' ride of Saddleback.

Sir Egbert Alldash, the young knight in question, was tall, slim, of good figure, and a faultless dresser. He was said to consume the greater portion of the day in adorning his person, the result justifying the assertion; the remainder being employed in exhibiting it. So much time bestowed upon his body, it may well be imagined that there was not much left for the cultivation of his mind, which was as barren of intellect as his doublet was fertile of ribbons. His admiration, or love, was unequally divided between fair Maud and her fair possessions; the latter absorbing by far the greater part. He had been refused by the baron, on account of some ancient family grudge; but he had contrived to enlist the lady in his favour, and they had kept up an irregular kind of correspondence by the means known only to lovers in the same situation.

And here was this frightful tournament coming to spoil their fond dreams.

Fair Maud tried to console herself with the hope that her lover would enter the lists, vanquish all opponents, and come triumphantly to claim her, when her father could no longer refuse him. This pleasing anticipation was not, however, without alloy; for faint visions of a noseless, one-eyed, or one-legged suitor—the consequence of the encounter—floated

disagreeably across her mind.

To Sir Egbert, the news of the baron's determination, which might have been expected to have filled him with joy and hope, conveyed much disquietude, for he never professed to be a warrior. The conflict (if we may apply so warlike a term to the emotions of Sir Egbert's peaceful mind) between his fear and his love, or avarice, was great; but the latter at last prevailed so far as to induce him to put himself in training for the joust, which he did immediately, tilting away every day at a wooden figure in his courtyard.

At length the momentous day arrived. Great was the bustle at the castle of Saddleback and in the country around. The castle was situated on a gentle eminence, at the foot of which extended a spacious meadow, called "Daisymead," where the lists were erected, surrounded by the

tents of the knightly competitors.

Foremost among them was the bold Sir Andrew Battleaxe, whose mighty achievements on the plains of Palestine, not having been chronicled, have failed to be remembered; next the gallant Sir Reginald Front-of-Beef, whose knightly spear spitted so many French frogs on the meadows of Cressy, the doughty Baron Gilbert Heart-of-Oak, the brave Sir Alfred Stoneslinger, the gay Sir Egbert Alldash, and a host of others. Had I the pen of the chivalrous Froissart, which, however, has been so often borrowed by other writers that it is now "used up," I might celebrate with justice the renown of these worthies; but my humble quill is able only to give them this brief notice.

The sun rose early that morning, as was its custom at that season of the year; and with it rose every one in the castle of Saddleback, in the tents around, and in all the villages near. The folks at a distance rose

the day before, and travelled all night to be at the lists in time.

At nine o'clock the drawbridge was lowered, and out marched the baron, the fair Maud, his daughter, and a long train of favoured cavaliers, who had been accommodated with a "knight's lodging" in the castle. When they arrived at the lists, the baron and his daughter, with other fair dames—for what is a tournament without ladies' eyes to gaze on the knightly feats?—took their seats in a pavilion at the north end. The knights hastened each to his tent to apparison himself for the fray.

And now all was anxious expectation. The trumpets sounded for the first time, and the heralds entered the lists and made proclamation of the object of the joust, which, it was declared, would be conducted with pointed weapons—and in order to try the mettle of the competitors, the combat was to be à l'outrance. In plain English, they were to "fight it out!" an announcement which caused many of the knights to turn pale, and several, amongst whom, alas! was our friend Sir Egbert, became suddenly indisposed, and expressing themselves to be too unwell to fight that day, took an early opportunity of going home.

The trumpets sounded for the second time; and at each extremity of

the lists appeared a mounted knight, armed cap à pied.

At a third blast of the trumpets the knights set spurs to their horses, and putting their lances in rest, bounded towards each other. A cloud of dust enveloped them, and when it cleared away, one of the combatants was observed stretched on the ground, whilst the other was careering on to the end of the lists, tugging hard at his bridle. The gentleman on the ground was the Baron Gilbert Heart-of-Oak, thus cut down in his prime by Sir Andrew Battleaxe.

Sir Reginald Front-of-Beef and Sir Alfred Stoneslinger next presented themselves, and ran a course, in which Sir Alfred received a grievous blow on the helm from Sir Reginald, which so bewildered his faculties as

to render him non compos for the remainder of the day.

The sport continued in this manner until late in the afternoon, when the combatants were reduced to two, the bold Sir Andrew Battleaxe and a stranger knight of colossal proportions, clothed in a suit of coal-black armour, with a raven's plume surmounting his casque, which, from the jaunty way in which it carried itself, had evident pretensions to be considered a casque of spirit. A huge black stallion, with flaming eyes, bore the dusky knight, and pounded the ground with unceasing strokes, as though asserting his master's invincibility.

Both knights had overcome six antagonists, and the betting was even on them; Sir Andrew's well-earned fame balancing the prodigious size

and strength of his adversary.

The signal was given, and with whirlwind speed the noble horses sprung from their stations. The ground trembled with the shock. Both lances were shivered, but the knights swept on unharmed. They returned on the course, and battle-axe in hand rushed on each other. Alas! for poor Sir Andrew!—with resistless force the dark knight beat down his guard, and by a mighty blow drove him from his saddle to the ground, where he lay without motion.

The trumpets proclaimed the stranger victor of the day; and Sir Andrew was carried to his tent, where, on examination, his skull was found to be fractured, and the leeches shook their heads ominously.

The victor was conducted to the pavilion, at the entrance to which he was met by the baron, who craved his name and quality.

He raised his vizor.

The poor baron tumbled backwards, and a loud shriek burst from the lips of fair Maud, echoed by all the ladies of her company. And no wonder.

The open vizor disclosed a countenance of most villanous appearance; a skin of a deep tawny hue; an eye—only one—bloodshot, and with a hideous squint; a nose of negro build, ornamented with a sabre-cut across the bridge; and a mouth!—did you ever see a wild boar, reader?—if so, you have it without description. He spoke, and his voice was like the rusty clanging of a portcullis chain.

"My name is Sir Horribly Furious; a knight of fortune I am, and a fortunate knight to win so fair a prize;" and he made a vain attempt at

a how

The baron, aghast at this unexpected result of his grand experiment,

stammered forth a few words, to the effect that he was glad to make his acquaintance [which was not true], and hoped to have his company to dinner—an invitation which the knight somewhat boisterously accepted, thereby leading to the inference that dining was not an every-day occurrence with him.

The company left the lists, and wended to the castle, all in most sorrowful humour, except Sir Horribly Furious, who seemed greatly to enjoy

the sensation he had made.

The evening passed off miserably. The baron had lost his spirits; his daughter was in despair; and the rest of the company were afflicted with unusual depression, for the ponderous knight sat heavy on them all—metaphorically, of course. He alone showed signs of enjoyment; he laughed and sang—such songs!—and drank the baron's ale; made vile puns, and did other unseemly things natural to a man of his capacity. Every now and then he addressed himself to the fair Maud, at the same time favouring her with a glance of amorous tendency, which, however, lost considerably of its effect from his deranged optic throwing it very wide of the mark. Bed-time came as a relief to all; but the only person who got a sound night's rest was Sir Horribly Furious.

On the following morning, not receiving any advances from the baron, he gave him a gentle hint. He quietly asked when the wedding-day

was to be.

The baron tried to evade the question, but without effect. He then endeavoured to laugh it off, and spoke of the whole affair as a joke, which was, however, not appreciated by the knight, who swore that he had given his word, and must keep it. He had won his daughter, and he would have her. The baron, thus penned up in a corner, said he'd go and ask her—and away he went, to the astonishment of Sir Horribly,

who could not understand the necessity of such a preliminary.

The fair Maud flatly refused to consent to any arrangement by which the "hideous monster," as she termed him, should be brought into connexion with her. Her words were melted in her tears, for poor little Maud's heart, what between the abandonment of one lover and the unpleasant prospect of the other, was almost broken. "Death, death," she said, with a very uncertain notion thereof, "would be preferable to such a fate."

Such was the answer, couched in somewhat more Chesterfieldian terms,

which the knight received.

He was dreadfully enraged, and swore huge oaths, such as astonished even the old baron, himself accounted a proficient in that accomplishment. Fair Maud was, however, firm, and the baron even firmer, and he went so far as to give Sir Horribly an hour's notice to quit the castle.

Sir Horribly thereupon said he would appeal to the king, which the

baron said he might do, and he would be there as respondent.

To the king they went; and when his majesty had listened to their tale, he declared it a very foolish piece of business, and he hardly knew what to say, but would ask his jester, who was more qualified to give an opinion on such a matter.

The jester was accordingly sent for, and on being informed of the particulars, he was observed to laugh heartily—an unusual circumstance—in which he was joined by the king and his courtiers. He then put

on a very sagacious countenance, which he always carried about with him

ready for such occasions, and proceeded to deliver his decision.

"The facts of this case, from the evidence before the court, appear to be these. You, Baron Thunderton, did appoint a tourney or joust to be held at your castle of Saddleback, upon a certain day in June, at which said tourney, you, the said baron, did offer as a prize to the victor the hand of your daughter, the fair Maud here present."

The baron.—" I did."

The absurd judge.—"You, the said Horribly Furious, having overcome seven knights in the tourney aforesaid, were declared the victor."

Sir Horribly.—" I was."

The absurd judge.—" Then, in the opinion of this court, you are fully entitled to the prize named as aforesaid."

Sir Horribly, who had anticipated Shakspeare. - "O upright judge!

Most wise judge!"

The absurd judge.—" You may, therefore, take the prize so offered, and by you so gained; but inasmuch as the lady aforesaid does refuse to surrender to you the person to which the said hand is attached, it will be requisite to sever it from her body. As that cannot be done without serious hurt and danger to the life of the said fair Maud—which Heaven forbid!—the court holds that the contract does stand over until such time as the fair Maud does cease to live, when the hand shall be dissevered from her body, and be delivered to you, the said Sir Horribly Furious, your heirs or assigns, as the case may then be. And such is our judgment."

At this unlooked-for termination of the absurd judge's speech, Sir Horribly Furious became very purple, and had it not been for the presence of the king, would decidedly have committed a "contempt of court." He, however, ventured to appeal against the decision to his majesty; but he rather warmly expressed his satisfaction at it, and hinted that the less Sir Horribly said the better. So the latter shortly after

sneaked away, and was never seen at court again.

The baron and his daughter were, as may well be imagined, highly delighted, and the former immediately invited the jester to a week's shooting at his castle. The jester, however, having heard of folly being "shot as it flies," courteously declined.

The baron then made his obeisance to the king, who addressed him as

follows:

"Sir Baron, you owe to the wisdom of this most upright judge your escape from the consequences of a most foolish proceeding. Mind and don't do so any more. If you want a husband for your daughter, bring her to court, and lead her into society, which means you will find more

conducive to that end than a silly tournament."

The baron thanked his majesty, and promised to attend to his suggestion. He and his daughter then took their departure; and the old family chronicles relate that, by following the king's advice, the fair Maud obtained at last a good husband, who not only held her possessions with a firm hand, but added largely to them; and she and her husband lived long and happily, and died lamented by a numerous family and a large circle of friends.

FLORENCE HAMILTON.

By Miss Julia Addison,

AUTHOR OF "THE CURATE OF WILDMERE."

CHAPTER XL.

Meek maiden innocence, a prey To love-pretending snares.

BURNS.

FEELING so ill and exhausted that she was scarcely able to undress herself, Florence sought her pillow; but feverish and restless, it was nearly two hours before she at length sunk into a heavy though unquiet slumber. She had slept about twenty minutes, when some one, with no gentle hand, shook her by the shoulder. The sensation mingled with a wretched dream, in which she fancied herself again in the presence of Admiral Harding, in a room from which, try as she would, she found it impossible to escape.

"Oh! in pity, in mercy," she exclaimed, in a voice of suffering and terror, "do not, do not shake me so violently. It is cruel—cruel—un-

manly-"

"Why, who in the world do you take me for?" said Miss Trimmer, in a sharp voice, enforcing her words with another shake. "Routh your-thelf, Mith Hamilton. How can you bear to lie thleeping comfortably in your bed when Lady Theagrove is in the most imminent danger, perhapth dying."

"What!" cried Florence, starting up, and fixing her eyes on the speaker with an expression of horror, while her heart beat almost

audibly, "do I hear aright?"

"I don't know what you hear, Mith Hamilton," said Miss Trimmer, with an angry sneer, "but what I thay is that Lady Theagrove is dreadfully

ill-dying, and withes to thee you before she ecthpires."

"Good God!" faltered Florence, who was now standing beside her, endeavouring to support her trembling limbs by leaning on the back of a chair, "what shall I do? Tell Lady Seagrove," she added, recovering the firmness and presence of mind which never long deserted her, "that I will come to her instantly."

"What is the matter?" said a soft voice, and Gertrude Mumford,

partly dressed, appeared at the door.

"Go back to bed, Mith Mumford," said Miss Trimmer, waving her hand.

"No, no, Gertrude!" cried Florence, wildly; "stay here with me. Lady Seagrove is dreadfully ill, and I—I am distracted."

Her friend was instantly at her side with kind and soothing words.

"Sit down, dear Florence, for an instant in this arm-chair," said Gertrude, placing her in it, "and I will give you a little water. She will come in a moment," added Gertrude, to Miss Trimmer, observing that that lady's presence seemed to make Florence worse, "if you will leave her to me."

Miss Trimmer withdrew, and in a few moments Florence, having be-

come somewhat calmer, dressed hastily, with the assistance of Gertrude, who then accompanied her to Lady Seagrove's room.

"Do not leave me," said Florence, faintly, to Gertrude, as they paused

for an instant at the door.

"Not for the world, dear Florence," said her companion, kindly; and

the two girls entered together.

They found Admiral Harding and Sir Robert Craven in the room; the former pacing backwards and forwards with his eyes fixed on the ground, and the latter standing in moody silence near a table; while Miss Trimmer, with her hands before her face, weeping and sobbing violently, sat in a chair beside the bed of Lady Seagrove, the lower part of whose face was hid by a pocket-handkerchief, although agitation had rendered her pale enough to support the idea of illness, especially when the effect was aided by the feeble rays of a night-lamp, which was the only light in the room. On Florence's entrance, Admiral Harding approached and whispered to his sister.

"Desire Robert to lead Florence to me," said Lady Seagrove, in a

feeble voice.

Sir Robert upon this went up to Florence, who stood motionless at the foot of the bed, leaning on Gertrude, and who, notwithstanding her grief and agitation, looked very lovely; the long, rich, dark tresses, she had not stayed to fasten up, falling over her shoulders, and contrasting well with the graceful white dressing-gown which enveloped her figure. On seeing Craven advance, she sprung forward, and before he could offer her his hand, was by Lady Seagrove's side, inquiring earnestly what she could do for her.

"Nothing, thank you, my dear," was the reply. "I am too ill for

anything to do me good."

Miss Trimmer burst into a violent paroxysm of sobs.

"Has a medical man been sent for?" asked Florence of those around.

"Yeth," answered Miss Trimmer, "although poor Lady Theagrove thaid that it wath no uth."

Lady Seagrove beckoned to her brother, and whispered something that

was inaudible to every one else.

"Your dying friend and guardian," said the admiral, turning to Florence, with less of sternness in his manner than he usually displayed towards her, "wishes to know whether you will comply with the last request she will ever make you?"

"Dear Lady Seagrove," cried Florence, "do not say the last."

"Hush, hush!" said the admiral, impatiently; "do not waste time in making childish speeches, but answer what is said to you. Will you promise to comply with her request?"

Florence turned from him with ill-concealed aversion, and, addressing herself to Lady Seagrove, said gently, "Tell me what it is, dear Lady

Seagrove?"

"Promise first," said the admiral, harshly.

"Tell me," pursued Florence, resolved not to heed him, "and be assured, that if——"

"If!" interrupted the admiral. "If to a dying person, and that person her best friend!—Monstrous!"

"Will you promise, my love?" said the sick lady.

"Forgive me," said Florence, who could not help feeling a presentiment as to what the request concerned-"forgive me, but, oh! do notdo not ask me!"

"Oh, you cruel-cruel girl!" ejaculated Miss Trimmer, with a

convulsive sob between each word.

"For shame!" said the shrill voice of Miss Craven, who had just entered the room, and who, with the exception of the two girls, was the only person present not in the secret.

"Speak, dear Lady Seagrove," said Florence, "and be assured that if

I can comply, consistently with-"

She paused, not knowing how to proceed.

"With your own inclinations," sneered the admiral.

"For Heaven's sake," said Florence, turning to him, "be silent, and suffer me to speak with her for a few moments uninterrupted by you."

Miss Trimmer was here heard to sob out the words, "Prethumptuouth

-impertinent—hard-hearted!"

"Once more," said Lady Seagrove, in a tremulous and agitated voice,

"will you promise?"

"Alas, alas! I cannot," said Florence. "It may not be in my

"But I can tell you it is in your power," growled the admiral.

"Then you are aware what is the request she is going to make me," said Florence, fixing her eyes on him. "Perhaps," she added, "it is made at your suggestion."

The admiral muttered an oath, and then, his face white with rage, ex-

claimed,

"Insolent girl! I only tell you what you ought yourself to feel convinced of-that my sister would not ask you to do anything that was not

in your power."

Distressed beyond measure at the cruel situation in which she was placed, Florence bent down and whispered faintly to Lady Seagrove, "I will promise faithfully anything but to marry Sir Robert Craven."

Lady Seagrove groaned, and, looking towards her brother, said,

"She refuses."

"Refuses what?" said that gentleman.

"To accept my nephew."

Sir Robert, who had all the time remained at some distance without speaking, turned away on hearing these words, and strode out of the room.

All present, excepting Gertrude, who stood at the foot of the bed, pale, and trembling with grief for her friend's trying situation and her own inability to help her, now beset Florence with a host of reproaches, arguments, and entreaties. Half distracted, she turned from them, and,

addressing Lady Seagrove, said,

"You know not how much it costs me to deny a request of yours, made under such circumstances. But, oh! I am sure, if you were uninfluenced by others, your own kind heart would not suffer you to make the request which you call your last-though God grant you are mistaken !- one, to perform which would make her you have ever treated with the fondness of a parent miserable for life."

In justice to Lady Seagrove, it must be told that she was so affected

by this appeal, that, had it not been for her dread of her brother's and nephew's anger, she would have given up the point at once and for ever; but instead of that, she was obliged, in accordance with the lesson she had been taught, to tell the almost heart-broken girl that she perceived she did not love her, and to bid Florence quit her presence, never to enter it again.

"What! drive me away from you at such a time!" cried Florence, with a look of agony. "Surely, surely, you cannot be in earnest! You cannot, cannot think I do not love you—I, who would gladly lay down my life for you. Oh! unsay—on my knees I implore you—unsay those

cruel words."

She flung herself on her knees by the bedside, and buried her face in her hands. Admiral Harding took the opportunity to give his sister a stern look, whose meaning she well understood.

"Yes, Florence," she replied, "I am in earnest. Rise and leave me

instantly; I will not speak to you again."

About a minute passed, and still Florence continued kneeling.

"Do you not hear?" said the admiral. But Florence made no reply. "Are you deaf?" said he, angrily, after another short silence.

Still Florence did not move.

"Well, if you will not rise of yourself, I must assist you," said the admiral, raising her as he spoke from her kneeling position. He placed her on her feet, and spoke sharply to her, but her head drooped, and she heard not his words. She had fainted. Shocked and alarmed at the deadly paleness that overspread her features, he placed her on a couch, and all present sought to restore her; but her swoon lasted so long that they all began to be seriously alarmed, especially Lady Seagrove, who wept so bitterly that Harding, fearful she should betray the plot to Miss Craven by too rapid a recovery, had the still insensible Florence carried into her own room, and sent back Miss Trimmer with a false report that she had revived from her fainting fit.

"Had not the doctor we sent for to Lady Theagrove, better see

Florenth, admiral?" said Miss Trimmer.

"Certainly," he answered.

"After he has seen Lady Seagrove," said Miss Craven.

"Lady Seagrove," observed Gertrude, "says that he can do nothing

for her, and that she will not see him."

"She is right," said the admiral, solemnly. "Lady Seagrove's disorder is better left to nature. Order the medical man to be shown to Miss Hamilton's room instantly, and let me speak to him afterwards."

With considerable difficulty the medical man succeeded in restoring Florence to her senses; but he told the admiral that it was absolutely necessary she should be kept quite quiet, as any agitation, by producing a relapse, might bring on serious ill effects. He gave her a composing draught, and before long, thoroughly worn out both in mind and body, she sunk into a deep sleep, with Gertrude watching beside her.

CHAPTER XLI.

To make that love the fuel
Of the mind's hell—hate, scorn, remorse, despair.

SHELLEY.

"And pray," said Pemberton, the next morning, when he had listened to a modified version of the events of the night—"pray what is the nature of Lady Seagrove's complaint?"

Every one looked perplexed, except the admiral, who, with a solemn

shake of the head, answered,

"The heart, Mr. Pemberton."

"Is she subject to such attacks?" asked Pemberton.

The admiral did not immediately reply, and Pemberton inquired after Florence.

"She ith athleep," answered Miss Trimmer. "The medical man dethired she should on no account be woke."

"And Miss Gertrude, I hope she is not indisposed?"

"No, thank you; but she was so fatigued with being up almost all

night with Florenth, that she is now taking a few hourth retht."

Florence slept on until past noon, when she awoke much refreshed, though very weak and languid. She was much affected by receiving a note from Lady Seagrove, which was written hurriedly, and in pencil, and conveyed to her by Gertrude, for whom Lady Seagrove sent, she being, in her character of invalid, still in bed. It was as follows:

"DEAR FLORENCE—I am not angry with you, though I was obliged to appear so last night. Forgive me for my harshness, and believe me you shall not be tormented any more about this marriage if I can prevent it. Keep up your spirits, and for Heaven's sake burn this as soon as you have read it.

"Your affectionate friend,

"S. S."

With a lighter heart than had been hers for many days, Florence descended to the drawing-room a little before dinner. All the party, with the exception of Lady Seagrove, were assembled there, and she observed that every one seemed to be, for some reason or other, softened towards her. Miss Craven's manner had lost half its usual asperity; Sir Robert abstained from persecuting her with his attentions, speaking in a low and gentle voice when he did address her, which was but seldom; and even the admiral came up and inquired with some show of interest how she was, and begged her to be careful not to over-exert herself. Miss Trimmer was profuse in kind speeches and attentions, but Florence could perceive through them all that she had not forgotten the words of last night, and that her courtesy was only a covering to her dislike. There was a kindness in Pemberton's manner towards her, and an expression of interest and sympathy in his face, that touched her to the The evening passed by no means unpleasantly, and when she retired to rest at an early hour, she owned to Gertrude, that were it not for the vague dread she could not help feeling lest the admiral should really perform the threat he had held out, of suffering Sir Robert to carry her off, she should be tolerably happy.

"I cannot think," said Gertrude, "that you need be under apprehensions on that score. They surely would not dare do such a thing."

"Sometimes I think not," answered Florence, "but at others I cannot help thinking that my fears are by no means groundless; and that perhaps this unusual kindness—I do not mean to include Lady Seagrove's, for I feel certain that she is sincere—is merely assumed to lull me into a false security."

"I do not believe," said Gertrude, hesitating a little, "that they would,

at any rate, dare attempt it while Mr. Pemberton is here."

"No," said Florence; "that thought has consoled me before now, and I live in hope that a week more of inflexibility on my part will weary out Sir Robert's patience, and cure him of his liking for me; that he will put the hint of deserting me and marrying another, which he threw out the last time I refused him, into execution; and that I shall thus be freed

from his persecution for ever."

During the next two days, Florence several times surprised the admiral and Craven in earnest but whispered conference, which her appearance always put a stop to; and she thought she observed a slight shade of embarrassment in the manner of each on these occasions. This excited her suspicions, and she grew nervous and anxious. Although somewhat better, she was very far from well in health, and now every sudden noise, or even the unexpected entrance of a person, would make her start and tremble.

One day, the third after the unsuccessful performance of the plot just related, Pemberton, happening to come somewhat hastily into the room where she was sitting alone, was struck with the discomposure this circumstance occasioned her. On his remarking it, she gladly took the

opportunity of telling her fears and their cause.

"I think," he said, when he had listened attentively, "that you need not be uneasy; and I will tell you why. Craven, who often favours me with his confidence, told me this morning that he was now convinced you were inexorable, and had therefore resolved to give up all hope of your hand, at any rate for the present; that he could perhaps renew his suit at some future time, when you might be touched by his faith and constancy, supposing, in the mean while, he had not been tempted to marry some one else, which he thought not improbable. I, of course, applauded his spirit, quizzed him a little about being a rejected lover so long, and reminded him that there were many girls who would be proud to be his wife."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," cried Florence. "You have almost set

my mind at ease."

"Why not quite?" asked Pemberton, kindly.

"Because—because—" said Florence, hesitating. "I hardly know why—some sudden freak, some suggestion of the admiral's, who, offended by my obstinacy, as he terms it, is, I know, although he now disguises it, very bitter against me."

"But the admiral, Craven told me, has changed his opinion; that is to say, he thinks you have proved yourself undeserving of so good a match,

and advises his nephew to think no more about you.'

Florence had only just time to repeat her thanks, when Lady Seagrove entered.

Notwithstanding these assurances, she still did not feel quite easy, and

it was in vain that she tried to argue away her remaining fears as foolish

and groundless.

Lady Seagrove, distressed at her pale looks, begged her to resume the walks by the sea-shore, which she had lately discontinued. Florence did not immediately reply; but Pemberton, observing her hesitation, and guessing its cause, said,

"I will undertake to show Miss Hamilton some picturesque views, which will compensate for the trouble and fatigue of walking, if she will

accept my escort."

"A double inducement," said Lady Seagrove. "Florence, my dear,

will it not tempt you?"

Florence smiled her assent, and that very afternoon, accompanied by Gertrude and Pemberton, she took as long a ramble as her strength would permit. For several days they went out regularly, and Florence now looked forward to these walks as the pleasantest event of the day.

"Was ever anything so provoking?" said Craven to Admiral Harding, the afternoon of the same day that this conversation occurred. "Lady Seagrove has asked Pemberton to stay with us till our return to Seagrove Hall, which you know is to take place next Saturday, in consequence of the doctor's saying that the air here is too keen for Florence. As we do not dare trust my aunt, it is impossible even to ask her to make any excuse for letting him go first; so what the deuce is to be done? I had almost made up my mind to risk the attempt."

"My good fellow," said the admiral, "as I told you before, it is quite absurd to make such a terrible bugbear of this young man. He is not in

love with the girl."

"But a man for whom he has a most wonderfully romantic friendship is," said Sir Robert; "and as he would more than suspect the elopement was against her will, he would be quite ready to fight her battles. Yes, and he would fight them well, too, for he is a spirited fellow as ever was. Neither of my aunts would head a vigorous pursuit, however angry they might be. They would work themselves into a state of violent excitement and hysterics, and send off the servants to look for us, but servants and women I do not care a rush for."

"If I were in your place," said the admiral, "I should have a peculiar pleasure in carrying away the young lady from under his very eyes. It

would give additional zest to the exploit.'

"Pshaw, pshaw," said Sir Robert, angrily; "I incur danger enough by braving the law, and becoming liable (under the most lenient view of the case) to three years' imprisonment, with hard labour, for an outrage on the liberty of Florence. You may be ignorant of the law, as it affects forcible abduction; but I, who am in the habit of sitting on grand juries and at quarter-sessions, can tell you that the offence is punishable by transportation for life."

"Who would prosecute you, foolish boy?" said the admiral. "Not Lady Seagrove—not Florence, if you were once fairly married to her. Even in case of failure, your near relationship to her guardian would make her very reluctant to disgrace you. Besides, women of delicacy don't like, for their own sakes, to make their affairs public. But if you have a spark of spirit, energy, or contrivance, you will not—you

cannot fail."

"Do you think so?" said Sir Robert, eagerly.

"I am sure of it," answered the admiral. "This place," he pursued, "possesses a combination of advantages. You are close to Scotland; no one knows you; the roads are solitary. While at Seagrove Hall, or indeed almost anywhere else——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Sir Robert, impatiently; "of course. Nobody, out of Bedlam, would think of forcibly running off with a woman from Seagrove Hall. It is insane enough to attempt it from

here. However, it must be now or never."

"That's clear," said Harding. "You must make up your mind

to-day."

"Being so madly in love with the girl," said Craven, "and feeling, as I do, that I can never be happy without her, I——" he paused some moments, and then said, resolutely—"I have made up my mind. I will hazard all risks. Come, let us walk out where we may be secure from interruption or listeners, and discuss our plans fully. The elopement must come off the day before that fixed for our departure. Let me see—this is Tuesday. We have only two whole days to arrange everything."

OUR TOWN.

BY C. ANTHONY.

Our town is delightfully situated in a golden valley, watered by one of the most beautiful rivers in England. It is true we are some long distance from railways, and rather a century behind other people, but we are fond of old-fashioned ways and old-fashioned things, and we look upon "Reform" and "Free-trade" as highly dangerous, and opposed to church and state. We know ill-natured remarks have been made about us, "That we have gone to sleep," "That the world has left us behind," &c. &c., with sundry other encomiums which we do not regard. It is true our golden days of posting are over, and we know we have less coaches running through than formerly. But we are not a whit the less prosperous, as any one could tell who had known us in those palmy days. It is said that "our town" has not grown for these many years, and that it is the same size now as it was in the days of our forefathers, who sleep peacefully in the churchyard; but then it has not shrunk any, and if we are not progressing, we are not retrograding. Neither do we love this progress in our hearts, for our gentry tell us that it smacks of steamengines and rebellion.

We do confess we are rather overdone with young ladies and old maids, for when our youth grow up to men's estate, they leave us, as they cannot procure a livelihood in our small town, either by profession or trade. As old maids preponderate, this accounts for scandal doing the same; and we know there is not a tea-table in our town but is well acquainted with, and talks over, the business and doings of every inhabitant. They say we are overdone with lawyers too, who fatten on the poor farmers; they compare them to the lions and the jackals. They say the lions are the few who take the great run of the legal business, and the jackals

those who come in for the smaller fry.

The élite of our town consists of doctors, lawyers, half-pay captains who never smelt powder, and poor country gentry, who eke out their miserable incomes by the strictest economy. An income that would make but a sorry figure in the west end of London, does great things in

our town, where everything is very cheap; and a great many poor genteel have found this out, and settled down in our beautiful neighbour-There is a great line drawn between them and the shopkeepers, which is kept up as reverentially as the Sabbath-day. We have been told that the gentry rule among us like petty princes, and that our fawning and cringing has brought us to the treatment of the feudal days of old. We have heard, that when they leave their own domains, and mingle with the busy world in large cities, that they become as insignificant as a lost needle in a bundle of hay; and that the swarming crowd will make no bones of jostling them, if they stand in the way. We hear, too, that the world, in its mighty progress, makes no count of such; and that doctors, lawyers, and half-pay captains, are as common and as thick as flies upon the busy earth. But we do not credit such ill-natured rumours, and we still love to reverence the élite of our town. It is true, alas! that we have beauties in our town who are getting passee,—the daughters of gentlemen too poor to blaze away in London for a season, to give them a chance. Thus, "many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air." Courtship with us lasts seven long years, and sometimes double that. We know of one affair that commenced when we were children, and it's going on now. We

have heard that the lovers are waiting for prospects.

There are two churches in our town, and a Wesleyan and a Baptist chapel. The chapels took the lead some time back, as they were sending out missionaries to teach the Caffirs humility and obedience. But they have got two new ministers at the churches, and the people have rushed back for novelty. Our town, in the middle of the day, is hushed and still; not a creature to be seen sometimes, either up the streets or down the streets. On winter nights, our gas burns blue, and the people are continually putting the fault upon the burners. We have heard it darkly whispered about, that they who ought to take the lead, and move for a purer supply, are the very parties interested in its feebleness; who cheerfully submit to be in outer darkness, for the benefit of their pockets. We are occasionally enlivened by the arrival of a wonderful wizard, a panorama, or concert singers; but this is not very often, and the concert singers always do poorly. We must confess we are not a musical people, but we can support a panorama, a wizard, or a circus, well. Richardson and his talented sons visited our town once, with their rock band. They played the more beautiful pieces, from "Anna Bolena," "I Puritani," &c., with selections from Beethoven and other great masters, but they played to empty benches, for the people were flocking to see the panorama. We fear they will never trouble our town again.

Ours is the county town, and the assizes twice a year put a little life into us for a time. A week before, the good housewives may be seen brightening up their dwellings, preparing for the men of briefs. About this time, too, the knot of idlers begins to increase at the druggists' and chemists' shops. For the last three days we have been quite gay, and the arrival of the judges, escorted by javelin-men, caused tremendous excitement; but we are getting a little calmer now, as the bulk of the business is nearly over. It is the last day. The barristers that hurried to and fro in flowing garments have mysteriously disappeared. The witnesses that thronged the streets have gone back to their homes. The crowd has vanished. The last carriage has just driven away, and our

town once more is buried in its usual repose.

LADY PLACE; OR, THE CONSPIRACY.

BY W. H. BAKER.

II.

As both Frederick and Miss Transom felt a disinclination for further dancing, they seated themselves near Emily, and engaged in an animated conversation, and even the latter forgot her grief in listening to the fascination that Hampden never failed to display when his feelings were excited by the subject on which he discoursed. At the present time he seemed to exert all his efforts, and to call forth all his powers of pleasing, but for which of the fair beings beside him all this exertion was made could hardly be decided on by an observer, though to Emily the case, in her present frame of mind, was clear enough, and in spite of her endeavours to display an unconcern that was far from being real, there was a languor in her conversation, and an unconnectedness in her observations, that struck a sympathising chord in the hearts of her listeners, and caused Hampden to inquire the reason. His words were simple enough in themselves, but there was something so kind and affectionate in his manner, so different to what she had experienced at any former part of the evening, and yet so like the solicitude he was wont to exhibit towards her when in the gay circles of London, that she felt as if her heart must burst, and it was not without the utmost difficulty she could so far master her emotions as to reply with calmness that she had been rather unwell before joining the party. Had the lovely but dejected speaker possessed courage to look in the face of him she was addressing, she would have seen therein such strong traces of sympathising regret in every line of his strikingly-handsome countenance, as would have excused her for thinking that her power over him was still stronger than she imagined. But, although in the innocency of her heart she had hitherto never felt abashed in the presence of Hampden, or any other of her swains who had bowed at the footstool of her beauty, yet the recollection of her interview with Miss Transom, and of the positive manner in which she had disclaimed any interest in Frederick's affection, had changed her strength into weakness, and she now felt as timid as the young dove when first it leaves its parent-nest.

While the moments thus flew unheeded by, the sound of a deep-toned bell came booming over the river, and when the cessation of the music caused its vibrations to be distinctly heard, Hampden started like a person who is suddenly reminded of some neglected duty. Recovering himself in an instant, and being satisfied, from a glance he cast around, that his emotion had not been noticed, he quietly rose from his seat, and apologising to the ladies, whose agreeable society he averred had made him unconscious of the flight of time, he declared that he must tear himself away to keep an engagement at some distance, but that he hoped to rejoin them at the dinner-table on the morrow. He further begged that his absence might not be mentioned or commented upon, for reasons which were all-important, and which they would learn at some future time.

Soon after Hampden had quitted the ball-room, Miss Transom proposed that as several of the gentlemen had already left, and the dancers were still in the midst of their enjoyment, they should put on their cloaks, and enjoy the beauties of the soft moonlight that was dancing on

the unruffled surface of the river. The observation that several gentlemen had departed was true; and Emily learnt, on inquiry, that the Earl of Danby had been seized with a violent headache, and had retired to his own apartment. Lord Lovelace had sprained his ankle, and had been conveyed to "Lady Place." Lord Delamere had been sent for by a courier, who came on a steed covered with foam, and had quitted Harleyford without stopping to change his dress; and as for Hampden, she was

informed that he had gone nobody knew whither.

The two friends in a short time sallied forth and sauntered by the river-side; but they had not been many minutes there before they were startled by seeing a boat stealthily glide out from under the boughs of a tree that overhung the steep bank, and float down the river, propelled by a single individual, who was evidently desirous of escaping the observation of the curious. For this purpose he kept close to the Harleyford side of the stream, intending, it would seem, to gain the shelter of an osier-bed at some little distance, where he might cross the river without being observed from the house. The boatman had muffled his oars, so that their motion in the rowlocks emitted no sound, and they dipped in the water as noiselessly as if they met with no resistance from the fluid; so that, as the ladies gazed upon the tidy bark, with its seemingly motionless boatman, a little superstitious feeling might easily have induced them, if the night had been darker, to suppose they were attracted by something supernatural; but as the silvery moonlight fell upon the rower, Emily, with an exclamation of astonishment, recognised the old man who had startled her horse the day before.

The sound of a human voice roused the boatman at once to activity. He sharply turned his head in the direction whence it had proceeded, and at the same instant, by a dexterous stroke, he gave his little skiff an impulse towards the middle of the current, but seeing only ladies, he rested on his oars, and taking off his hat in token of respect, bade them good night. Emily inquired what was his business so near Harleyford, at a time when it would seem more in accordance with his age to have been quietly in bed. In reply, he informed her that he had been assisting the keeper to take some fish for the morrow's dinner, and had been de-

tained longer than he expected.

The next moment his boat was again in motion; but before he could trim it against the force of the stream, Mr. P——, the gentleman who was suspected as a government spy, and who had approached unobserved, suddenly sprang to the water-side, and first apologising in a most courtly manner for intruding on the privacy of the ladies, he hailed the old man, and desired him to ferry him over the water. The boatman, in a dissatisfied tone of voice, begged to be excused, as his boat was only intended to carry one; besides, there were other boats in the boat-house, and he was already later than he wished to be on his return home.

"I'll tell you what it is, my good fellow," said Mr. P——, "your laudable impatience to get to bed must for a short time be controlled; time is of more importance to me than to you just now, so put your boat to the shore instantly, or," levelling a pistol, which he drew from a side-pocket,

"by Heavens, I'll stop your progress with a brace of bullets."

"Hold," cried Emily, indignantly, and seizing the uplifted arm; "you strangely forget yourself, sir, to dare to act thus on my uncle's grounds." "My dear Miss Mandeville," replied the gentleman, very coolly, but

with every possible courtesy, and still keeping the boatman covered by his weapon, "do not think harshly of me for pursuing a course which necessity alone compels me to adopt. Believe me, I would not willingly hurt that old man, neither can it delay him very long to carry me towards "Lady Place," whither I am going; the distance is short, and my purpose brooks no obstruction that even the exercise of severity may remove; besides, I will remunerate him well for his trouble. Perhaps it may reinstate me in your good opinion," he continued, "if I say that I have his majesty's sign-manual for my authority. It has been rumoured in London that a meeting of the friends of the Prince of Orange was to be held at Harleyford Manor; but from what I have observed to-day, I am convinced that such a report was only circulated to mislead; and as I have long had suspicions respecting the proprietor of "Lady Place," I wish to learn whether my suspicions are correct or not."

"If you had told me you were a king's messenger at first," said the old man, in a grumbling manner, "you need not have wasted so much time nor so many words. Come, jump in, but steadily, or we shall both visit the eels."

"Why, surely," cried Emily, in some alarm, as she remembered that Hampden was one of the prince's friends, "you would not assist in betraying those who never wronged you."

"Oh, bless you, my lady," returned the old man, "I am too old to meddle with politics; but the king's word is a tower of strength, and must be obeyed."

With these words he plied his oars with such vigour, that the little boat shot rapidly through the water and disappeared behind one of the islands that stand midway between the two banks. Emily and Miss Transom then returned to the house, for neither of them felt inclined to prolong their walk, as the incident that had just occurred had given them both food for reflection. They were very indignant, though from different motives, at the mercenary spirit of the old man; but they deemed it prudent not to say anything about it, lest they might innocently bring trouble upon those they loved.

While the ladies were returning to the house, the little boat sped on its rapid course, and was in a short time run into a narrow creek where it could remain in security, when the unwelcome visitor, dropping two pieces of gold into the boatman's hand, stepped on shore, and proceeded to make a tour of inspection around the mansion. No sooner had an angle of the building hidden him from the sight of the old man, who watched his motions with great apparent interest, than the latter, with an agility altogether incompatible with snowy locks and a bending form, bounded towards a small postern in one of the walls. Here he knocked twice in a peculiar manner, and then the door, swinging noiselessly back, gave him admittance.

With the readiness of one quite familiar with the topography of "Lady Place," he threaded passage after passage, until at length he arrived at a stone staircase, on the top of which was a gallery leading to several apartments. Before one of these he paused, and knocked in precisely the same manner as he had done at the postern, when it instantly opened as if by magic, and he entered a spacious room in which a number of gentlemen were seated round an antique table of polished oak. The room was not well lighted, and the appearance of the new comer was evidently

unexpected; for the gentlemen all started to their feet, and swords and pistols flashed before his eyes, and seemed to threaten instant destruction; but these weapons were as quickly put out of sight, and the knitted frowns of determination changed to smiles of welcome, when the old man, dropping his long garb from his shoulders, and throwing off his hat and wig, to the latter of which a venerable beard was attached, stood

before his astonished friends as Frederick Hampden.

As soon as the excitement caused by his transformation had passed away, he mentioned the fact of his having brought over a spy, who was even then without the walls, and would, in all probability, soon demand admission. This intelligence at once banished from every countenance all traces of jocularity; and after a hasty consultation, it was suggested that some of the present party should go out disguised as servants, and seize Mr. P—— as a poacher and confine him, in spite of all expostulations, until the morrow, when the meeting would have broken up, and he might be liberated without fear of consequences. This expedient was successfully carried out, and in a very short time the individual in question, notwithstanding his resistance and threats of punishment, was disarmed and

safely locked up in a strong but comfortable room.

Having thus secured themselves from all further interruption from the machinations of the spy, the gentlemen who had effected his capture rejoined the party, and then, having secured the door of the apartment, they were conducted by Lord Lovelace through a secret panel which opened into a dark passage, and thence to a narrow flight of steps that conducted to the vaults underneath the mansion. In silence they waited until their conductor had opened a massive door, whose panels were studded with huge nails, and they then entered a large dungeon-looking place, imperfectly lighted by means of a brass lamp that hung from a rusty hook in the ceiling. Here, feeling perfect security from unwelcome intruders, they cast aside the mysterious silence that had hitherto marked their proceedings, and entered forthwith into unrestrained communication.

Rumour, for once, had been pretty near the truth when it hinted at a secret meeting having been convened by the opponents of the existing government. Lord Danby had lost his headache, and was seen busily engaged poring over some documents that were placed in his hands by Lord Lovelace, who moved about with an elasticity that proved how suddenly his sprained ankle had recovered its wonted firmness; while Lord Delamere was quietly seated beside the courier, who, in the person of Mr. Seymour, a stanch friend of the Prince of Orange, had galloped his horse round by Great Marlow, in order to give greater exactness to his

assumed character of a hurried Mercury.

The conspirators—for such in truth they might be termed—proceeded to despatch the business which had called them together. Lord Danby mentioned having received a welcome communication from his son, Lord Dumblaine, in which it was stated that he had conveyed many tenders of fealty to the Prince of Orange from members of the aristocracy, who took no active part in the scheme which was in progress; and from the conjuncture of many fortuitous circumstances, it was believed that the time had arrived for bringing matters to a crisis. Various other despatches, of equal importance and equally encouraging, had come to hand, from Admiral Russell, a cousin of the unfortunate Lord Russell,—from Henry

Sydney, brother to Algernon,—and from the Earl of Shrewsbury; the latter of whom had mortgaged his estate for 40,000L, and had offered his

purse and services to aid in effecting a glorious revolution.

It would not be interesting to mention the minute details of what transpired at this important meeting. Suffice it to say that, although at first there was some diversity of opinion, and conflicting arguments were used before all parties could view the subject in debate with kindred feeling, yet, eventually, they came to a unanimous conclusion. This was, that a messenger should be forthwith despatched to Holland, and an urgent solicitation be made to the Prince of Orange for an immediate descent upon the British coast; and it was further decided that such messenger should remain to accompany the prince, as a guarantee that the parties whose names would be inserted in the credentials with which the envoy was to be furnished, would hasten to join his standard the moment it was unfurled.

Hampden, much to his chagrin, was the member of this secret council fixed upon as ambassador extraordinary to the court of Holland; not that he was lukewarm in the cause, but rather that he was afraid it would interfere with private matters of vital importance to his future happiness. To these feelings, however, he yielded only for a moment, as he remembered that he, in common with others, had taken an oath to perform to the best of his ability any duty which might be imposed upon him by the

majority.

He was to commence his journey on the following day; and, in order to mislead the friends of the reigning monarch, he decided to cross the country to Hull, and there hire a vessel to convey him to the other side the Channel: by which means he hoped to elude the vigilance of those who might be set on his track by the disappointed spy who was then in

durance vile at "Lady Place."

As soon as these arrangements were completed, the party rose from the table, and, being reconducted to the apartment where they had first assembled, they resumed their several disguises, and being quietly let out by the postern through which Hampden had gained admittance, they separated—some going towards Hurley, and others towards Bisham, where they had left their boats, so that in a short time they had reassembled at Harleyford, without any particular notice having been taken of their absence.

Hampden waited until all the others were out of sight, when he sprang into his little boat, and having guided it in silence to the place of concealment from which Emily had seen him emerge, set off immediately for Danesfield, a most romantic residence, about a mile and a half from Harleyford, and where the inmates were anxiously expecting his arrival.

On the following morning Lord Lovelace sat in his judicial chair, to receive the report of his keepers, to whose custody Mr. P—— had been committed, and when it was found that they had incarcerated a gentleman—albeit in a costume that might just as well have suited a nightly depredator in the game preserves—of course his lordship appeared highly indignant at the absurd mistake, and expressed a hope that he had been subjected to no inconvenience beyond the loss of his liberty. Mr. P——had made up his mind to be very angry, and to call Lord Lovelace to an account for the acts of his servants, as he supposed his captors to be; but

he was unable to resist the apologetic kindness of his (supposed) unconscious gaoler, and accepted the offer of breakfast as the best amends that

could be made for his wounded dignity.

While these important schemes were in progress, Emily Mandeville was a prey to every painful anxiety. The occurrences of the preceding day had prevented her enjoying her natural rest, and she rose from her troubled couch, haggard and careworn. She thought, for the hundredth time, upon the doggerel rhymes chanted by the old man upon Bishamhill.

"He must," she said, "have known of my conduct towards Frederick while we were in London; perhaps he read my feelings even better than myself; but whether he spoke from secret knowledge or from chance, it matters not-it was the bitter truth. The shaft has, indeed, 'pierced my heart;' but surely I have never made others feel half the agony that now agitates my own breast. Oh, that my eyes had been earlier opened to the childish folly I have been practising! then I would freely have acknowledged to Frederick, what I now too deeply feel, that my heart was all his own. But it is too late-he loves another; but will she love him as I do? Ah, no! she could not speak to him with that unvarying calmness, if her bosom harboured feelings like mine; she is too cold ever to feel as a woman ought to feel who is blessed with the love of one like Frederick Hampden; and I, who might have been the happy object of his affections, have thrown aside the jewel that was already in my grasp. O Frederick-Frederick! deeply art thou avenged for every moment of uneasiness I have caused thee; and yet, well do I know thy generous heart would be the first to sympathise with me, didst thou conjecture what I now suffer; but thou canst never learn the torturing remorse that sears my brain. Alas! no! to the world I must be cheerful in appearance, as I have ever been, and Frederick will still think me the insensible girl I have too often been considered. None will see the suffering spirit that will be hidden by a smiling brow until my heart is fairly broken, and, were it not sinful, I could welcome death as a glad release from mortal anguish."

Poor Emily's self-upbraidings were, at length, interrupted by a gentle tap at the door of her apartment, and Miss Transom came forward, and began to chide her for being such a sluggard; but when she saw the extreme pallor of her countenance, and saw the traces of much weeping in her tear-dimmed eyes, she changed her tone to one of affectionate interest, and showed that, whatever her feelings towards Hampden might

be, she had still much love remaining for a suffering friend.

"My dearest Emily," she said, "forgive my raillery; I did not know you were again unwell: why did not you ring for me, or send for assistance. Let me desire your aunt to despatch a messenger to Marlow for

Mr. Bell, for I am sure you are seriously ill."

"Nay! pause, I beseech you," exclaimed Emily, with great eagerness, as her friend extended her hand to the bell-rope; "do not let any one besides yourself see me thus, and least of all my aunt. I have been weak and foolish, but am better now. Medicine will do me no good."

"I fear not, indeed," said Miss Transom. "I can see now that it is some severe mental distress that causes you all this pain. I know there are not many about you to whom you might feel disposed to confide the

cause of your misery, but in me you may safely trust. Tell me, I beg of you, what it is that preys upon you so constantly; if I cannot relieve you, I can sympathise with your trials. Come, Emily," she continued, seating herself on the couch beside her, and putting her arm affectionately round the neck of the weeping girl, "whisper your griefs to me."

"O no! not to you—not to you," replied Emily, almost frantically. "I suffer now from the consequences of my own waywardness, and, however hard to endure my sufferings may be, they are but a just punishment for my frivolity. When the poignancy of my self-condemnation shall be weakened, I may disclose what it is which affects me thus; but not now—not now."

At this moment, Emily's attendant came to say that Mr. Hampden was below, and wished to see Miss Transom immediately, as he was unexpectedly obliged to take a long journey. On hearing this, Miss Transom begged Emily to excuse her, promising to return as soon as she could get rid of the "tiresome fellow." She then descended to the library, where Frederick was waiting for her, apparently in no very delightful humour with himself. What was the subject of the conversation that passed between them need not now be mentioned, suffice it to say, that at the close of it the gentleman's face had assumed a much more joyous appearance, and as they were separating, he begged Miss Transom would, if possible, induce Emily to permit him to pay his respects to her previous to his departure. Miss Transom, without exhibiting the slightest possible symptom of jealousy at such a request, left the room, and in a short time Emily herself appeared, but with a faltering step and downcast look, so different to the manner in which she used to meet him, that he could not fail to be acutely sensible of the change, though there was an expression on his countenance rather allied to joy than to condolence.

"I have solicited this interview, Miss Mandeville," said Hampden, as soon as he had lead her to a seat, "to express my sorrow that I am obliged to quit your delightful circle so suddenly. I did not think when I made a similar excuse last night, that my wayward destiny would so soon again take me from Harleyford Manor; but circumstances which I cannot control make it necessary for me to depart, without any certainty as to the exact period when I shall revisit the land of my birth."

"Are you then going to leave England?" said Emily, in a tone of the deepest despair, while her lip quivered with the emotions that were struggling within her.

"I regret, for many reasons, to say that such is the case," replied Hampden; "and yet I know not that I ought to regret it, since the hopes I once formed have been altogether destroyed. Still, if I may not be happy myself, I trust I shall ever derive gratification from witnessing the happiness of my friends, amongst whom I am proud to number Miss Mandeville. I am now more than ever solicitous of being honoured with that title, as my only excuse for the liberty I am about to take. I have witnessed with the deepest concern, my dear Em—Miss Mandeville, that you have some cause of mental disquietude; and if I may, without presumption, claim to deserve your confidence, I do assure you, my very life itself should be devoted to your service."

"I am truly sorry," said Emily, after a short pause to recover herself,

"that I have caused you a moment's concern on my own account. I may not, however, deny that my spirits have been affected, but I hope to be better soon. I thank you sincerely for your sympathy, which was no more than I expected from your generous kindness; but as I feel that my present depression is the result of my own conduct, I cannot, at least not now, explain the cause. Still, I thank you, Mr. Hampden, indeed I do. I feel that I have not deserved at your hands the forbearance you have manifested towards me."

"Nay, Miss Mandeville, do not so wrongfully accuse yourself; say,

rather, that I was presumptuous, and-"

"No—no! Mr. Hampden," interrupted Emily, with startling quickness; "do not humble yourself—that I cannot bear. I did not know until lately how deep a wound may be inflicted by a word spoken at random, or a look less kind than usual, and I cannot allow you to depart without craving your forgiveness for all the vexations I have caused you. And now," she continued, holding out her hand, "we part friends, do we not?"

"Can you doubt my joyful acceptance of so valued a gift as your friendship, Miss Mandeville? It will be to me a solace when I am far from my native land—when I shall stand upon a distant shore, and feel the gentle breeze winging its way towards this happy isle, my soul will be in that breeze, and soar aloft toward the friends I have left behind me. But I hear the tramp of my horse, which warns me that I may not tarry longer. To me the word 'farewell' has ever a melancholy sound, and the more so, as I once hoped—pardon this allusion to the past, it is the last I shall ever make—that our parting might have taken place under far different feelings. Adieu, Miss Mandeville," he continued, taking her trembling hand within his own; "may every happiness attend you. Farewell."

Emily replied not in words. She had been struggling to restrain her feelings while Frederick was speaking, but the struggle was too violent to last. She heard Hampden's farewell—it might be the last time they would ever meet—and to part thus was the extreme of agony. Thought followed thought with indescribable swiftness, and now from Frederick's concluding words she imagined she was not altogether sunk so low in his esteem as she had feared; but to discover this now only added to the poignancy of her grief, by showing her that when she considered him justly offended with her conduct, she might still have retained him at her side if she had not falsified the state of her feelings to Miss Transom. Remorse, however, was now too late—the bond of union was broken, as she felt her heart would soon be. She rose, and extended her hand to return the last farewell; but unable longer to endure the violence of her emotions, she sank again upon the couch and burst into tears.

Hampden was in an instant by her side, and again taking her hand,

exclaimed, with passionate tenderness,

"Miss Mandeville—Emily—what means this emotion? Why these scalding tears? In mercy speak. Can it be possible that I have been mistaken in your sentiments? Will you not say one word to me? My moments here must be few—very few; do not, then, I beseech you, let me go away in doubt. Believe me, in spite of your—pardon the expression—somewhat unkind treatment, I have never ceased to love you—my

heart is all your own, and if rejected by you, must be desolate for ever."

It was some moments after Hampden had ceased speaking before Emily could sufficiently command herself to give utterance to words. She was sensible that the present was not a time to be silent from any motives of false delicacy, and yet she felt the humiliating effect of the confession she had to make; but, aware that her future peace of mind might depend upon the words she should utter, she raised her beautiful

eyes towards Hampden's face, and said,

"Mr. Hampden, did I not know from numberless proofs the exceeding generosity of your disposition, I should be more-far more-ashamed than I feel at present in exposing my own weakness. I thought you had long ago read my heart so well as to leave you in no doubt as to the state of my affections. I had the fullest confidence in your fidelity, and, knowing my own heart, I, perhaps, foolishly believed my waywardness could never alienate your trust from me. Before I left London, however, I was made sensible of the folly of my own conduct, particularly in reference to my cousin, but I hoped an opportunity would be afforded me at Harleyford of explaining all to your satisfaction; and, believe me, Mr. Hampden, if such an explanation had taken place, you would have had no further cause of complaint. A different state of feeling, however, was excited in my heart by a fancy which took strong possession of me, which was that you had conceived a sudden partiality for Miss Transom, whom, you may remember, we had only just met. I was hurt to think you could so soon change, and therefore, when Miss Transom asked me if I was attached to you, I misstated the nature of my own feelings; scarcely were the words uttered before I was made to feel the just punishment for my want of candour; for Miss Transom acknowledged that if you continued your attentions to her, they would not be discouraged. From that moment, life has been a burden to me. I could no longer offer the explanation I had intended, without acting unkindly towards Miss Transom, and this I was determined, whatever might be the consequences to myself, not to do; neither should I have spoken thus unreservedly, if your words had not led me to hope—that is—I mean, to believe, that there was some mistake in regard to your attentions to Miss Transom."

"And may I hope," said Hampden, his whole countenance beaming with gratification, "that if I can prove to you that your friend, so far from wishing to alienate me from you, is most desirous—strange as such an announcement may appear—of seeing you mine, you will accept my

offered love?"

"Frederick," replied Emily, with a most winning softness of manner, "it would be worse than folly, after what has taken place, to deny that on your love my happiness depends. Prove that I may receive it with honour, and I am yours for ever."

"Then thus I remove all doubt," was the gratified exclamation that met her ear as Hampden rang the bell and desired a servant to inform

Miss Transom to grant them a few moments' conversation.

Miss Transom appeared almost immediately. Hampden met her at

the door, and, taking her hand, led her up to Emily, saying,

"Dear Emily, the time for masquerading is, happily, now over. Allow me to take the right—though not a husband's—of changing this lady's

name, and introducing her as she would have been at first, but for her own wilfulness, in which she compelled me to join, as Miss Louisa Hampden—my sister."

A silence of some moments ensued, which was broken by Miss Hampden, who affectionately embracing the bewildered but delighted Emily,

said:

"I feel, my dear Miss Mandeville, that perhaps some apology is necessary for the little plot I have formed against you; but whatever you may feel on learning that there has been a plot, let me assure you that Frederick has been only a passive instrument in my hands, and very great difficulty had I to induce him to gratify my whim, for he seemed almost as obstinately bent on consummating his own misery as another person, who shall be nameless, was of increasing hers. I was confident that without such contrivance as that which has happily been attended with such blessed results, the brother I so dearly loved might be rendered miserable for life; and even when I had obtained Hampden's promise of secresy it was no easy matter to restrain him from making a full avowal of the whole The dénouement of our domestic drama has, however now transaction. taken place, and let me hope, my dear Emily, that you will pardon whatever may have seemed cruel, and remember at the same time that it was to promote the happiness of one dearer to me than all the world beside."

While Miss Hampden was speaking, Emily at first felt symptoms of anger at having been played upon, but there followed the recollection that, but for some such stratagem, she would have lost one upon whom she had fixed her holiest and purest affections, and therefore, when Miss Hampden concluded, Emily threw herself on her bosom and shed tears of

joy unutterable.

Months passed away, and great changes were wrought in the destinies of England, and in the position of some of the characters in our little story. Hampden, after many hair-breadth escapes from spies who dogged his steps, found means to pass over into Holland, where he was received by the Prince of Orange with the most flattering marks of distinction. Having declared the object of his mission, and particularised the political importance of the noblemen who promised to join him as soon as he set foot upon English ground, he had the gratification of receiving the prince's acquiescence to the wishes of the English people.

The result is matter of history, but it is not so well known that two of the brightest ornaments of the court of Queen Mary were Mrs. Frederick Hampden and her sister, Louisa, towards whom her affection every day increased. Often, in their hours of retirement, did they recur to that eventful period which they had passed at Harleyford, and as frequently did Emily rally her amiable lord upon his first, and, we believe, his last, attempt at fortune-telling; for she soon found out that the old man on Bisham-hill and her young husband were identical. Instead of dabbling in palmistry, Hampden was called to the councils of his king, and shared in those distinctions which were liberally bestowed upon the members of the LADT PLACE CONSPIRACY.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

Ar one of the watering-places-not one of those long wooden troughs, filled with a semi-transparent liquid which, with a portable manger and a wisp of hay, stand by roadside inns that are houses of call for waggoners, &c .- but at one of the sea-side towns, in genteel and gentish slang, watering-places—one as patrician and as plebeian as any in the good county of Sussex; a place where the sun burns a hole in your back when going to the west, and the wind blows the eyes out of, or a little further into, your head as turning to the east; where visitors on horseback gallop in heaps along the ride, or on foot saunter singly upon the promenades; where timid women dare the dangers of the invalid's chair, smiling amid the wheels of contending carriages, or complacently regarding the proximity of heels of vicious horses; where there is little company and less retirement; where the only thing at all consistent is the theatre, which is always "to let," only when it is "to be sold;" at this place, that spite of wind and weather is a healthy spot, and with all its dulness pleasant to live in? no; to visit at. Well, at this town I have briefly attempted to describe, in one of the fashionable streets—a street that should have been called a hill, and one that was dedicated to a saint-dwelt Mr. Thomas Carver.

Mr. T. Carver was an eating-house keeper: smile not at his occupation; humbleness has its objects, its duties, ay, and (let's have the pet word of the times), its mission, and eating-house keepers "may point a moral or adorn a tale," as well as Charles the Twelfths.

Mr. Carver owned a pretty good shop and a pretty good business, the staple articles of which consisted in beef, mutton, and ham, varied occasionally with sausages and soups, and at intervals by dried or salted

tongues.

He was a sad-looking, emaciated man, thin as—as his knife; which latter, from constant use and repeated frictions, had become but the mere line of a knife, and yet was as keen as—as its master. I could find no better simile for the man than the knife, nor can I for the knife than the man; they each looked so worn, and were both such very sharp blades.

The eating-house keeper, although bearing the character of a respectable tradesman, delighted in practices more honoured in the breach than the observance. What one set of men think "clever," another class call a "swindle;" such is the extreme of opinions. Mr. Carver would "take in" his best friend, did his best friend give him the chance; and in sober earnest, had so "done" every one, that his whole acquaintance had cut him, and Mr. Carver was alone in his glory to "pick up" the world in general and the first comer in particular. Indeed, Mr. Carver's practices were like his looks—mean.

The next door to the cook-shop had for a considerable time been to let, much to the dissatisfaction of Mr. Carver, who disliked the deserted appearance of the premises, and wished for a new tenant to the house in question, in hopes of a new practice; the old or late tenant having experienced more than once during his occupancy the particular sharpness

of his neighbour's questionable dealings.

Houses do not remain uninhabited for ever, unless they get into Chancery, and then they stand empty and useless till they fall down from neglect and decay, and the Lord Chancellor adjudicates upon the ruins, meanwhile the rightful owner, and the too late gainer of a verdict, occupies the county madhouse, or the common side of a prison.

Such is the law in the nineteenth century !!!

So weeks passed, or months, or it might have been years, till Mr. Carver, upon seeing the bills of "To let" out of the windows and off the door, came to the natural conclusion that somebody had taken the house. But who?—that was the question. Mr. Carver, like most melancholy people, resembling the birdfancier's jackdaw, that "was not much of a one to talk, but a devil to think," wasted hour upon hour in the futile attempt to guess at, or rather right, the new tenant's business. He guessed and began again; he guessed before the house was let and after it was let, at sight of the tenant's face and upon a view of his back; he guessed him by his hands, his feet, his voice, and by the fashion of his hair; and with each conjecture arriving at another conclusion; bestowed, in the whole, upon the unconscious object enough of trades to supply all B——I had almost written the name—to say nothing of fancy businesses, and the legal, medical, and artistic professions.

Of course, as Mr. Carver thought of the tenant, he thought how he might "do" him; and, as was the custom on such occasions, faster and faster flew the knife over the steel, till, with a groan (I will not say an oath—it was so indistinct, one couldn't swear it), Mr. Carver looked to his hand, which, in trying the temper of his blade, he had inadver-

tently cut.

He had been sharpening the back of the knife!

The new comer, Mr. Hazard, was a chance-looking customer, of a certain height,—and I will explain my meaning, by stating the uncertain heights as-very tall and very short; thus I trust the intelligent reader shall be able to fix the standard of Mr. Hazard. He was of a certain figure, too-rather uncertain, I must admit, about the limbs; not that -according to the definition above of "uncertain"-Mr. Hazard's limbs were very long or very short, or too thick or too thin, but one never exactly knew which were the arms or which the legs, or what or where they might be next; at one moment the knees embracing, the ankles together, and the elbows to the side, in the fashion of "the man to be hanged;" anon, cross-legged, like a Turk or a tailor, or all of a heap, or behind the back, or in the pocket, or over chairs, or after the manner of the British sailor at the Surrey Theatre, whose feet are ever as wide apart as inconveniently possible, just as if the legs had quarrelled, and each had taken up a position to the determined discomfort of the other, while the arms thrown back, stiff and straight, form to our eyes a likeness unto nothing upon the earth, or below the water, or in the air, if it be not the sails of a windmill, but which, by the cognoscenti "over the water"-as London calls the land across the bridges-is considered the favourite attitude of the mariner "at ease."

This same gentleman delighted in a redundancy of expression. Mr. Hazard—not the Surrey sailor, whose conversation is a compost of patriotism, gallantry, and oaths—nor could or would assent to anything without

a supplementary "Oh! ha! hum! Yes!" What with reiterations, variations, expletives, &c., Mr. Hazard, if you can reconcile the contrariety, although he talked a great deal, said but little. Mr. Carver was the contrast. With him, "silence was commendable," and a language (?) of signs, the desideratum of social intercourse. He had himself, and with himself, constructed a telegraph of hands, arms, eyes, &c.; but whether the fault of the delineator or the folly of the beholder, Mr. Carver's pantomime, whenever understood, was understood wrongly. People either laughed or swore at him, while one even went so far as to construe or misconstrue Mr. Carver's contortions into a challenge to box, and entered upon the contest immediately. Yet mocked at, abused, or injured, Mr. Carver held to the perfection of his project, and upon all safe occasions delighted in demonstrating its applicability.

Mr. Hazard took possession of his premises, remaining as great a mystery as ever to Mr. Carver, in regard of his business or profession; but that mystery was not destined long to continue one. Mr. Hazard had expressed the want of a house-lamp, and Mr. Carver replying that he had one, "just such as Mr. Hazard wanted," although without the slightest idea of that particular want of his neighbour, the latter, with usual volubility and superabundance of words, there and then completed a blind bargain, which, in after hours, was designated by him "an out-

and-out sell."

Mr. Hazard had set up billiard-tables, and the lamp was a chemist's lamp—an immense affair, with red, blue, and yellow bull's-eyes.

With a hop, step, and a jump, Mr. H. was in Mr. C.'s shop.
"Hallo—old fellow! Why, I say! do you know? Hang it, I'm a
billiard-table keeper."

Mr. Carver stared; it might have been in astonishment, it might have

been the knowledge of what was to come.

Mr. Hazard looked as if he expected an explanation, but he might have looked till doomsday; Mr. Carver, however versed in his own pantomime, had never studied, he never gave any attention to, the expression of others.

So Mr. Hazard was forced to begin again.

"But the lamp—the lamp you sold—the lamp I bought; you know the lamp!"

Mr. Carver bent his head.

"Ah, well! I can't put up that!"

Mr. Carver shook his head.

"All right, then. Oh! ha! hum! yes—I see—you understand. We've made a mistake. Quite so—exactly; never mind—I don't. We shan't die, shall we? You send for the lamp, I'll send for the money, ha, ha, ha!—only as I am here, I'll take it with me, ha, hum! yes—the money."

Mr. Carver found speech. "The money, Mr. Hazard? No-a bar-

gain's a bargain!"

Now, the worst of Mr. Carver's speech was, he meant what he said; there was no mistake about that; and so poor Hazard felt, as he cried, "But it don't suit."

"Can't help that. You wanted a lamp; I sold you one." And Mr. Carver relapsed into a faint smile.

"But," said Mr. Hazard, "you never told me the lamp was a doctor's."

"No; and you never told me you wasn't a doctor."

"Damme!" shouted Mr. Hazard; and he was more like the British sailor than ever—I beg pardon, the Surrey sailor—not that the British one never swears! oh, no! were I to say that, it would be a Wapping falsehood—"damme," roared Mr. Hazard, "but I'll—yes, by Jove, I will—"

Mr. Carver screwed up his mouth into a note of interrogation. But Mr. Hazard, not finding words—a rare thing to him—bounced out of the shop, leaving Mr. Carver to draw his own inference of the hidden mean-

ing in what Mr. Hazard "would."

Mr. Hazard hung the lamp over the entrance to his rooms, trusting in the imaginations of the public to descry some affinity between the red, blue, and yellow bull's-eyes, and the coloured balls used in the noble—as billiard and chess players, cricket and tennis players, with the professors of the noble art of self-defence, delight in honouring their sports—the noble game of pool.

Now, whether the imaginations of billiard-players be stronger than others of the community, I am not prepared to say; but certain it was, that the chemist's lamp nightly drew a company more numerous than select, but one that equally, if not better, answered Mr. Hazard's purpose. Mr. Hazard wisely making no secret of the lamp, the laugh

was as much with as against him.

The eating-house keeper was delighted, nay, he even grew amiable, when, upon quitting the rooms, the players naturally went and peeped into the cook-shop; for he knew why they came, and for once felt himself appreciated. But yet, to his surprise, whenever the spectators' eyes lighted upon any of the food temptingly displayed to the public, a look of distaste followed.

It was strange, it was not once, nor only the visitors from the rooms, strangers ignorant of Hazard or Carver, passers-by, pretty nigh every one had a look at his meats and passed on disprovingly; his old customers shook their heads and went their ways, while the few who entered seemed displeased when served, and came not again.

What could it be?

A light broke upon Mr. Carver; it was—the lamp. The glare from the red bull's-eye falling full upon the meats, made all look raw.

Mr. Carver was in despair; his customers generally were not fond of underdone meat, and the public appeared of the same taste, while those who delighted in the opposite, found out the deception upon purchase, and

bought no more.

Like a—like anything that creeps and crawls—Mr. Carver went to Mr. Hazard, and in a speech so full of cunning, that had not the latter been aware beforehand of the peculiar effect of the red light, he had again been "done," made offer to take back the offending lamp and return the money, to the effect that "neighbours should not be foes."

"Oh! ha! hum! yes," said Mr. Hazard; "playing from balk, I see; but I rather like the lamp—extremely partial to the lamp—owe my present success to the lamp—gave you thirty shillings for the lamp—wouldn't

take thirty pounds for the lamp-and so, you see, I won't sell the lamp."

Mr. Carver was not prepared to pay thirty pounds for the lamp, and finding himself in Mr. Hazard's hands, thought best to enter a compromise, viz., that upon receipt of five pounds sterling, Mr. Hazard should turn the lamp so that the objectionable red light might not enter into Mr. Carver's shop.

Mr. Carver went out of the rooms somewhat in the style that Mr. Hazard entered his shop upon the memorable morning of the quarrel of the lamp; indeed, his whole system appeared changed from his entrance to his exit; he spoke as fast as Mr. Hazard, and faster than he could find words, while his motions keeping pace with his thoughts, outdid the powers and tumbled him down the stairs, and out of the door, and into his shop, where he was seen some hours after dismally looking over the pages of his waste-book.

People did not stop to look into the cook-shop window now, but fled precipitately over the way, horror and fear upon their countenances; while one whose curiosity had deepened into amazement ending in a shudder, shook his fist at Mr. Carver and vanished menacingly.

The blue light was worse than the red; if things seemed underdone in the one, they appeared overkept by the other. Food looked putrid; and as for Mr. Carver, he was like one of the stricken figures in Poussin's picture of the "Plague at Ashdod."

It had a most sickening effect.

There was but one resource, and Mr. Carver knew it—worse for him, Mr. Hazard knew it also; so with feeble limbs and faltering tongue he commenced his plaint, but was cut short by the everlasting—"Oh! ha; hem! yes. Want to change the blue light; well, well! give me the fiver and you shall have—the yellow."

Mr. Carver sunk down helpless; he had been out of the frying-pan into the fire; but what he should get into at another trial he knew not, nor cared to make the experiment. "He was under the cushion and quite safe," as Mr. Hazard said, though Mr. Carver thought anything but the latter.

Mr. Carver would not have the yellow, and Mr. Hazard would have its price; and present loss being preferable to future ruin, the lamp came down for a considerable consideration.

When Mr. Carver next entered his house, he walked mechanically to his books, and entering an item with a sigh, closed the folio, then looking abstractedly across the counter, thought of the day he cut his fingers with the back of that knife lying all so sharp but idle in the balance.

rent success to the lange-may a your sharing a for the land or second that

Wilstown Company a mind and bull widow I and

THE CONFEDERATES; OR, THE DAYS OF MARGARET OF PARMA.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER L.

NIGHT, which failed to extend its soothing influence to Van Diest's throbbing head and aching heart, proved at least an ally. If he neglected to avail himself of its favouring darkness to escape from his perilous situation, day would, in all probability, deprive him of the means of so doing, and might protract its inconveniences beyond his powers of endurance. He felt the chance of his remaining undiscovered, now that the hurry and bustle of combat were over, would be greatly lessened; nor was it possible for him to conjecture how long the enemy might occupy that post: besides, doubtful as might be the success of his manœuvre, any risk was preferable to the harrowing suspense in which he would have to pass the livelong night. Arming himself, therefore, with a desperate resolution, he cautiously crept forth from his hidingplace; but hardly had he groped his way as far as the opposite angle of the enclosure, and was in the act of clambering over the wall, when he felt a hand rudely laid on his ruff. Surprise and dismay took away his breath.

"Holloa!-stand there-who are you?"

Van Diest's presence of mind returned in time to save him, and he unhesitatingly replied, "A friend."

"Hum—that's more easily said than proved, especially in this dog's darkness. Then, friend—the password?"

"Inquisition!" answered Van Diest.

"Amen!" added the soldier, dropping his weapon-"pass over."

Van Diest did not wait to have the command repeated, and lucky it was for him that chance had possessed him of the means of passing in safety the sentinels, vedettes, and pickets, he had to meet at every turn before clearing the outposts; but Van Diest's coolness, when his first panic was over, did him excellent service. When at last he reached the river side, he paused to consider how he should next proceed. Without money—without friends—the gates of the city closed against him, and the roads infested with detachments of Beauvoir's ruthless soldiery—whither to direct his steps he knew not. While he was thus absorbed in melancholy reflections, the sound of whispering voices, rendered audible merely by extreme proximity, arrested his attention.

"I tell you," said one, "I distinctly saw Martin put out three fingers towards me, when I made him signs this morning that I was only shamming dead whilst I lay so still, half in the water, half on the bank."

"Well, what of that?" said the other, in a desponding tone.

"I tell you, I am sure Martin meant thereby to let me know that he would try this night to put out a boat for me. I have full confidence in

Martin—he would not desert me at such a pinch."

"It is difficult to say who will stand by one, or who will not. Did we not expect that the Lutherans would have rushed out to our succour today? If the Lord of Thoulouse had not thought so, he never would have risked the battle which has cost us and himself, poor fellow, so dear."

"The Lord of Thoulouse was quite out in his reckoning. He fancied at the worst he could fall back upon the city, and there, by persuasion or compulsion, get Orange and Hoogstraaten to assist him. And so it would have been, but for that cursed closing of the gates and destroying of the bridge. You saw how eager were our friends this morning to join us."

"The Prince of Orange is, doubtless, the cause of all this," was the

reply.

"Ay," sharply returned the other; "but he will be paid off for it by this time, or I am much mistaken. Our friends were all in arms, and ripe for anything."

"All seemed confusion. It would be difficult to say which way matters went. Had our friends had the upper hand, I cannot but think

they would have come to the rescue, even at the last hour."

"If they have it not to-day, they may have it to-morrow; and it will not even then be too late to chastise Beauvoir's unmanly, brutal cruelty,

and to teach the Prince of Orange what we expected of him."

"Ay!" said the other, with a deep sigh, "if we were but in Antwerp! These are not the things to talk of between the enemy's camp and closed gates. How bitterly cold is the night! I feel my wounds stiffen—and there—eleven o'clock sounds at Our Lady's. Your friend Martin has forgotten you."

"No; hark! Hear you not the plash of oars?"

"I would I could," was the desponding reply; "it seemed to me the ripple of the water."

"The loss of blood makes you low. Hark! the sounds are certain-

they near us."

"But how could he get a boat out?" persisted the other, fretfully.

"Easily. See how torches fly about the bastions—the town is evidently not in its usual state of repose. Martin is bold and active, and would well know how to profit by it."

In the most hopeful of the two speakers Van Diest recognised a townsman on whose family he had conferred many obligations. Feeling how much easier it would be to lie concealed within a city, whose every alley and turn he knew, whose disturbed state would prevent any strict inquiry into the circumstance of his escape, and where he might provide himself with those more immediate necessities of which he stood so much in need, he lost no time in discovering himself to the two speakers, and implored their assistance to reach the city.

Low signals were now heard, confirming the hopes of the little party; and being as cautiously returned, the boat came swiftly on, and with noiseless though joyous steps and thankful hearts did the fugitives step

into it.

All maintained a profound silence. The light, even, feathered strokes of the oarsmen propelled the wherry with the rapidity of a winged creature; and before the sentinels—whose attention had been attracted by the measured though slight plash, the cause of which the extreme darkness prevented their ascertaining—could receive an answer to their several challenges, the boat was gliding beneath the walls of Antwerp. The low signals from the boat were here repeated; upon which a ladder was lowered from the rampart, and the whole party speedily landed.

CHAPTER LI.

When Margaret, under the tender care of her mother, recovered from her swoon, on the night of her last visit to Father Eustace, her first care was to inform her parent, under the seal of secrecy, of all she had gone through. The danger, nay, the inevitable ruin attendant upon the smallest indiscretion, might have been a sufficient guarantee for the silence of both mother and daughter on that subject; yet the father-confessor thought it necessary to visit them the next day to enforce it upon them, and even to bind them to it by a solemn oath. Margaret's nerves had sustained too severe a shock for her constitution speedily to recover from its effects; and for some time she lay very ill, for which her mother prudently accounted to Chievosa by attributing it to the incessant anxiety

under which she laboured concerning her father.

Although Mistress Van Meeren did not, after the first sensation of horror on learning the untimely and tragic end of her friend of former days, sorrow for his loss in the same intense degree as did Margaret, yet so glaring an instance of the wanton cruelty and injustice of the tribunal to whose power he had fallen a victim, alarmed her for her husband's safety, and deprived her of all the composure and hopefulness which she had hitherto maintained. Chievosa marked these changes with an anxious eye; and after one of his customary absences, accelerated the convalescence of the one, and revived the dying trust of the other, by bringing them a few lines, which, although not signed, were undeniably in Cornelius's own handwriting. They were obviously written under constraint; still their tenor was consoling. They contained an assurance of the writer's perfect health—of his having hitherto suffered little beyond the misery of being separated from those he loved, and the discomforts in-

separable from his situation.

The letter contained little more; it gave no clue to his present place of confinement, no advice by which to guide their own movements, and what above all, in Margaret's opinion, proved its authenticity, in no part was allusion made to Chievosa-a proof, she thought, of his real character being at last unveiled to her father. But her mother, as usual, took another view of the subject; and Margaret, who had for a time contemplated putting in practice Father Eustace's last advice of courageously breaking with Chievosa, again felt, what she had urged on that occasion, that prudence and filial affection alike forbade so decisive a step. Bending, therefore, her utmost energy to the task of concealing beneath the mask of indifference the horror and dread with which the Spaniard inspired her, she was fain to drag along the chain of dissimulation which bowed her proud spirit to the earth. Thus, after indulging, with the keenness of feeling peculiar to early youth, in the bitterness of sorrow, she now began to feel its lassitude. She could almost have wished that her troubles, if they could not be dispelled, might, at least, take another shape.

The news of Thoulouse's banner, under which she knew her uncle to be enrolled, having advanced so near the town, reached her in her solitude, and gave her mingled emotions of pain and pleasure. She was daily to be seen mingling with the crowd assembled to gaze on Thoulouse's troops, the greater part of which having been raised within the walls of Antwerp, there were few citizens who had not a friend or relation to look after.

She, too, like the rest, had been roused from the lazy interest with which she gazed day after day on the same scene, by the roar of Beauvoir's ordnance. At the first sound of approaching strife Margaret endeavoured to escape witnessing it; but when she found herself hemmed in on all sides, and unable to extricate herself from the press, she looked towards the battle-field with the same tumultuous emotion that throbbed

in every heart around her.

If the Gueux were to win the day, this victory would be the signal for a general insurrection; then her father might be restored to freedom and happiness, her uncle's brightest visions be realised, and Chievosa, the nightmare of her existence, be discarded from her thoughts for ever. Her imagination even ventured on a bolder flight. Might not, if—as her uncle ardently desired—all the provinces were to shake off Spain, and declare themselves a free republic—might not, in the confusion attendant upon this change, he upon whom, in spite of her better reason, her thoughts still lingered, be brought nearer to her? These fancies, on which she had dwelt in her solitary hours until they had assumed the consistency of hope, recurred with double force in this momentous crisis, which was either to realise or dissipate them for ever. So eager, so absorbing were her feelings at this moment, that she could not even breathe a prayer for those whose victory would be her triumph.

The sullen booming of the cannon, and the stunning yells that rose from the bastions, contrasted fearfully with the gentle ripple of the tranquil river; and the red, lurid light that ever and anon tore the thick veil of smoke, and later, the flames that tinged the atmosphere, harmonised as little with the clear blue sky and the bright sun above, that seemed the harbinger of peace and gladness. Margaret was first made aware of the issue of the combat by the general clamour. The Lutherans, enraged at being kept from their friends, turned the full tide of their anger against the Prince of Orange. Some proposed an immediate attack on the palace, some were for forcing the gates; whilst others, and among these were the most respectable of the foreign merchants yet residing in Antwerp, endeavoured to assuage the storm by representing that the prince, in cutting off all communication with the rebels, had prevented the horrors of civil war extending from the open plain into the narrow precincts of a crowded city, whose every street, nay, whose every house,

was divided against itself.

Whatever effect these strong representations might have produced, was entirely frustrated by a sudden and most unexpected occurrence. A tall, majestic female, whose features even the anguish stamped upon them could not cloud, came rushing on towards the rampart. The violence of her agitation had caused her long black hair to escape from beneath her velvet cap; and though pale like marble, there was a wild fire in her eye which it was pain to behold. The people respectfully gave way before her, as the name of Thoulouse was heard from mouth to mouth. Ignorant of her husband's fate, she hoped by her tears and her eloquence to excite a popular movement that might yet save the life she held so dear; but her pathetic appeals only exasperated the people to

VOL. XXII.

madness, when he whom she would have shed her heart's blood to save

was past all human aid.

Margaret, who felt the danger of her position increase with the increasing tumult, was almost happy of this diversion; and availing herself of the moment when the compact mass yielded and broke up on all sides, rushing different ways, she hurried through the shortest and most silent bye-streets, with steps winged by fear, and reached her house in time to escape the overwhelming tide pouring from all directions to the Meerbrugge. She, like the Countess of Thoulouse, hoped everything from the present outbreak; she gazed, therefore, with eagerness from her window on the agitated scene below, which began to assume the menacing aspect of a revolt. Heavy cannons were dragged along, with a view, as the vociferations of the multitude announced, to battering down the Meerbrugge; yet, so great was the excitement within her own bosom, she beheld these formidable preparations without experiencing any sensations of terror. She saw the dense masses form, dissolve, and form again, whilst considerable bodies of armed Catholics stood assembled on different points, looking on these proceedings with lowering brows.

As Margaret stood gazing on the coming storm, which with every instant grew more portentous, she saw the insurgents waver, and at last fall back before three horsemen, in whom she instantly recognised the Prince of Orange, his lieutenant, the Count of Hoochstraaten, and Straten,

the burgomaster of the town.

The countenances of all three were steady; but there was about the prince, when he addressed the mob, an ineffable air of command, a calm assurance, which was not without effect. His words were at first those of mild admonition; but when he found this mode of proceeding totally ineffectual, that he was answered by menacing shouts, his brow grew sterner, and his tone of remonstrance was changed for one of indignant authority; but his own severity only augmented the fury of the mob, and the word "traitor" was vociferated on all sides. Straten and Hoochstraaten now appeared to urge the prince to withdraw, but in vain. this moment an exclamation burst from Margaret, and her hands were mechanically stretched forward as if to save, when she perceived a wretch with elf-locks, bared arms, and besmeared habiliments, advance from the crowd and present a pistol against the bosom of the prince. Had his cheek blanched, his lip quivered, had he attempted to recede from the instrument of death, that moment had been his last; but there was something in his impassibility that awed even the ruffian, who slowly removed the weapon and disappeared among the crowd. Orange, becoming aware from this incident that the present was a case where force alone could prevail, and having none at his command, at last yielded to the entreaties of his friends, and left the place to the hooting and shouting multitude.

The prince's departure in the manner above related made Margaret for the first time feel the real danger of her situation. In such a complete submersion of order, nothing was more likely than that the people would carry their threats into execution, and blow up the Meerbrugge, in which case her own house would in all likelihood be destroyed; and it was with unspeakable terror that the two lonely females watched through the rest

of the day the proceedings of the rioters.

Evening brought a respite from, but not a cessation of, danger. The

mob began to disperse, and the cannons were removed; but what would the morrow bring forth? Margaret surveyed the settling gloom with a sensation of misery at her heart, and with a fearful apprehension, as if, mingled with the shadows of falling day, were dread though vague forms whispering around her of some new and appalling calamity about to befal. Where might her poor uncle be at that hour? Was he a cold, stiffening corpse on the battle-field, or a prisoner in the hands of the enemy? or was he a roofless fugitive? Her doubts were soon to be

solved in a manner she little expected.

Chievosa's absence from home that day had been a source of great disquietude to Mrs. Van Meeren, who, accustomed throughout life to lean for support on her husband or his brother, felt, in the absence of these natural ties, even the presence of Chievosa necessary to reassure and sustain her sinking spirits. Though he did not return till late, the tapers were not yet lighted; but in the hearth the wood crackled and blazed, and the red light falling full upon the Spaniard as he advanced, showed Margaret something unusual in his own appearance. His step was bolder—his head thrown back; there was a curl on the lip, and a flash in the eye, that spoke so plainly of triumph and power that the poor girl's heart misgave her; and, unable to bear the sight of gladness in him she most dreaded, when her own cup of woe was brim full, she rose and left the chamber.

After a conference, which seemed to Margaret inordinately protracted, her mother joined her, and imposed upon her the most unexpected and unwelcome command to go to Chievosa, who had most pressing matters

to communicate.

"But surely, dear mother," said Margaret, "whatever communications

he may have to make, are better addressed to you."

"Oh! anger him not, Margaret!" replied the mother, in supplicating tones. "If it be not for my sake, or for that of your dear father, let it be for your own. Alas! I fear we are all in his hands."

"Oh! if he would but wait till to-morrow!" said Margaret, sinking "To-day I have no courage—no strength; it has been into a chair. one of uninterrupted agitation. I am not equal to the task; indeed, mother, I am not."

"My poor child, for the love of heaven exert yourself," said the mother, pressing to her bosom the burning brow of her sobbing daughter. "One last effort. I know your nerves have been fearfully shaken, but it

is a trial which I cannot spare you."

"It is indeed a trial!" murmured Margaret. "Tell him, to-morrow

-any time he pleases; to-night I cannot."

"I have urged already all I could in your favour. Indeed, Margaret, you must nerve yourself to this unavoidable meeting. Be now my strong, my courageous child, as you have been throughout this time of heavy affliction."

Margaret continued, however, sobbing on her mother's breast.

"Hush, hush, my child!" said the mother, speaking as though she would have soothed an infant.

"No; it is best so, my mother—that my weakness have its way before I encounter him."

When Margaret appeared before Chievosa her pallor, the traces of

recent tears, her downcast eye, and quivering lip, told the Spaniard that the strength that had resisted him so long was broken—that all opposition would now be at an end, and that the victim at length lay within his grasp. Now that he had no more cause to wear the mask, he fairly flung it from him; and advancing towards the trembling girl with a smile whose bitterness no words could adequately translate, he addressed her in a tone whose cold mockery fell on her heart like the death-knell of hope

"The struggle, my fair Flemish pearl, which has been so long and so bravely maintained between us, has drawn to a close. You are now wholly in my power, beyond the means of extrication. It had been far better to have yielded gracefully from the first, for by so doing you would have saved yourself much sorrow, and me much trouble."

He paused as if for an answer; but had one even presented itself to Margaret's mind, she would not at that moment have been able to give it utterance. She looked like a terrified culprit before the judge who is about to pass sentence. Chievosa continued, in the same cold, sarcastic tone as before:

"You once prided yourself on the friends so eager to place themselves between me and my wishes. Those friends—where are they now? You know not, but I will tell you. Father Eustace has perished! He died the death of a heretic—do you understand?—tortures and flames."

The young man again paused, as if to enjoy the start of surprise and horror which he expected would follow this announcement; but in this cruel hope he was disappointed. No outburst of feeling gratified his intense and inquiring gaze; and, as he proceeded, his voice betrayed mortification.

"Your meddling gossip, honest Master van Diest, would persist in casting his clumsy shadow betwixt me and the sun—he would baffle me, forsooth, the silly burgher! He expiates in a prison, where he lies forgotten by all, perchance even by his gaoler, his folly and his boldness. Kay, your dreamy friend, has been called away, and has long forgotten you amid gayer scenes; and your uncle Paul, the most ardent, the most persevering of my opponents—your mainstay—your last support—"

Again he paused, for he traced a slight shudder passing over Margaret's frame, the first sign of emotion that his keen eye had been able to detect.

"Your uncle," he continued, filling up the pause which he saw she was either unwilling or unable to break, "has this day perished. Not on the battle-field—not like the soldier yielding up his soul at the sword's point, or to the random shot that quickly closes his earthly career—but by a slow lingering death—side by side with the infatuated Thoulouse—

in the stifling vapour of a burning hovel."

Perhaps, had Margaret manifested any emotion—shown herself more alive to pain—Chievosa had been less reckless in inflicting it; but what he conceived to be the very stubbornness of pride he was determined to break at all risks. The poor girl in truth looked like one in a trance—spell-bound; but it was the spell of despair. As she heard her uncle's fate thus circumstantially recounted, a night of utter hopelessness seemed to close in around her. She could not speak—she could not weep; there was a burning, throbbing sensation at her temples, a pain almost too acute

to bear. She mechanically pressed her hands against them, and as mechanically walked towards her usual seat, unable any longer to stand; and when once in an attitude of repose, she endeavoured, by her utmost efforts, to collect herself, and to put off, as it were, her sorrow till the business of the hour were over.

"You see, Margaret," he said, "the only friend left to you, is me. Your father's life-your honour-are within my grasp. The time for trifling is over: a speedy union with me can save both; refuse, and who

is there to protect you?"

"God!" murmured the young girl. "He is the strength of the weak, and He may yet confound all your wicked designs."

"He is not likely to interfere with them," said Lopez, in a tone of such open derision as to strike Margaret even at that hour.

"You hate Him," she said, in a toneless voice; "I thought as much."

"You are mistaken," replied he, with the smile of the unbeliever; "I

never hate what cannot cross me."

"Who and what are you?" said Margaret, starting up in alarm. "Surely I am speaking with some demon!" And, yielding to the superstition of her time, she crossed herself repeatedly, expecting every instant to see the fiend appear in his real shape before her.

Chievosa paused for a moment, and then replied, thoughtfully:

"I have known those who seek to read their destinies in the brilliant stars; who believe their very souls a part and parcel of their bright effulgence. I have known those who kneel before a crescent, and others before a cross; some who trust in prophets, some in saints; others who think even to league themselves with an evil spirit, rather than rely on their own. I am none of these. I have sought no strength but that which lies within me-obeyed no law but my own will. I have asked the secret of my life of no blind charm; but slowly, step by step, ascended the ladder which I raised for myself. I am no fiend, though no Christian-no Mussulman; but a man such as Nature made me, relying on her gifts, my own powers, with purposes as firm and as bold as my own heart. Now, Margaret, you know me; but whether you like better the unveiled image or not, matters but little. Attempt to escape me, and your father dies; and you will be his murderess."

He crossed his arms upon his chest, and threw his form into one of those graceful, plastic attitudes which the sculptor loves to reproduce

in marble.

"You now feel, Margaret," he continued, "how vainly woman in her

weakness would struggle against the strength of man."

But the torpor of Margaret's mind had gradually given way before an indignation of a nobler, more exalted nature than Chievosa could have understood, miserably ignorant as he was of those divine promises which

can give courage to the most timid.

"Proud, bad man," she exclaimed, with an energy that startled him, contrasting strangely as it did with her former state of passive dejection, "I defy you! That God, whom you know not or so recklessly brave, shall be my shield and buckler. You have robbed me of my friends; but He is the father of the orphan and the friend of the deserted. To His holy will do I entirely submit; and by it you must abide, in your

strength and in your pride as weak and perishable as myself. In His hands I put my cause; let Him judge between you and me."

As Margaret ceased speaking she raised her eyes, as if seeking that

heavenly protection which she so much needed.

"With words you may brave me as much as you list," said Chievosa; but mark me, deeds will I punish with deeds. Think not to procrastinate any further. I have made due preparation for our marriage, which will take place no later than to-morrow evening; for the details I refer you to your mother. I will succeed," he added, with a withering look, "or be fearfully avenged." So saying, he turned and left the room.

The position in which Margaret now stood was one calculated to awaken all the energies of a nature not easily daunted. Her thoughts naturally turned to the means of extricating herself; but, turn which way she would, where was she to find succour? Chievosa had spoken but too truly—not a friend seemed left; and in the present state of the

town any crime might be perpetrated with impunity.

In this difficulty, the recollection of a circumstance on which she had not hitherto permitted her thoughts to dwell, lest there might be too much danger in the remembrance, now gleamed like a ray of hope across her path. All hesitation, all delicacy, were at once discarded; she trusted implicitly in the honour of him on whose protection she was about to throw herself, and her case was too urgent to admit of deliberation. Following, therefore, the impulse of the moment, she hastily wrote a few lines to Lamoral, recalling to his mind the promise he had made, on the faith of which she now addressed him; representing that nothing but so desperate a situation could have emboldened her to take this step; and urging him to be prompt in whatever measures he might think proper to take in her behalf, or his assistance would come too late.

This missive, according to the custom of the time, she fastened with a small braid of her own hair. The difficulty that now offered itself, by far the most perplexing, was how to despatch it. She, however, succeeded in making her old nurse understand her desire, and the importance she attached to its gratification; and the good woman undertook to find one who would ride for his very life to Brussels, for the sake of the tempting remuneration which Margaret held out, and which all knew she was well able to afford. One obstacle yet remained—how to leave the house unperceived by the watchful Spaniard. But zeal for her young mistress seemed to restore to the old woman the faculties of former days; even him she undertook to baffle; and at last Margaret had the satisfaction of hearing the house-door close upon her aged emissary.

We will not dwell on the miseries of that night; but perhaps Margaret's harrowing fears for the morrow were a happy counterpoise to the poignant regrets she felt for her uncle's sad fate, the confusion of so many causes for anxiety being such that none could predominate too

powerfully.

HONOUR VERSUS HONESTY.

THERE are men who, when they perpetrate a shabby or shameful act, will acknowledge the fault and confess their misbehaviour, and try to atone by full apology and notable contrition. Not so with the culprit Jackson. When caught in the snare of his own hypocritical ingratitude, he submitted himself to no process of signal penance, although thereto strongly exhorted by the warm-hearted Johnson; who could not desert his friend, and risked Mr. Randolph's displeasure rather than forsake that friend; and who even went so far as to undertake that the reverend seigneur would, despite his anger, forgive, and all but forget, the offence, if the offender would frankly admit that he was guilty, and say that the crime had been committed under the delirium of un-

wonted potations.

But vain was the friendly counsel. The criminal appeared bent on deepening his guilt by contumacy. He impudently denied all connexion with the "report," and accused Plume of direct falsehood in ascribing it to him. Even the litera scripta evidence of similarity in the handwriting was confronted by him with a declaration that the thing was forged by some enemy; that Plume knew it was forged, or was himself the forger; and that all he (Jackson) knew of the affair was, that it was altogether a base fraud, involving a double lie and calumny from beginning to end. In all allusions to the subject he exhibited a violence very contrary to his usual assumption of modesty; he affected, too, that virtuous indignation, which, as shrewdly remarked by Colonel Juniper, the popular inn-keeper of Nestorville, of whose comfortable drinkingbar Jackson was no visitor, "your complete rogue can always assume,

when he has to brazen it through a piece of detected rascality.'

But Mr. Jackson was not allowed to bully through the business so The proofs of his "complication" were not confined to his handwriting, backed by the evidence of Plume. Mr. Point, the trustworthy foreman at the printing-office, was always prepared to depone that on the evening of the 5th of July Jackson had called there, and had a lengthened interview with the editor; testimony corroborated by Primer, the bibacious compositor, who took note of a second interview after the publication of the paper; and this worthy mechanic's averments were conclusively made good by Messrs. Click, Pick, and Quick, his attached colleagues. This chain of definite facts Jackson attempted to snap, by alleging that on hearing of the proceedings at the morning compotation, knowing Plume's eagerness for gossip of the kind, he had hastened to wait on that potential personage, for the purpose of inducing him to suppress any report that might be sent to him; that a bargain was struck between them, Plume consenting to his request upon pocketing fifty dollars, not for putting the report in, but on the express condition of declining any such document, come from what quarter it might. The telling fact of the second interview he tried to fritter away, by saying that on seeing the publication, he had gone to the office in order to upbraid Plume with his breach of promise.

These pretences, it will be believed, could not impose upon a circle so

discerning as that to which they were addressed. They merely served to steep him in a lower depth of ignominy. All through he displayed a cool audacity of denial and assertion which made people feel how they had been deceived for many years by this young hypocrite's adoption of

a gentle and amiable manner.

His courage, however, did not maintain company with his effrontery. When the justly-exasperated Plume sought the "satisfaction," which, by the code of honour, a man whose veracity is impugned has a right to demand of the impugner, the cowardly ingrate actually refused to meet him, professing the moral and religious scruples which, on such occasions, it is usual to affect. This hypocrisy did not fail to increase the general disgust for his conduct. Had he given Colonel Juniper the customary order for coffee and pistols for two, and met Plume in a gentlemanly way before breakfast, this proof of the possession of even one of the attributes of manliness would have been a mitigation of his infamy. Accompanied by frank confession (after firing two or three times at Plume), it would have gone far to retrieve him, and to soften down that which charitable people might in time come to regard as a piece of youthful bacchanalian folly. Mr. Randolph himself was known to be most anxious that the affair should come off-that is to say, that it should come on. He had, indeed, declared as much. Poor Johnson implored, all but kneeled to the culprit, in the vain effort to persuade him to wipe off some portion of his disgrace. But Jackson's cowardice cut from beneath him the last chance of self-retrieval, and even the affectionate Johnson was at length obliged to give him up as a worthless individual, in whom he had been deceived. Hopelessly disgraced at his very outset in life, branded with falsehood, hypocrisy, ingratitude, and cowardice, the pitiable fellow retired to a home which his misconduct had made miserable, and where nothing less resolute than the tenacity of a mother's love, ever pleading for the ruined one whom the world contemns and loathes, could procure him the temporary refuge which a father's anger would have refused.

III.

More than two years have elapsed, and left certain changes in the position of these personages. A shade had passed across the sunshine of the Nestorville leading journal. Its brightness had been eclipsed by the rising light of the Fire-Eater, a paper of undeniable character, conducted by Mr. Thunder, the best marksman in the district, from whose unerring aim even Plume, albeit sufficiently pugnacious in his way, was known to flinch, and who brought into the field the invaluable qualification of being at any hour prepared to "denounce" and shoot any man in the country who had not the prudence of enrolling himself in his list of supporters. This policy proved a fortunate hit; and when followed up by a shrewd cudgelling administered by Thunder to his rival, in consequence of the latter having made indiscreet remarks about the impertinence of "cursed interlopers," the effect was what my brother authors call perfectly electrical; the shock culminating in the decline and fall of the empire long wielded by the Star of Freedom. It was fortunate for the gifted Plume that, in this vicissitude, his philosophic genius opened new fields of distinction to him. Retiring from a scene where

his merits were so ill appreciated, he found an appropriate retreat in the flourishing valley of the Mississippi, and the "latest intelligence" had left him located at Natchez, filling, with much credit and dignity, the responsible duties of violin in chief at an establishment of miscellaneous

festivity.

Meanwhile the prospects of Johnson were, in every particular, save, perhaps, one, all that could be desired by the friends of this generous young fellow. He had commenced legal practice on his own account, and, supported by Mr. Randolph's extensive connexion, was now one of the most thriving young lawyers in the State. If there were an exceptional element—a drawback from his satisfactory condition—it was in the circumstance that Eva Randolph, with the inexplicable whimsicality of woman, had treated him with inexorable coldness, approaching to disdain, ever since the time when his efforts had led to the detection of her father's despicable defamer. No more merry laughs, no more merry sleigh-rides. Their former terms of friendly familiarity had changed into freezing formality; and poor Johnson's suit, seconded, though it now was, by the emphatic goodwill of Mr. Randolph, appeared less hopeful than it had been of old, when a rival was in the field.

Indeed, Eva's deportment would have been wholly unaccountable, unless on the supposition that she was offended with Johnson for not denouncing the misdeeds of the miserable Jackson in the same unqualified strain which had become quite a matter of course whenever that delinquent was alluded to. But Johnson could not so soon forget the impressions of early friendship. When gossips, enjoying the hospitalities of "The Oaks," refreshed themselves with objurgation of the traitor, and Eva, who had never once been heard to speak of the transaction, listened in the silence which proverbially denotes assent, Johnson could not withhold a sacrifice at the shrine of his unquenched feeling for Though he knew he ran the risk of offending Eva, the repeated advice of his friends failed to dissuade him from throwing in

something good-naturedly palliative of Jackson's misbehaviour.
"Well, poor fellow!" he would ejaculate, "it is cruel to judge him rigidly for what might be in some measure an inherent weakness of nature. If a man be not born with the faculties of courage and truthfulness, perhaps 'tis a natural necessity with him to be a coward and a liar. It is not for me to be the champion of one so unfortunate and degraded; but now that Jackson's character is gone beyond recovery, I may say—what I would not say until he had wholly lost himself -that my own knowledge of him from our earliest youth, and my acquaintance with circumstances known only to him and myself, make me feel certain that his conduct was caused by an absolute deficiency of the qualities of mind which are requisite to keep a man steady in rectitude. We must not be uncharitable; we must make allowances for weaknesses of this kind: they are implanted in a man; they are beyond his control; and common humanity forbids us from letting our censure be unmixed with pity."

Is is very strange, but not less true than strange, that this wellmeant pleading for a person so despised, far from conciliating Eva's favour towards the excellent heart which prompted it, was invariably heard by her with impatience ill restrained. Did her filial affection so resent her parent's wrongs, that the resentment extended itself to all who sided, however slightly, with the author of these wrongs? It might have been so. We shall by-and-by try to solve the problem. Certain it is, at all events, that, if Johnson's fidelity in friendship incurred the maiden's displeasure, it tended to raise him higher than ever in the opinion of those who could appreciate his magnanimous disinterestedness.

Meanwhile, the disgraced Jackson lingered in inglorious idleness at his father's residence, a few miles outside Nestorville. He shunned society as much as society shunned him; made no effort to redeem the reputation he had so deservedly forfeited; and presented in his whole bearing a melancholy example of the blight which detected dishonour casts on the fair promise of youth. His ingratitude had in it a something of obstinate malignity; of this his old friend Johnson experienced signal proof. Far from being thankful for the kind motives which dictated Johnson's appeals to the compassionate impulses of their acquaintances, the culprit pursued a course which inevitably increased public disgust. Once or twice they happened to meet; and Johnson, in the spontaneous effusion of old regard, would have overlooked antecedents, and comforted him with a cordial salutation. But such advances were sullenly repulsed, and there came a total cessation of intercourse between the two, though even then Johnson could not always restrain himself from giving expression to sentiments-like those I have just quotedtending to prove, in a touching manner, that if his head could no longer esteem, his heart continued to feel for one so wholly unworthy of such emotions.

IV.

Ar length it began to be rumoured that a change was about to take place. It was averred, "on the best authority," that Jackson had determined to proceed to the far western country, to hide his infamy in some remote region where the local affairs of Nestorville were not likely to be known. And this appeared to be the only resource left for one so utterly lost. No one regretted it. It had been noticed by keen observers, that once or twice, after long conversations with his mother, the poor lady's eyes bore traces of tears. To be sure he was not worth weeping for; but women will be weak. No one knew what took place at these interviews; and, whilst exerting herself to provide the emigrant with every accessory of comfortable provision for the journey, Mrs. Jackson acquiesced, by her silence, in the general conclusion that it was "the only thing" to be done in her son's unhappy predicament.

The preparations were nearly complete; only two days had to pass before young Jackson was to set forth, in search of the obscurity from which most young men of his age seek to emerge. But his was a tabooed case. Few were the leave-takings, and fewer the parting presents; for

the forehead of the man of dishonour bore a mark upon it.

On the morning but one preceding Jackson's intended departure, old Mr. Randolph, who had now become wholly invalid, arrived unexpectedly, in a kind of sedan-palanquin, well lined with pillows, and borne along lightly by four of his stalwart sons of Erebus. He was accompanied by fair Eva. This piece of attention on the part of the old gentleman was understood to be intended, partly as a visit of mingled condolence and congratulation to the parents of the youth who had so wronged him, and partly as a manifestation to an admiring world that he could

freely forgive a wrong, and even bestow a valedictory benediction on the

wrong-doer.

And so would he have done, but that, stubborn to his temper of contumacious unrepentance, the delinquent disappeared from the house as soon as Mr. Randolph entered it; nor was he visible during the rest of the day, though Randolph prolonged his visit purposely to see him. The evening passed, gloomily enough, and bed-time arrived without tidings of him. It was too late for the infirm Randolph to return home; and Virginian hospitality (which is a signal and honourable reality) has always a spare bed at the service of the dropper-in.

Two o'clock in the morning. Profound repose reigns in the isolated mansion; the silence only broken by the frequent gusts of an increasing night wind. But the fitful blasts soon swell into a torrent of angry sound. The darkness is pierced by flashes of sheet-lightning, which ever and again illuminate the landscape. And now the blaze is less bright, but more steady and continuous. The storm has ceased, but the horizon is lighted up; it is lighted by the fire which consumes the

devoted mansion.

There is a rush from the house of half-dressed women and men, the dark faces of the slaves contrasting with the red light; and amid the Babel chattering of the excited negroes, the master of the household calls a muster of his inmates: no attempt to stop the devastation is thought of; it had gained too much head; it is perfectly understood that it must have its way. The fire-brigade, so effective in the larger American towns, has no locale in the out-forest land; the only remedy for the burning is to let it burn itself out.

Master and mistress, guests and servants, all are there, save old Randolph and the Pariah heir. And now arises the cry of female grief and horror; the daughter shrieks distractedly the name of her parent.

A man rapidly approaches the burning building; it is young Jackson, who has suddenly emerged from the neighbouring bush. He is now at the principal door, from which the flames vomit forth a lurid warning not to intrude on their fated domain. But the young man perseveres.

For the purpose of this narrative it is quite enough to state, that after being more than satisfactorily singed and scorched, after braving all the danger which will be courteously conceived in connexion with a burning house and a crippled invalid, he effected the old man's delivery.

This feat created astonishment in the good people of the surrounding country. That a noted and degraded coward like Jackson, who had so wantonly insulted the venerable Randolph, should turn hero at a tangent, and play the Paladin for the old gentleman's sake, was a contradiction in

human nature which passed the Nestorville philosophy.

Randolph was a generous man; he was all gratitude to his preserver, all forgiveness of the injury once inflicted on him by that preserver. It is, indeed, not improbable that Jackson's original offence might have been forgotten, and that he could have resumed his former position in the opinion of the neighbourhood, but for the ineffaceable stain affixed to him by his cowardice with respect to Plume. Here was the dark spot which no subsequent merit could rub out. In fact, even if Jackson could summon courage to redeem his lost reputation, he had no longer the opportunity of doing so; for the gifted Plume, as we have intimated, had disappeared some time previously for some far-off south-western district,

where his talents were likely to have fairer scope than they could hope for whilst in the vicinity of the redoubtable Thunder. Certain rumours were afloat that Plume had just been elected, on the "Democratic ticket," to senatorial honours in one of the new states on the Mississippi; but the best-accredited intelligence was that which I have related, of

his musical engagement at New Orleans.

Be this as it might, young Jackson's arrangements remained unchanged; for him there was "no honour in his own country." A few weeks after the fire, he departed on his journey into the wilderness. He had the consolation of a hearty "shake of the hand" from Mr. Randolph, and of a much colder one from his own father, who writhed at the dishonour brought on him by his son—the first of the family who had ever flinched from a fight. It was surmised, by those who watched the language and countenance of the old lawyer, that he felt by no means so thankful as he ought to have felt to Johnson for the sacrifice of feeling incurred by the latter in dragging to light the author of the lampoon. Mrs. Jackson had a tearful parting from her son: Eva expressed her thanks and friendship, and wished him well on his dreary road.

V.

ANOTHER year. No tidings of the exile. His fate was a mystery, on which ingenious inquisitiveness in vain expended its artillery of conjecture. All trace of him was lost; it was benevolently guessed, that as the stigma of his refusal to fight Plume must follow his name wherever he was known, he had buried his infamy under an assumed one. No one, save his own family, and, peradventure, the Randolphs, knew whether he ever wrote home; but certain corpulent epistles which occasionally reached Mrs. Jackson, were suspected to contain more information on the subject than that lady thought it necessary to impart to the friendly curiosity of enquirers.

VI.

At six o'clock one morning the canal-boat from the west arrived at Nestorville, with its usual crowded human freight; for the American is the most "movable" article in the category of animal existences. The bluff bullocks are soon released from the weary towing-line; the warehouses are alive with grinning negro porters; and in the cool of the morning the wayfarers bestir themselves to Colonel Juniper's bar, there to drown, in the pleasures of mint julep and sherry cobbler, the sorrows of their tedious passage across the wilds.

But amongst the new comers were two who did not join this festive gathering. One was a tall, sunburnt, grave-faced young man, in the uniform of a regiment of rifle sharp-shooters; the other a middle-aged personage, pursy and pimple-faced, with eke an ugly gash on the fore-head. They cast a quick, recognising glance on those of the townsfolk

who were stirring so early.

And the townsfolk soon remembered them—the well-known visages of Jackson and Plume—the challenged and the challenger—thus travelling in ill-assorted companionship.

But they heeded not the puzzled glances of the lookers-on; they scarcely noticed the cold salute of one or two former acquaintances; the first conveyance they could hire was engaged to drive off to Jackson's

paternal residence, which by this time was rebuilt, and again inhabited by the family. Earlier than usual, that morning, garrulity was roused from its slumbers by the "startling announcement" of the sudden reappearance and mysterious co-fellowship of two individuals so widely separated by tastes, interests, antecedents, and neither of whom was expected

to be ever more seen so far east of the Mississippi.

For a week after this event, every gossip in the place was left to plentiful speculation as to the secret causes of the reconciliation between Jackson and Plume; of their simultaneous return to a neighbourhood fraught with unpleasant memories to both parties; and of their domestication at the house of the elder Jackson. Frequent visits, it appeared, were in the mean time interchanged with the Randolphs, the purport

whereof was known only to those most concerned.

As to poor Johnson, he was more restless and uneasy than any one else—not from idle curiosity, like the others, but out of pure, disinterested friendship. He had driven out thrice to see Jackson; Jackson never was at home; he had inquired, as a pis aller, for Plume, but Plume was invisible. He had written, but got no answer; he had talked with Mrs. Jackson, but got no intelligence; he was quite to be pitied, between these several outrages on his feelings—this duplicate display of ingratitude on the one hand, and impertinence on the other.

At length, one fine morning, Mr. Randolph despatched a note, requesting the immediate attendance of the excellent young man, who flew, on the wings of affection, to the bedside of his venerable friend; his speed not being diminished by a natural idea that the summons must mean something pleasant in reference to the fair object of his suit.

On his entrance, Mr. Randolph, who appeared rather more vigorous than usual, grasped him tightly by the arm, and, in accents considerably more sonorous than musical, directed him to read a document which he

placed in his hand.

It was a letter, written by Jackson; and as Johnson perused it, his countenance gradually assumed that air of ingenuous astonishment which always marked it when anything extraordinary occurred. It was addressed to himself, and consisted of an accusation, on the part of Jackson, that he (Johnson) was the author of the libel in the Star of Freedom; that after bribing Plume to insert it, he had conspired with that individual to fix the odium of it upon Jackson, all the while pretending to be the attached friend of the latter; and that the whole affair was a plot to ruin Jackson in the opinion of Mr. Randolph and Eva, for the furtherance of his own designs upon the hand of the heiress. This moving epistle wound up with a declaration, by Jackson, that he had ample testimony in proof of the charge, which he purposed, as soon as possible, to make public.

It is not necessary to detail the various moods and tenses of Johnson's behaviour upon this astounding impeachment. Again he was "electrified," and was about favouring Mr. Randolph with an extemporaneous performance highly creditable to his powers in the passionate energy line, when that testy ancient cut short the display by saying that, instead of protesting and denouncing, his proper course was to disprove the

villany imputed to him.

This, at first, he thought unnecessary; he could not believe that Mr. Randolph would pay attention to a slander originating with two such re-

probates as Jackson and Plume. But heroics did not do: the lawyer

remained firm to his text—proof or disproof.

"You shall soon be gratified, sir," exclaimed Johnson, in a fine burst of indignant sorrow; "even if the evidence of my innocence be written in the blood of the scoundrels who have traduced me."

"Prove the innocence, at all events," replied Randolph; and, closing the interview, left Johnson to pursue his double object of vengeance and vindication.

That evening the latter forwarded an open note to Jackson, in which he first denounced that person as a liar, then insulted him as a coward, and closed by defying him to "afford the only satisfaction he could" to the friend he had maligned.

But this challenge to mortal combat met with a negative as decided as that which, on a former occasion, had been given to Plume. Jackson would not fight. His conscience, he protested, still forbade him either to seek the life of a fellow-being, or to expose his own life, in a duel. In his answer, he moreover observed, fighting could not show innocence or guilt on either side; and that guilt or innocence, not markmanship, was the question at issue.

This new exhibition of Jackson's cowardice provoked increased contempt and disgust in Nestorville; and the feeling became yet stronger, when he had the effrontery to publish at length the particulars of his charge against Johnson, accompanied by a statement of Plume, which went to the effect, that Johnson was actually the author of the memorable lampoon; that Plume, after accepting money from Jackson for the suppression of any libellous report, had taken another bribe from Johnson for inserting such report; and that Jackson's visit to his office, on the evening after publication thereof, was to complain of Plume's bad faith.

Johnson now resolved to adopt a decisive course. The first object of his hostility was Plume, whom he vowed he would exterminate on the earliest opportunity; and he walked about the town, armed with pistols and a formidable Spanish knife, with the expressed purpose of despatching that caitiff where and whensoever he might happen to meet him.

Now, miserable profligate as Plume unquestionably was, and faint as his spirit had waxed in his encounter with Thunder, he was by no means destitute of mere animal courage, whilst he was quite untroubled by scruples as to the manner of displaying it. Having notice that the valorous Johnson daily perambulated the streets of Nestorville in search of himself, who, it was very well known, was residing some miles away, he one morning slipped quietly into town, with pistols and dagger "to match," and, encountering his enemy in the public square, a fierce and mortal combat ensued. After an interchange of shots, and some vicious hand-to-hand cutting and hacking, Plume received a ghastly wound in the belly, the knife passing through the bowels until it was stopped by the vertebral bones; and at the same instant a bullet from Plume's pistol entered his adversary's skull, damaging the temporal wall, and narrowly escaping the brain.

Plume died in a few hours, and in his agony adhered to his published statement, incriminating Johnson, and absolving Jackson from all connexion with the attack on Mr. Randolph.

It came out, that on his western travels he had turned neither fiddler nor senator, but had adopted the equally lucrative and congenial calling

of preacher to a Jumper colony, which had established itself on the extreme border of one of the new territories. It was at the epoch of one of the last wars with the once-powerful Sioux Indians, when the renowned chief, Black Hawk, had made his name terrible even to dwellers far within the circle of civilisation. But the Jumpers were a fearnought set; and they thought there could be no more fitting proof of their hardy godliness than to hold a "revival meeting" as near as possible to the dreaded haunts of the hostile Indians. They were speedily attacked, and with some thirty slain and sixty or seventy captives, paid the penalty of their fanatic temerity. However, the savages had not time to effect the scalping of the slain. As that delicate ceremony was commencing, a detachment from General Scott's army arrived on the field; and the Indians fled precipitately, with their prisoners and plunder. Our friend Plume was amongst the number left for dead on the scene. A club-blow on the forehead had stunned him early in the action; and, whilst senseless, he received in the face a severe flesh-wound, the mark of which he brought back with him to Nestorville.

The main body of the detachment went in pursuit of the flying Indians, and a lieutenant, with a sergeant and a score of privates, were left to take care of the wounded, and convey them as they best could into quarters.

This lieutenant turned out to be the unfortunate exile Jackson. Immediately on arriving "west," he had enlisted in General Scott's army, resolved to make a life which had become useless and burdensome to hinself, useful, at least, even though in death, to his country. And useful that life became, and gallantly he had hazarded it in defence of a community which, in one of its obscure corners, had dealt out such hard measure to himself. In numerous deadly conflicts—in various emergencies of peril—he had sought for death, but found it not: he found applause and distinction in its stead, and his valour had already raised him to the rank in which we found him when his foe, the ex-editor, was committed to his charge.

Whilst Plume was recovering, he experienced assiduous attention from the young officer, who had the delicacy never once to allude to the circumstances of the old quarrel. When restored to health, Plume found himself destitute. The Jumper colony was dispersed, and his wits, keen as they were, were somewhat at a loss how to employ themselves for their owner's benefit. Here Jackson (who had assumed a new name with his new calling) stepped forward, offered pecuniary or other assistance, and evinced anxiety to assist him in every way in his power. The conscience, perhaps the heart, of Plume was touched. He recalled the very different treatment which Jackson had received from himself; he saw, with sorrow and remorse, that he had inflicted ruin and misery on an innocent individual, who, in return, had become his benefactor. Ultimately, he made a detailed declaration of the facts afterwards more briefly stated in the letter sent by Jackson to Johnson; and he protested that he never could enjoy peace of mind till he had brought guilt home to the guilty, and exculpation to the innocent.

The war seemed drawing to a close; a lengthened truce, preliminary to peace, was effected with the Indians. At the earnest solicitation of his penitent acquaintance, Jackson applied for and obtained leave of absence; and both set out for Nestorville, where they accomplished the dénouement I have described.

establiance at all plat of course I and in from insignifing that that very expectation raight have residered with almost more reside than he would JOHNSON lingered for months between life and death, and it was long supposed that his wound was mortal. When at the worst, some inklings of a hereafter appeared to disturb him, and he made a confession, bearing out generally the dying declaration of Plume. But his hour had not yet come. His first step, on recovery, was to disavow all that he had confessed at a time when, he now averred, his mind was wandering and distracted. All that he had uttered during the raving and weakness of fever, ought, he argued, to be interpreted, like certain dreams, by the law of "contraries;" and he had no words sufficiently strong to express his contempt for the knavery and impudence of Jackson and his tool Plume.

The public mind of Nestorville was fiercely agitated between these contending assertions; and Jackson having in the first place incurred unfavourable prejudice by his obstinate refusal to meet Johnson in honourable battle, the balance of popular opinion might have remained suspended to this hour, were not new evidence adduced in the persons of Messrs. Point and Primer, who now stepped forward, and proved that Johnson had come to the Star of Freedom office, on the evening preceding the publication of the lampoon; that he had sat writing there all night; and that the result of this sitting was the article which occasioned all the mischief. Moreover, Point, who had acted as foreman, produced two old "proof-slips," the corrections on which were in the handwriting, not of Jackson, but of Johnson. Link after link was gradually added to this concatenation of evidence. It was shown that Johnson, whose dexterity as a mechanical pensman was remarkable, had often imitated Jackson's hand, for the sake of "amusement;" and that immediately upon the occurrence of the unfortunate drinking-bout at "The Oaks," he had been particularly busy in collecting what particulars he could from those who were present on the occasion. Sundry minor but correlative circumstances, which, as usual, came to be remembered at the "nick of time," left it impossible to doubt any longer that Johnson was really the author of the offensive article; that in the manuscript he had intentionally adopted Jackson's style of writing, whilst in correcting the proof-sheets, now so awkwardly brought to light, he had not deemed it necessary to constrain himself to that seemingly superfluous precaution, and had accordingly written in his natural manner.

"To this complexion" things had come at last. Johnson—the affectionate, open-hearted Johnson-stood revealed, the indubitable concoctor and manager of a foul plot which had entailed so much suffering upon Jackson and his friends. He no longer attempted to deny the state of the case. But he had a resource still left—it was once more to challenge Jackson. It will have been observed that Johnson was no bad judge of human character: he had well studied the temper and disposition of the good people of the surrounding country; and this made him quite aware that a second duel, "spiritedly" managed, would be one of the most efficient prescriptions for wiping off the stigma of base

He immediately acted on this resolve: but the response was as before -Mr. Jackson did not fight duels. Some people will be apt to think that, as this result might have been anticipated, it was idle to send the

challenge at all; but of course I am far from insinuating that that very expectation might have rendered Mr. Johnson more ready than he would otherwise have been with his pugnacious demonstrations. Be this as it might, when the refusal came he immediately proclaimed Jackson as an inveterate coward and scoundrel, unworthy of recognition in the pale of

decent society.

Extraordinary it is, but not less true than extraordinary, this consummate piece of effrontery produced the effect contemplated by it. Steeped as was Johnson in detected falsehood, forgery, and treachery, no gentleman in the county refused him his hand; not a dinner-table or an evening party scouted him from its circle; he was everywhere well received, because it was everywhere understood that he would fight; whilst the brave, the well-deserving, the innocent, the victim of Johnson's villany—the gallant Jackson, whose intrepidity in the Indian war was by this time known to his fellow-townsmen, and whose conduct, from first to last, was devoid of the slightest blemish, except so far as related to his repugnance to the duello, was slighted and avoided by these townsmen, and treated generally by them as "not the kind of man to know."

Such an anomaly as this—that a detected villain, of the most base stamp, should carry things with the high hand in reputable society, amongst honourable men, and gentle, virtuous women, whilst a worthy and honest man, whose worth and honesty have been proved, is shunned as a social outcast—that such an outrage upon right and reason should be perpetrated, would strike us in our cool moments as some monstrous and impossible fancy; but numerous are the grievances, equally mischievous and irrational, which, not kings nor laws, but the in-rooted prejudices of society, do daily inflict upon its members; and when I record the present history of a case in which a scoundrel flourishes amid the general knowledge of his scoundrelism, whilst an innocent man is subject to insult and neglect amid the universal consciousness of his innocence, I describe but one phasis of an infinitely ramified evil.

VIII.

The position in which Jackson now found himself could not last long. Too disgusted to struggle with the current of prejudice which continued to set against him, he retired from the contest, and left his native country for ever. It is eighteen years since he bade farewell to the shores of America. Succeeding to an ample fortune at the death of his father, whose grey hairs—not a son's guilt, but a son's resolute conscientiousness—brought "in sorrow to the grave," he could choose his place of residence; and he has long dwelt, beloved and esteemed by an extensive circle of new friends, within an easy morning's drive of the great centre of European civilisation.

The veteran Randolph is many years dead; and Johnson, reeking with the reputation of a lawyer who loves the smell of powder, has long enjoyed the most lucrative legal practice, and one of the most prominent public positions, in his own quarter of "the old State." No one more popular—no one more prosperous; and the way in which his wickedness triumphed over the innocence of a worthy man is well-nigh forgotten,

VOL. XXII.

unless by a few of the very "oldest inhabitants," who are afflicted with un-

usually long memories. In all his proceedings through life he has been successful, save the important exception of his hope of a union with Miss Randolph. Uninfluenced by the example of so many of her neighbours, that young lady persisted in treating her popular suitor with open scorn and contempt; and, on the death of her father, she accompanied Mrs. Jackson to Europe, for what object, and for whose society, the ingenious reader may entertain himself with conjecturing. Enough be it to say, that neither Jackson nor the gentle Eva remain single, and that the letters of their surname are, in this present year of grace, as precisely similar as can well be conceived.

But, if Johnson be a far more successful man than Jackson, I should be sorry to affirm that Jackson is not a more happy man than Johnson; for methinks, if I did so, I should be affirming that which is not. Now, if I be right in my conjecture, that Jackson is the happier of the twain, who or what is to be thanked for so satisfactory a consummation? Not, certainly, the practical public opinion of their fellow-citizens.

Said I not truly, when I set out by proponing that it will be a sign of coming good, when men everywhere decree that without honesty there can be no honour; and that wherever is found honesty, there honour will not be absent?

THE WHITE FALCON.

FOUNDED ON A TALE IN THE "DECAMERONE" OF BOCCACCIO.

BY G. W. THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "BALLADS OF THE NEW WORLD."

THE fairest youth in Florence, on a time, Was Federigo, bravest gallant, stoutest knight, The flower of courtesy in that bright clime, A match with pen or sword for any wight.

He scarcely yet had reached his life's full prime,

Yet had he led the van by Arno's height;

Counsel or tented field, 'twas all the same

To one so keen in the pursuit of fame.

The stoutest lance in Florence—levely city— Was Messer Federigo, never under shield Throbbed there a bolder heart—the more's the pity It could not bring his lady-leve to yield;

For Bella Monna was as proud as pretty,
And loved the banquet-hall and hawking field;
He vowed, he swore, he strove by truth and guile, Yet never won the poor gift of a smile.

But still his love grew on, like some pale flower That peers above the ground, white with the

And, spite of icy storm and freezing shower,
Waits patiently for April's warmer glow,
And cares not though the frowning heavens lower,
But hails in bright spring skies the radiant bow,
And when it feels the breeze's soft caress, Displays at once its long hid loveliness.

She urged her palfrey faster when in sight
She saw our knight by grey Alberghis tower,
Or shut her eyes, as dazzled by the light,
Although the sun had lost its noontide power;

Never did fickle lady cross unhappy wight, Or blast him with such frowns, so dark and

'Twas autumn, too; the lapsing of the leaf Lent a still keener sorrow to his grief.

Spring might have nourished hope, the flowering

As with a voice had bade him banish care; But with each falling leaf he seemed to see Some bright joy die, some gay or cheering thought,

And in its stead the icicle despair
Cling to the sapless twig. Oh, had he sought
With keener eye within his aching breast,
He sure had found some cure for such unrest.

There had been more of hope in summer eve When the soft rain in gentle benediction falls
Upon the thirsty earth, and he who grieves,
Forgets his care awhile, hearing the calls
Of wild birds to their mates, where clustering leaves
Arch o'er the nest, richer than palace walls;
"A solemn stillness fills the dewy air,"
And all is calm and silent, fresh and fair.

Or in the bright warm days of fragrant June, The lover's fate had better far been borne; The hum of bee, the wild bird's ceaseless tune,

Had gently weaned him from that lady's scorn: Then in the eves he'd longed to spy the moon,
Or restless lain for outburst of the morn.
But ah! 'twas none of these; 'twas deep in chill

November

When every fading flower bade him remember.

The night wind whispered soft the deep-loved

The tempest howled it at his turret-pane, The rustling leaves articulate the same, The rocking boughs murmur it back again.

He dreamt no more of splintered lance or fame, No more of tourney on the sandy plain; Lured to the fist of that great hawker, Love, This eagle had become as gentle as a dove.

On the pale sunset of an autumn day, You might have seen his pale and troubled Bending o'er coffers, which the fading ray Tinged with the hue of autumn's seared bough, While ducats piled around—ah! well away; On the old steward's cheek there is a glow, Who a pale image of despondence stands, Tearing his thin grey hair—wringing his hands.

With tearful eyes he sees the hoarded gold Brought forth from nook of cabinet and chest; He sees the piles his eager hand has told, Showers of bright florins, coins of the west,
Roll forth from zone, pouch, money-bag unrolled,
There in a glittering heap they lie comprest.
Is it for this fond sires heap up their treasure,
To have it scattered in a day's short pleasure?

"Fulvo, a faithful servant hast thou been To me, as unto him who's with the dead.

I love thee for thy truth and patient mien,

A life's long service hath bent down thy head. The same in sere of life as in the green.

Let not thy pale cheek burn with hectic red
At what I tell thee, ere the die be cast—
My all is ventured when I throw my last.

"This gold my father, with unceasing toil, Brought from rich regions of the furthest Ind, Fruit of his brains' and hands' unceasing toil, Shall soon be scattered to every wind Like seed the sower scatters on the soil In hopes a richer gain ere long to find; These gems that now in dusty casket shine, Shall win sweet Bella Monna to be mine."

The bright sun set, dim twilight fills the room; The old man's face grew darker as he heard; He gazed mournfully upon the gloom, And sighing shook his head, but not a word He spoke, because he knew the doom
Of such as in their passion wildly erred;
But staring wildly at the gathered pile,
He fears to meet his master's careless smile.

"I must have tourneys, where I may outshine Like a new-armed Mars, and revelries, Banquets, and dances, where we may entwine In mazes as the music fades and dies, To rise anew in harmony divine, And masquings, changing like the summer's skies, And chases, to awake the tardy morn With the shrill clangour of my bugle-horn."

II.

The torches glare throughout the live-long night;
They did their best to supersede the sun;
The palace-halls swam in a sea of light:
With midnight is the feast anew begun.
Amongst them all, the bravest, fairest knight,

Was Federigo; sole unhappy one.
Joy sweet as summer, and almost as brief;
Still in the palace-garden falls the leaf.

But Bella Monna never cast a look
On her poor servant, whose complaining eye
Gazed on her face as though it were a book.
And when her small white hand the lover took,

With the fit preface of a deep-heaved sigh, The timid air, the tender, seeking look, She left him with a laugh, as she would say, To some more fitting saint for help to pray.

Was Bella Monna fair? good reader mine, You well may ask; she was as fair as wise. Lo! see upon the wave the night-stars shine; Such was the lustre of her radiant eye Her hair, in flowing stream and soft entwine, From under diamond crescent seems to rise And fall in undulations with the shimmer

Fortune is like the ever restless sea,

That now breaks foaming on the white beach-Pouring its spoils wrung from humanity, Blent with the drowned dead upon the land;

Of golden rays that through dark forests glimmer.

Then, with a howl that fills eternity, Seizes it all again with greedy hand. Thus the proud tyrant of a boundless sway Gives in one hour, the next to take away.

Then those who drained his wine with looks of scorn.

Condemned the wicked prodigal's foul waste
Of viands, that to starving wretches borne,
Famine from many a lazar's door had chased.
Pity that they who once could smile and fawn,
Could of the lavish spendthrift's myriad dishes taste!

The bigots, with that zeal religion recommends, Blotted his name from their long list of friends.

Out on such swallows! creatures of a day Locusts that strip the leaf, then leave the tree; Cubs that from brindled dam speed all away, When they the cruel hunter's slot-hound see; Base herd that never with the wounded stay, But leave him there to die in misery Arabs who spy the plague-spot on the man, Then with a yell to God speed on the caravan.

Alas! poor Fulvo! it quite shook his brain
To see ancestral pictures marked for sale;
And through long corridors to spy the train

Of dirty rabble pour; while at their tail
Came curious urchins, who he wished were slain,
Who smeared the arras, rusted the bright mail,
Jeering at great men's fall with envious pleasure,
They saw the sad dispersion of the treasure.

It shook his brain; he never did recover,
But still through gallery and room he strayed,
Ushering imagined guests; for like a lover
He loved that house; and he still duly laid
The dinner-cloth, with dish, and plate, and

cover,
The very bailiff would not dare upbraid.
One cold dull morn, upon his pallet-bed
They found the poor old man, cold, stiff, and dead.

" III.

It was an autumn dawn, that stealing out Of postern-door, with cautious look behind, He sough his villa, where he did not doubt He might retire, unseen as passing wind. Upon his only horse he sallied out,

Chewing some bitter fancies in his mind. The withered leaves, yellow, and brown, and red, Rustled in heaps beneath his horse's tread.

The fading poplars by the high wayside,
Tall golden pillars, still kept on their leaves;
The force of the west wind they did disdain, Unconquered till yet colder grow the eves; Upon his sunken head their branches vied

To shower their golden largess, which he grieved To take from those who not a leaf could spare

From summer's bier, summer the sweet and fair.

Then he began anon to moralise,

Watching the swallows gathering for their flight;

For men, when all is lost, grow firm and wise. He saw that now, ere winter's mournful night Spread like a gathering shadow o'er the skies, The lizard seek the hollow tree, and from the sight

Of man to its dark shelter the half-torpid snake Creep stealthy, thief-like, through the rustling brake.

Almost forgot, but still, 'tis true, there clung To his heart's fibres, like a parasite, That chokes the foster-tree, a thought that

His sense, and from which there seemed no flight.

The thing's been often told, and often sung; He tried to root it up, it grew in spite; Yet had he groped about in search of sooth Deep in that muddy well where wallows truth.

He'd waste the livelong night in solemn thought, Until the morning star in glory rose; And searched and searched, but found not what

he sought; Then startled at the dawn, he doffed his clothes. His only sport-for now he cared for nought-Was when the days grew cold and brooklets froze,

A hunter's ardour in his breast did burn, With hawk and pole to seek the fisher hern.

One day, when Federigo, buried 'mid his books,
Forgot the speeding hours, forgot his very being,
His page came running in, with eager looks,
As if from dreaded foe he had been fleeing.

"Fool, art thou mad?—speak, man; odzooks, Don't trembling stand there, thouing, theeing."
"Signor, thy Bella Monna, with a train Of lords and ladies, scours across the plain."

Alas! the scarfed wound burst forth anew, A spasm keen as arbalast's steel arrow Stung his fired brain, and seemed to hurry through To reach the soul, severing nerve and marrow. "They saw our falcon as it upward flew;

Their hawk, beneath it, seemed a very sparrow. Our lady praised the bird, and well I wist; I saw no stouter bird on any fist."

He bade them rest with such a noble air, They gazed in wonder at the courteous swain,

And hard they strove, with fashionable stare, Surprise in proper boundaries to refrain; While Federigo, careless how they fare, Runs out to usher in the hunting train, I wot, with all his art, his scanty hoard Was small enough to spread upon the board.

A sudden thought strikes through his troubled mind:

His favourite bird—the falcon—is the thing. What though his speed's like the tempest wind, His eyes jet black, and snowy white his wing,

The lady must have food, and he must find A dish for her, fit for a sceptred king. The falcen's on its perch, intent on feeding, Of all the guests and clamour little heeding.

But when it hears his master's eager "Hist!" It bends its head, and turns its full dark eye

Upon his face, and flies upon his wrist, And flaps its wings, as if prepared to fly. Poor senseless creature, little did it wist

That death from such a hand was very nigh! He dared not look again; he strikes the blow; His tears with the red blood together flow.

The meal was over, and the lady rose To thank her host, and then to say farewell. There's whispering 'mong her train, as to disclose They yet had something which they fain would

tell;

A huntsman seemed as if he would propose,
But a glib waiting-woman broke the spell.
"Signor," she said, "for though thy dress be poor, We see thou art no common drudging boor.'

Federigo bowed, and wondered what she'd say. "I thank thee in our lady's honoured name,

For all thy courtesy, and would repay

By guerdons and by thanks thy fullest claim.

She has still one request she fain would pray, Though scarce she dare to ask for very shame-Wilt sell thy fair white falcon unto her, And thou thyself be its good falconer?"

Federigo stood like creature turned to stone, The hot blood tinged his forehead, and his eyes

Stared wild, as if in trance; but she alone The lady marked him, with a deep surprise She could not well conceal. With a low moan Of disappointed hope, striving to rise, He faintly muttered, "Would that I had heard Of thy dear wish ere I had slain my bird!

Twas all my store, and that I gladly gave, As I would shed my heart-blood's warmest treasure.

All danger for thy smile I'd freely brave; Yet, lady, ere thou leave this dark green wood, One poor request is all that I would crave.

I am not what I seem; this saddened mood Is but the shadow of a deep distress That has o'ercast my heart in loneliness."

More earnest still the lady on him gazed, And turned death-pale, then red, as he threw off The hood that hid his brow, and all amazed, Saw the poor churl, the object of their scoff,

Kneel humbly at her feet, until upraised By the soft hand he kissed, then gaily doff His peasant hat, and print a kiss upon the cheek Of that proud lady, now grown calm and meek.

concern of the mercenary memal

GEORGE DANVERS.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

III.

During the winter, which was unusually mild, the symptoms of Lady Clara's fatal malady appeared rather to abate, and it was hoped, as the spring advanced, a yet more favourable change might be expected; but, alas! it was but the lull of the storm, to blow with greater violence when the tired hurricane should have renewed its strength from that temporary and deceptive pause. The harsh winds of March brought back the old distressing cough; the hectic spot returned to her cheek, the glassy brightness to her eye, the feverish carnation to her lip. She was now totally confined to a movable couch, constructed on light and easy springs, on which she was wheeled from room to room on the ground floor, the exertion of being even carried up and down stairs being now too fatiguing for her.

All idea of going to town for the season was abandoned, and the really alarmed family resolved to devote their whole time and energies to endeavour to alleviate the sufferings of the uncomplaining but fast sinking girl, almost wearying her with their constant and elaborate attentions; they hoping, as is too frequently the case with selfish human nature, to appease their consciences for years of indifference and neglect, by crowding into the remnant of a doomed life the tenderness which should have

been diffused over its whole space.

Lady Clara's sole remaining earthly delight now was, to be drawn close to the open window in the fine days, to inhale the perfume of the flowers before it, and to gaze upon their beauty; and George perceiving this, and having some slight knowledge of botany, he devoted every instant he could spare from his other avocations to the garden, and wondrously beautiful were the succession of early flowers which charmed

the eyes of the fair young invalid.

Every morning a lovely and tastefully arranged bouquet was laid on the little table ready for her when she should appear; every noon George was beckoned to, with a thin and wasted hand, to be thanked for his welcome offering; and every evening he saw his gift deposited between the rose-coloured leaves of a costly album. This was the culminating point of poor George's felicity. So long as he could behold her, he felt not how fragile was the thread which held her to life, and him to happiness; he was like a traveller in a vast and unknown country, who, trusting to the light of the sun to guide him to the end of his journey in safety, keeps his eyes steadily fixed on that bright luminary, too anxious to perceive its rapid decline, until the last faint roseate tint suddenly sinking behind the western clouds, leaves him in painful and bewildering So when Lady Clara, at length, became too ill to quit her chamber, and he saw her no more, then, then, he found himself in the midst of darkness, anguish, and despair; then, then, he felt lost in a labyrinth of dreadful entanglement, without a clue to lead him forth to the hopeful world again. What a blank did existence now become to him! How irksome its common routine! How torturing to be compelled to fulfil his expected duties! How repugnant to affect only the cold concern of the mercenary menial! How agonising to choke down the

rising sorrow of his soul! How repulsive the want of sympathy from those around! How acute the conviction that he, who would feel the death now impending over that hushed mansion more than any other human being on the face of this wide universe, durst not evince even the sterile regret which common humanity admits for it; for, may he, the son of a peasant, bewail for the daughter of an earl?

His sole consolation was, to glean by the promiscuous conversation of those still allowed to enter her apartment, the daily state of Lady Clara's health; he learnt by this, the sleepless nights, the restless days, the short and shorter intervals of ease she had; the resignation, the patience, the anxiety, the tender regard for the comfort of others, the gratitude for all that was done for herself; and then he learnt that she had mentioned every servant one by one, with the little remembrances she designed for them, wishing George to have the album containing the withered flowers; and then he learnt that, after praying fervently with her family, she had dropped into a calm slumber; and to prevent her being disturbed, the curtains had been drawn around the bed; and some sat down to watch in breathless and fearful hope; and that when, after a time, those curtains were withdrawn, they found the precious sleeper dead.

On the second night succeeding this mournful event, and when all the inmates of that desolate house had sought a reprieve from sorrow and fatigue in the heavy sleep which comes benignly to the relief of the careworn and oppressed, save, indeed, the hired nurse who kept the vigil of the dead, George stole on tiptoe from his room, and turning the handle of the door with noiseless caution, he entered the apartment, glittering with its numerous wax candles, and gorgeous in the magnificent insignias of the pomp and pride of dissolution, and, pale as death itself, he stood beside the dead.

Mrs. Burnet started in evident alarm at the unexpected apparition of the excited and haggard-looking young man, and made a motion towards the bell as if to summon assistance.

"Stop!" exclaimed George, seizing her by the arm and detaining her, despite her struggles to break from him—" stop! there is nothing to fear from me. I am as harmless as the angel over whom you are now watching; would I was as insensate! Oh! if you have any pity, listen to me for one moment; listen to me, if you can feel for a creature well-nigh distracted."

"Well, speak! I do pity you. What do you require from that compassion?"

"You have a son, I know; do you love that son?"

"Young man, to ask a mother whether she loves a son, who, from the hour of his birth until now, has only been a source of joy to her, shows you can be light-minded even in a scene like this. Go! you are not worthy to stand in the presence of the dead. But stay; your question may be intended to prepare me for some calamity."

"No!-but to ascertain that you do love your son. I have no mother to love me; although, God knows, no one needs a mother's love more."

" Poor boy !"

"In this pocket-book you will find the wages of a whole year—the only one of my servitude—the only money I could ever call my own; it is yours, every farthing, if you will only grant me one request."

"How dare you presume to bribe me? That I am far from affluent,

the almost repugnant calling which I follow but too clearly indicates; but I have still the feelings of a woman left—I am not the sordid wretch you take me for. Put up your money, then, and leave the room, for I fear you are here for some sinister purpose, to tempt my fidelity, and perhaps ruin me by its deviation."

"I swear by all that is most sacred, that you do me most cruel injustice by these surmises. I would die sooner than wrong you even in

thought."

"Speak, then; what is your wish?"

"To look but for one single instant on the angelic face beneath this coffin-lid."

"What! the Lady Clara's? You, you-a common servant! Im-

possible!"

"Oh! do not say so; for the love of mercy, do not say so! Do not refuse a miserable, heart-broken wretch the only gleam of light that can ever shine for him below. Bethink you, your own son may plead one day as I am pleading now; and would you not curse the barbarous lip which denied him the innocent consolation of gazing on the dead he could not offend by so doing?"

"With what terrible force you know how to touch a mother's heart! If I now do wrong, Heaven is my witness, I mean it not. Come, then,

for whatever your motive may be, see that face you shall."

The pale blue velvet lid was removed with a solemn deliberation; and on the white satin pillow lay, as if, indeed, in a calm slumber, the beauteous face of the Lady Clara; her light luxuriant hair fell over her forehead and bosom, intermingled among which were some fresh-gathered lilies of the valley; she looked so tranquil and so pure, that she rather resembled a recumbent image of repose, sculptured in stainless Carrara marble, than one really soon to perish in the decay of the tomb.

George bent over her in the most tumultuous agony, bedewing that unconscious face with a torrent of tears, and gathering up the rich clustering curls, he pressed them convulsively to his lips, his bosom, and then clasped them between both his hands. All the restraint of station was now forgotten or despised, all his long pent-up feelings burst forth with a frightful impetuosity; he called upon her to pity him, to love him; he swore that he would love her, and her only, until he rejoined her above; he told her that he had written the verses which had rung tears from her, and that she had inspired them; he told her of his tears, his prayers, his adoration, his frenzy. Never, never, never was such an impassioned declaration poured into the living listening ear of conscious beauty, as that which now fell on the death-dulled ear of that inanimate but idolised girl.

Mrs. Burnet was deeply affected by this awful and irrepressible emotion, and taking one of his now almost passive hands, she said, in a voice of

motherly tenderness,

"Alas, alas! how frantically you love that dead young creature! How dreadful it is when rank and station are opposed to such natural

feelings! What you must have suffered!"

"No one but God knows that. But this has done me good, this has relieved my heart; this is a privilege I never could have enjoyed had this adored being been spared. Oh, through life I shall bless you for this;

through life I shall. Look on her, look on her, and say whether it was not as natural to love her as breathe the summer air of heaven."

"And yet, alas! such love was but madness. Why indulge such a hopeless passion? Why did you not place your foot manfully on the egg of the serpent, and not foster the venomous reptile to maturity to sting you to the death, as you have done? You must have known from the first that all conspired against so elevated an attachment. Love is not blind, although represented as such; and you, and every man who yields to its insidious bondage, is fully aware that he is coiling a chain around him, which will only tighten the more and more at every after-effort to burst from its thraldom."

"I confess it, I confess it. I was fully conscious of my folly, yet the delusion was too exquisite to dissipate by reason; it was like the maniac mendicant, who, fancying himself a king, is insensible to his actual misery. Oh! how could I be expected to arouse from such a dream, when my waking must have been fraught with such anguish and despair? It is beyond human fortitude to forego the imaginative, which renders it indifferent to the reality of that cold fact, that for it, on this side heaven, there is nought save a continual struggle after an unattainable goodsuffering, toil, humiliation, and all the unthought-of, all the unregarded ills to which the poor are destined in this land of inequality, extrava-

gance, want, virtue, and crime!

"I loved this dead lady as the angels above are loved, with a mystical and divine affection. I never thought of her as of an earthly being; she was too etherial, too spiritual for mere passion; she could only inspire the sublime and the refined emotions of the mind; and from infancy mine was keenly alive to a strong and abiding sense of the chaste and beautiful. I was nurtured to adore the gentle and the tender by a mother, who, although her lot was cast among the pariahs of fortune, was the most tender, the most gentle of her sex, the most uncomplaining, the most enduring of womankind, the most tried, and the most resigned. I never heard that mother laugh, scarcely ever saw her smile; but ever when she kissed me a tear remained on my cheek, and so hot, as if it came prone from a searing and burning heart; yet never did her melancholy depress others; I alone understood it, sympathised with it, shared and consoled it; and she alone understood, she alone could understand and appreciate, the deep and holy musings of the impassioned heart of her afflicted and fatally endowed pauper-boy. Hence, when I lost her, how easy was the transition of all that heart's intensity to one equally suffering, equally submissive, equally sensitive! for it was not her poverty which occasioned my mother's sorrows, but the little congeniality she met with in the world, with her own secret and delicate suscepti-

"In my enthusiasm for the idol I had erected for the fervent adoration of my soul, I thought not that there was a pride which would spurn as presumptuous the ardour of a sincere and faithful worshipper at the altar of the fairest image of truth that ever graced this false and artificial sphere; never once did I dream of a return, of a reciprocity of sentiment between us; yet now that it is beyond accomplishment, I would shed this heart's warmest blood slowly drop by drop at the foot of that rank which separated us so remorselessly, if once, only once, these now cold

the scene of so much sadness and suffering, hoping by change and

and rigid fingers had entwined round mine with the timid tenderness of mutual love!"

Again George bent over that placid corse—again he bedewed it with his tears—again he imprinted a frantic kiss on its icy lips and brow—and again he gathered up that clustering hair, and clasped it between his hands in an agony of grief which nearly burst his heart-strings in twain!

Mrs. Burnet, with the intuitive tact of her sex, severed a long tress from the beauteous mass, and giving it to George, she said, as she kissed his forehead with all a mother's affection:

"Let me implore you to go now, for if we should be surprised together, it would give the direct offence to the noble family we serve; for with such even death does not appear to level vain distinctions. Go then, my poor sorrowing boy, go; but, remember, if your motherless heart ever needs a friend in any of its future sorrows—if your motherless pillow ever needs a nurse to smooth it in sickness, come to Maria Burnet; she has but one son, but her heart is large enough to love and cherish two!"

IV

ALAS, for human vanity and pride! When each retainer of his princely establishment was ostentatiously commanded by the Earl of Melcombe to swell the funereal procession which conveyed the mortal remains of the Lady Clara Stanmore to the stately mausoleum in which so many of her noble ancestors reposed, little did he imagine that a long bright curl, shorn from the fair head of a daughter of his house, rested on the conscious heart of one whom he naturally considered as the very lowliest vassal in that pompous train. Little did he imagine that that vassal's tears were the last which bedewed the death-chilled brow over which that radiant curl so recently hung like a morning beam of light. Little did he imagine that that vassal's lips were the last which pressed the deathchilled lips beneath that costly and elaborately-emblazoned pall—that his hand was the last which clasped the death-chilled hand which was shortly to moulder away in the mysterious decay of the tomb. Had he believed such a desecration of the dead possible, he would have deemed that innocent girl far, far too degraded to mingle her polluted dust with the unsullied dust of ages; but he did not believe it possible, he felt confident that the integrity of station had been maintained inviolate; and George, as he pressed that precious curl closer to his bosom, was happy in the incredulity of his lord.

On the morning succeeding the mournful ceremony, the various gratifying memorials left by her for them were distributed among the domestics by the countess, in accordance with the wish of her lamented daughter. George received the album with an agitation he in vain struggled to conceal; scarcely being able to restrain the tear that arose in his eye at the sight of the well-known depository of his floral gifts. It was carefully sealed up, and addressed to him by Lady Clara herself; and the countess could but remark, with a degree of hauteur which pained and mortified him, as she placed it in his hands, "Young man, nothing but a daughter's dying request would have induced me to make you so inconsistent a present."

After some other necessary arrangements, the family prepared to quit the scene of so much sadness and suffering, hoping by change and excitement to shake off the lingering melancholy and depression still attached to it.

The earl hastened to the metropolis to plunge into the cares of the senate; and the ladies hurried to the continent, the more promptly to recruit their health and spirits; and it was with amazement, nay, almost disgust, that George beheld, with every receding mile, how their longsuppressed gaiety returned-how they re-assumed their old tone of levity -how, in fact, they all and each appeared to lose the recollection of the fair young creature so recently committed to the grave, as mere distance placed that grave further and further from their view. But it was not so with him; not all the rapid and phantasmagorial changes of foreign changes, of foreign travel; not all the immunity to folly and vice, which the universal dissipation around him sanctioned; not all the studied coquetry of Miss Turner, with whom he was thrown into constant and familiar contact, could for one instant allure his thoughts from brooding over that sweet face as he had last contemplated it, in the angelic serenity of death. It was in his every waking reverie—in his every dream of slumber; on it his memory still dwelt with hallowed and unshaken constancy, and to behold it ere long again in heaven, he prayed with all the fervour of youthful and devoted affection.

Hour after hour would he spend in the sacred solitude of his own humble but still sanctified room, with the treasured album on his knees, turning over its priceless contents, recalling the gentle eye which had once delighted in them, and blessing the gentle heart which had bequeathed him such a legacy.

In it he found many a sweet and improving thought recorded, many a register of secret and unguessed emotion, many a snatch of harmonious song, and many a more holy hymn.

In it, too, he found not only all the faded bouquets which she had received with such winning condescension from his hand, but all his poetry, copied in the delicate and feeble characters of the failing invalid, with fond and flattering comments on the beauty and pathos of the touching and truthful sentiments there unfolded; and in it he also found a letter written by the expiring girl to him, and it was evident, from its almost indistinctness, how near she felt she was to death ere she ventured on such an act.

"On the brink of that grave," it began, "which levels all distinctions (distinctions too vain, too empty, to afford even a partial gratification to one so tried, and, may I add, so purified by trial!), I feel no shame in addressing you, in laying open my heart to you, in revealing to you that which, if it had pleased the Almighty to have prolonged my life, you never would have learnt so long as reason retained her empire over me; not on account of any personal reluctance to declare the truth, but out of consideration to the prejudices of others—to spare those prejudices, so sensitive, so easily wounded, so incurable when wounded, and which are too deeply rooted to be eradicated even by the hand of justice or conviction.

"George, I do not say that I love you; I do not feel that I love you, so near standing face to face with my Maker. I should, indeed, conceive it profane to think of an earthly passion; but I will confess, and that without hesitation, that in these my last mortal hours of pain and anguish, I have derived more comfort from your kind and constant attention

than from any other human being who will survive me; that I lamented when my illness, by confining me to my chamber, deprived me of those soothing attentions. This is, apparently, a strange confession for me to make, considering our relative positions-nay, in the estimation of the world, a most unfeminine and derogatory one; but, George, I am not influenced either by the station which separates us, nor the world which condemns us. I again repeat, that from you I have derived the most consolation in these my last remaining days on earth; and why? because there was a community of mind between us-a sympathy of soul, which, although never expressed, was still clearly and eloquently understood; your eyes, your voice, your whole deportment, intimated it to me at first, and your verses afterwards fully confirmed the fact-yes, George, your earnest, heart-thrilling verses, which I knew were addressed to me, inspired by me, although you imagined I was ignorant of that, and secretly bewailed my ignorance;—those verses, which convinced me that when I was gone from hence to be no more seen, I should leave one heart behind that would cherish my memory, one eye that would shed a tear of the sincerest woe for my timeless fate, one tongue to follow my ascending spirit above, with a prayer for its everlasting beatitude and To one, who, like me, could command every alleviation in sickness, which wealth could purchase and rank could enforce, the sympathy of that inferior, whom the dread of giving offence held in continual check, would not seem so inestimable in the eyes of those who only judge from external appearances, as I really found it; but it was the only genuine sympathy I met with during my brief but cruelly-blighted existence. What was the useless and fatiguing luxury by which I was surrounded? What was the servile and too frequently unwillingly fulfilled offices of those whom cold duty compelled to obedience, compared to the ardent, the spontaneous alacrity with which you actually anticipated my wishes, and studied even my sickly and wayward desires? O George, you may have sprung from a lowly race, but your soul would add lustre to a ducal

"My father, although naturally kind, is too tenacious of the dignity becoming his rank, to suffer any vulgar display of feeling to evince itself even for a dying child; my mother, with far less tenderness of temper, but much more worldly pride, is almost impatient at the lingering nature of the complaint, for which there seems no cure, save death, and which yet for decency's sake chains her to my pillow; and my sisters, instructed by her of the paramount importance of availing themselves of the charm which youth lends to beauty, consider the time as absolutely lost which a suffering sister compels them to waste in this cheerless and unsought All this forced on my own mind the painful conviction of the burden I was to those whom nature most intended for my support and encouragement under the afflictions which so sadden the young and sanguine heart, and all this also forced on my own mind the contrast your behaviour afforded; for the failing eye may grow dim or indifferent to the outward vanities of this world, and cease to strain after their receding and vanishing possessions, but that eye must be covered by the impenetrable veil of dissolution, ere it ceases to discern the difference between real and simulated commiseration, ere it ceases to strain after the looks of love which are held the more dear the nearer the certainty of losing them for ever. Thus, then, in common gratitude, I feel bound

to thank you for the closing ray of light which you have shed on the dark passage to the grave of her who, perhaps (so erring is human nature!), had she not been so early doomed to thread its dismal mazes, might not have been so sensible of the refulgence which emanated from you to illumine its devious path. That God may bless you for that radiance, George—that God may bless you, is the last prayer of the expiring Clara."

George, when he had finished this letter, did not dare to say, "Then she did love me!" but, folding it up with a deliberate and reverential tenderness, he pressed it long and silently to his lips, and then, with heroic magnanimity, committed it to the flames, lest, by any untoward accident, it might fall into other hands, and thus compromise the im-

maculate and venerated DEAD.

At the expiration of a year, and at the commencement of the London season, the countess intimated her intention of returning to England, to the servants who had accompanied herself and daughters abroad. Miss Turner, however, who by some extraordinary artifice had contrived to ingratiate herself into the favour of the Lady Blanche, the youngest daughter, so as to be engaged by her in the capacity of confidential maid, now declared that she intended to remain in Germany, being on the point of marriage with the handsome courier who had travelled with the family from Paris to Carlsbad. This was a great relief to George, who, although he despised her vulgar flippancy, and undisguised indignation at his continued and marked indifference, still felt, as it were, in her power still felt that she held him in a state of mental intimidation, which made him at times extremely miserable, lest, in one of her paroxysms of mortified vanity, at being compelled by his cruelty, as she admitted, to marry a foreigner, she should reveal that which he guarded with a vigilant and religious tenacity—the more than suspicion she entertained, that his coldness to her proceeded from a lingering affection for one who, although past being injured by a jealous woman, was still too sacred an object to him to risk even the tarnishing of her memory by such a discovery; it was, then, with no small satisfaction he bade her farewell at the door of the "Goldenen Schilde," ere he jumped up behind the carriage, glad of her absence in the rumble, which he now had entirely to himself.

Owing to repeated attacks of cold, which the constant change from place to place prevented him properly attending to, George's health had so materially declined, that, on reaching London, the earl at once determined to send him into the country, and not, by exposing him to the fatigue which the incessant round of pleasure pursued by the fairer portion of the aristocracy especially entails on the male domestics during the almost frantic career of thoughtless gaiety and folly it follows, render serious those symptoms which, if taken in time, might yield to judicious treatment.

"Go, my good George," he said-"go, and take care of yourself; you

are young, and youth easily triumphs over disease."

This was kind in the Earl of Melcombe, but it was not true. Youth is the victim, too, too often of the disease which was now prostrating the object of his considerate commiseration. The obstinate cough, the wearing lassitude, the loss of appetite, the burning thirst—all, all told, in plain and legible characters, that the insidious malady which had threatened to terminate his ill-fated infancy, had now developed itself in a more decided and alarming form.

The change of air and quiet did not produce the favourable results which were anticipated. George daily became thinner and more languid, and, ere long, he was pronounced in a state of incipient consumption. Then, when he felt himself too weak to perform even the lightest housework-even the lightest work in his favourite garden, he, recollecting the promise of Mrs. Burnet, to comfort his motherless heart in sorrow, to smooth his motherless pillow in sickness, to close his motherless eyes in death, entreated permission to be allowed to go to her, to try the healing effects of her kind nursing and kinder sympathy. For on her bosom he knew he could weep without restraint, into her ear he could breathe every treasured sentence of that well-remembered letter, with her he could recal every particular of that last scene, only witnessed by themselves and God, in the solemn hush of midnight; and on her he could rely to fulfil every wish of his heart at the final moment, which was not far distant, when he should exchange sorrow and suffering on earth for joy and gladness in heaven.

Warm, indeed, was the welcome he met with from her; affectionately and untiringly did she exert herself to minister to the comfort of the poor youth, who had evidently come to spend the remnant of his short

but woe-fraught days beneath her peaceful roof.

Oh! what a haven did he find it, after the storms and tempests of agony he had passed through! Oh! how soothing to his agitated feelings was the simple but persuasive eloquence with which that meek and gentle woman assured him, that in proportion to his patience and resigna-

tion under afflictions here, so would be his reward hereafter!

"My dear George," she would say, as she pressed his languid head to her bosom, "you ought to have no fear; you can have no fear to meet that merciful Being who, judging from the heart alone, must acquit you of evil. He will not condemn you for that chaste affection which has kept you, through all the manifold temptations which assail youth, still unspotted from the world; as you have lived innocently, so must you die happily; for death is only rendered terrible by the compunctions of conscience; but of what can yours accuse you? Nothing, my dear boy, nothing. Just on the threshold of existence, when you were about to place your unwary foot on the hot and fiery sands of the glowing desert of passions, lo! an angel met you, to guide you with the milk-white hand of stainless, virgin purity through its trackless wastes, leading you from its dark and hidden precipices, and conducting you to the calm sequestered valley of death, whose fresh and tender verdure is faintly illumined by the twilight streak of the setting sun of the cloud-crossed radiance of time, to arise for you, on the renewed dawn of a glorious and refulgent Soon, oh! how soon will you behold the fair features of that angel, now engraven in ineffaceable characters on your heart! Soon, oh! how soon will you be welcomed by her to that paradise, where all distinctions save the ennobling ones of virtue are held as nought! Prepare, then, to meet your God as it becomes a Christian, who, supported by the hope which He holds out to them that love Him, and trust to Him through all. Waste not the precious moments you may yet call your own in idle lamentations, in vain and sinful regrets, for the loss of earthly felicity; but remember, that if it had been your fate to have found not one obstacle to that felicity—if health, fortune, rank had crowned it with the dearest mortal fruition-still you might, as now, have been called away by the inexorable mandate, which pauses not to consider what ties it

rends, what happiness it blights, what fairy fabrics of hope it demolishes. How hard, how very, very hard you would have felt that separation from the loved and the lovely then; whereas now you are going to rejoin her where separation is impossible, where the vicissitudes which so distract here are unknown, and where the humiliation of inferiority and the mortifications which pride heaps on merit are felt no more."

George lay on the tranquil bosom of this his more than mother, in a half-conscious state of dreamy and enraptured existence, listening to the low murmuring voice, which sounded like seraphic harmony to his ears, and seeing, as in a beatific vision, the heavenly pictures that voice por-

traved for him above.

All pain had long ceased, the smile was once more on his wan lips, and the light of a chastened and attempered heart in his sunk eye. Memory had come back from the long wanderings of delirium, and presented to him, with a poignant but exquisite acuteness, every little incident which had chequered with an uncertain brightness the short period of his intimacy with Lady Clara: again he beheld her, in all her sweet and fragile beauty; again he heard those words which breathed as much love as gratitude; and again feeling for the rich curl, which had never left his heart since the first moment it was placed there, he said:

"Let it remain, my mother—let it remain, that precious curl, still on my heart when I am gone." He closed his eyes once more, his head dropped rather more heavily on her bosom; she looked, and he was gone,

but the smile was still on his lips!

NIGHT WINDS.

BY CHARLES ANTHONY.

Come they, those voices loud that rave, From caverns 'neath the ocean deep, Or borne upon the mountain wave, From huge rocks where the scabirds sleep, To tell of vessel tempest-torn, Or brave crew watching for the morn? There seems cold death, thou burly gale, In every bitter blast that blows, As on they speed o'er frost and snows, Where once in sweetness bloom'd the rose. Could they but speak and tell the tale, I'd ask of them this fearful night, What voices bear they on their flight. Up from you valley clad in white Loud cries rise up in angry sound, Where sheds the moon's uncertain light, To guide the traveller homeward-bound To cheerful hearths and fires so bright; And from yon town in pale array, Faint lamps are twinkling far away. Cold is the night, and loud the storm, Dark is the moor my footsteps tread, And o'er yon hut in dreary form The night-bird's sailing wings are spread, Where lonely rustic, pale with fright,

Lies listening through the stormy night.

THE HAUNTED WELL.

BY MARGARET CASSON.

VI.

"WHERE is Miss O'Brien?" exclaimed the indefatigable Captain Cunninghame, at breakfast the next morning, when, after crowding his plate with every variety of his favourite food, selected from the profusion before him, he gazed around for the second object of his devotion, the fair Kathleen, and found her missing—the gallant defender of his country, be it known, was somewhat of a gourmand—"where is Miss O'Brien?"

"Where is Miss Myrtle, hey, Cunninghame?" sang his host.

"I hope not a case of young Lochinvar," said Mr. Graham, "if we could by any possible means travestie that grim piece of sense, Osmond, into so blithe a cavalier. He was off, in a desperate hurry, with the lark this morning; I confess I begin to query now, whether 'he rode all unarmed, and rode all alone.'"

"I can assure you, my dear fellow," rejoined Captain Cunninghame, helping himself, as he spoke, to a very large slice of the perigord pie, "Miss O'Brien has far too much sense to admire that very slow young man; she has hardly noticed him, indeed-(if you please, Lady Dalrymple, a little more coffee?)—since he performed that very remarkable act of madness, that jump over the rock. She cares for him no more than-than-

"You do for that perigord pie, Cunninghame," put in George Wilson. "Now, my opinion is, she is enacting the Sleeping Beauty, and taking a good spell of it, moreover, considering how early she beat a retreat last night, waiting for you, O valiant captain, as the 'fated fairy prince,' to waken her. Do you feel any 'whispered voice' to that effect?

'the Charm talked about your path' through life?"

The individual thus addressed was commencing a reply, when the door opened, and the object of discussion entering, the gallant man's words were, alas! lost to posterity for evermore, George Wilson availing himself of the opportunity to add in a whisper to Isabella,

"Now, does not Cunninghame look the very picture of the 'fairy

prince,' as 'all your fancy painted him,' Miss Graham?".

"What, with joyful eyes, and lighter-footed than the fox," replied Isabella, satirically glancing at the most unfairy-like proportions of the

gentleman before her.

"Decidedly characterisms of the great man, Miss Graham, were a perigord pie the object of his search," rejoined young Wilson. "Then 'the magic music in his heart beats quick and quicker, his spirits flutter like a lark,' &c., &c. Surely you must agree with me; look at him now."

"You are certainly what the schoolboys call 'well up' in 'the Daydream,' Mr. Wilson," laughed Isabella; "but, instead of Captain Cunninghame, look at Kathleen; what can have befallen her? There is no day-dream there, but a melancholy waking reality. How very ill she looks!"

"Miss O'Brien does look ill," replied George, carelessly looking to-

wards her; "she has over-exerted herself. Indeed, it is a good thing for us all that the party is breaking up to-day; did it last much longer, we should all require speedily a small portion of the Balinaslough church-yard; and to die, and have inscribed on our tombs, 'died of gaiety,' would not be exactly an elevating idea of ourselves, and would hardly speak a useful lesson to the passers-by."

"Certainly not. Well, I hope it is as you say; but to me, Kathleen

looks as if she were suffering from more than mere fatigue."

Kathleen, as I said, had entered the room. She was deadly pale; and her large dark eyes, which appeared distended to an unnatural size, seemed to behold some fearful object before them, from which she vainly endeavoured to avert their gaze. What a contrast she presented to her previous self, as she used to be at that very breakfast-table, when she appeared as the very type of the brightness of the morning, an emanation of its sunshine! Now all was effort. She took her place, which was vacant, between Sir John Dalrymple and Captain Cunninghame; involuntarily she shuddered as she did so, and turned from her unfortunate admirer, with ill-concealed aversion, to the good-natured baronet.

"Well, lady fair, where have you been?" said he. "Such surmises as to the cause of your absence; such regrets and lamentations! Are you breaking us in gradually to bear the loss we must suffer, of losing you entirely? There are some sad blanks already, if you look round the table: and Osmond was off this morning; he startled us all last night by announcing his intended departure. We hoped he would have remained some time longer; but go he would; and when his mind is made up, the laws of the Medes and Persians are light in their unchangeableness compared with his determination."

"Kathleen," interrupted Lady Dalrymple, "I hope you feel rested

this morning, and ready for your journey. Did you sleep well?"
"Sleep well?—me! no—yes—why?" faltered Kathleen.

"Nay, my dear child, you need not look so alarmed. I merely inquired, as you left us so early."

"Oh," replied the girl, looking much relieved; "yes, of course

I did."

"You took every precaution, Kathleen, to ensure a good night's rest," added Isabella; "only think, Lady Dalrymple, she ran away from the

barrack-room, and went-

"Never tell tales out of school, Miss Graham," said Sir John, with mock gravity (for he saw how Kathleen was trembling, and each moment growing paler and paler). "I take Miss O'Brien under my protection, and will not have her teased with questions. You are quite worn out, I see," continued he, lowering his voice, to Kathleen. "I will take care of you, for you are totally unfitted to bear the raillery of those laughter-loving, inconsiderate young ladies. I was telling you about Osmond: well, go he would; and he desired me to convey his adieus to all the ladies, in which, of course, you were included; indeed, I asked him if there was no special message for you?"

"You did, Sir John?"

"Yes, and he replied, 'To Miss O'Brien, no; why? Bid her good-by for me as to the rest; unless you care to tell her I feel no ill effects from my leap; in fact, rather the contrary. I am sure she will be glad to hear

that, after the compliment she paid me, in selecting me to accomplish the feat for her amusement.' And, indeed," prosed on Sir John, "I was very glad to hear it, and told him I was certain you would be also, for it was a terrible undertaking on his part. I think that was all. Osmond is such a strange fellow, there is no making him out." And Sir John Dalrymple continued to expatiate upon him, as the most pleasing subject he could choose for poor Kathleen's amusement. Poor, good-natured, blind Sir John! he was never famous for seeing deeply into such complicated matters as the workings of the human heart, and little thought how every word he uttered was as a dagger piercing the breast of his unhappy listener.

The longest hour will end at last, and even that interminable breakfast was at length over, and Kathleen free from her unconscious tormentor. Having made her escape, on reaching the top of the old staircase she stood irresolute.

"O rest, rest! where can I find you? where can I go? Oh! to lay down my weary head and die!" murmured she.

"If you please, ma'am, what time will you have the carriage round?" It was her maid in search of her.

"The sooner the better, Morgan; hasten it as speedily as possible."

"Good Heavens! Miss O'Brien, how ill you are looking!" exclaimed the servant. "Do lie down, ma'am, please, do for a while, till the carriage comes."

"But where can I go?" again repeated the girl, helplessly.

"Go, ma'am!" exclaimed the puzzled Abigail. "Why, the barrack-room certainly is rather noisy just now, for they are all in confusion there, packing up; but my little room, ma'am, where you slept last night, is quite quiet."

"Last night!" said Kathleen, with such a look of horror that the frightened servant drew back in utter dismay. "Oh, no, no, never, Morgan, never can I enter there again; you know not, you cannot know——"Then, recalled to herself by the bewildered looks of the maid, she broke off her sentence, adding, "But I am frightening you; you think me mad, and I believe I am myself sometimes; but go, Morgan, and leave me; I will wait in this little sitting-room, and when all is ready, come and tell me."

The maid, after some slight hesitation, obeyed, telling to all she met how scared and wild her young mistress looked, "as if she had seen a ghost, Mary," said she to a fellow-servant.

VII.

In the little boudoir, Kathleen has thrown herself upon her knees; fast are her tears flowing, and with heavy sobs heaves her mourning heart.

"Oh! Douglas, Douglas!" moaned she, in her agony. "Oh! lost to me for ever! gone, gone, without one kind look—one kind word! Oh! to have seen him once more, if but for an instant, to tell him I am not the heartless creature he deems me! My own, own Douglas! My own!" exclaimed she, starting up, and her lip curled ironically. "Mine! not mine now! Pause and think who is mine now! Remember the destiny

which cold and bleak lies before me! Douglas, Douglas!" and again she sank low down on the ground, to moan his name, to call in vain, to upbraid her own mad folly; "and to leave me that message, those cruel words, and so to part for ever!"

Again her solitude interrupted-no peace, no rest any longer for Kathleen. She was raised from the ground; her head was rested on Lady Dalrymple's kind shoulder, and loving words showered fast upon that poor sad heart: " My darling! my Kathleen! tell me; let me comfort you," and so on, but in vain; only tears and heavy sighs replied.

Suddenly, with a wild shriek, the girl tore herself from the protecting arms of her friend. "O God! There, there! Look before you there! There they are again!-one!-all! Horror, horror! Oh, save me!-in mercy save me from them!" And with another wild, heartrending shriek, burying her face in the folds of the dress of her terrified companion, Kathleen sank fainting on the floor. From this she recovered but to relapse into insensibility. Again did one attack follow the other; at length, worn out and exhausted, she opened her eyes only to beg to be taken home, to leave that place; she could not-she would not remain there—it was too dreadful. In vain did they remind her how unfitted was her state of health for travelling; in vain did they attempt to soothe her—to tell her that they would send for her parents—do all, everything for her. She was deaf to all entreaties; go she must. "She could not, she said, "remain another night there." And so vehement did she become, that at last even the medical aid they had summoned to attend her agreed it was better she should go, that her will should not be thwarted; and, accompanied by Isabella, for whom she had conceived a

warm friendship, Kathleen left Balinaslough Castle.

There is ever a saddening feeling attendant upon the breaking up of a large merry party; for then what has been the joyous present, enters into the regions of the past, and takes its place amongst the landmarks which stand in that shadowy region to remind the traveller, as he pursues his journey up the hill of life, of what he has left behind, as he now and then halts in his weary ascent to turn round and gaze on the dim vistas of the country through which he has wandered; or, as monumental stones in the graveyard of memory, marking the resting-place, and keeping fresh and green the remembrance of our buried and lost-our heart's joys and sorrows. And to Kathleen how doubly sad the grief she was now experiencing! A landmark, a monumental stone, would this time, indeed, stand forth in her memory, visible from every spot whither her soul's travelling might lead her; throughout her whole life must she turn thither, but no brightness would cling to it; rather as the wayside cross, to mark where rests the murdered body on the lone dreary road, would it gleam to her, than as the shrine whither the worshipper would turn to remember past vows and happiness, and feel more holy, more pure for the remembrance! Sad indeed was her return home, and grievous was it for her loving parents to behold the change wrought in their darling. Before, though fond of gaiety and society, still contented did she ever seem with the quiet pleasures of her home; now, change seemed to be her only wish-a perpetual desire to wander from place to place. "She only lived," she said, "to meet her destiny." They pondered on her words, but they understood them not.

VIII.

"ISABELLA, I can bear this no longer!" exclaimed Kathleen one evening, as she entered the room where her friend was quietly amusing herself with her book by the fireside; "it is killing, is this life—torturing—harrowing; and I cannot live thus!"

Isabella looked up astonished. "What is torturing and harrowing

you, dear ?"

The girl answered not. She was standing by the fire, gazing on its burning; suddenly she crossed the room to the window, and holding back the curtain, looked earnestly on the darkening sky. "How chill it all looks!" she said; "wretched and dismal!"

"A November evening is never a very lively object to gaze upon,"

remarked Isabella.

"Why did you draw the curtain, Isabel?"

"To shut out the very dreariness of which you complain, and to forget

the howling of that weary wind," replied her friend.

"I like it," said Kathleen; "it is the only thing I care for now; it sounds like the spirits in prison lamenting for their sins. I live when I hear that dismal moaning."

Isabella gazed at her anxiously.

"May I leave the curtain undrawn, Isa?" continued Miss O'Brien.

"Yes, dear, if you will; but surely it is not wise to indulge in these morbid fancies," said she, as Kathleen continued to gaze upon the night. "They grow upon you, and they make you so dissatisfied. I would not wish to teach you, my own Kathleen; but were you to force yourself to resist them as they arise, you would be the happier. The life of all presents duties to be fulfilled."

"Duty!" muttered Kathleen, as she threw open the window and leant from it—"duty! I tell you, Isa," pursued she, as she impetuously closed it a few moments after, and advanced once more to the side of her friend—"I tell you, Isa, there is but one duty left for me; there is no

future for me, but remorse and sadness!"

"Kathleen," said Isabella, hardly knowing what to say, how to comfort the girl, so mournful did she stand before her, "if you would only tell me the cause of your sorrow—if you would only let me comfort you. Sympathy must assuage, if it cannot remove the grief confided to it."

Miss O'Brien continued to arrange the ornaments on the mantelpiece.

At last: "Are your nerves tolerably strong, Isa?"

"Tolerably so," replied Isabella, laughing; "but why?"

"Nay, it is no laughing matter; they must be strong, ere you can isten to me."

"Believe me, dear, my love for you would make them strong as you could wish them, were it necessary; but I do not fear your trying them

so very terribly."

"I came to you this evening, Isabella," pursued Kathleen, following out her own train of thought, and hardly noticing her friend's words, "for the purpose of telling you all; but my heart begins to fail me now. I have longed, pined, to tell my sin—my punishment; but, before, the words have died on my lips; now, you shall hear all. But do not mock

me, do not laugh at me; my tale is true, however incredulous you may deem it necessary to be."

"I will not mock or laugh at you, Kathleen; trust in me."

"Then, sit here, by this window; the fireside is no place for such a tale as mine. Here, with this dreary scene before us, I can tell you better all I have to tell;" and placing herself on the floor, at the feet of her friend, with her head leaning on Isabella's knees, and her face turned on the dull gloomy night, Miss O'Brien began: "Perhaps you never knew, never even surmised, Isa, that I loved Douglas Osmond? Yet so it was. I had given him my whole heart—I loved him as I can love, and that is intensely. During my brief dream of happiness I felt an altered being,—higher, better impulses were mine, and I felt the secret of my life's destiny was solved. I lost his love! By my own rash act I dashed my happiness to nothingness, even as it first became my own. Like the fabled 'Cup of Edenhall,' it bore with it all, all my better nature, my nobler, finer feelings. I lost all command over myself; I felt reckless and lost." She paused, then resuming: "Do you remember, Isabella, our return to the terrace, and Sir John's legend, and your repeating it to me?"

"Yes, well-but why?"

"Did it never strike you, Isa, why I left the barrack-room the last night I spent at Balinaslough,—why I was so ill afterwards?"

" No."

"Isabella, I tried the spell! In earnest I fulfilled what was so laughingly suggested to me,—I went to the Haunted Well!"

"Kathleen!" "Yes, I went. I could not bear the sea of uncertainty on which I was tossing,—I resolved to know the worst. I went, and paid the penalty oh, how dearly paid it!—of my insane folly! As I turned from the scene of my midnight wandering, I felt wild with spirits. The having accomplished my object imparted a new life to me; and as I retraced my steps, so lovely appeared the night, so quiet and cloudless now, though but a short time before so different, I felt I could have lingered there for hours; I felt no fear-strong was my heart, my very pulses calm;—but prudence forbade the wish, and fearing the discovery of my nocturnal rambling, I hastened onwards to the terrace door. I gained it in safety, and arrived at the small room, which was now mine. I felt very tired, and so inclined to treat the whole matter as a jest, after the disregard paid to my repeated invocations at the well-side, I hardly cared to complete the charm; yet, with scarcely a thought, I did hang the still dripping handkerchief on the chair, and I soon fell asleep. Now, listen, Isa," exclaimed Kathleen, as she raised her head from its recumbent position, and fixed her eyes eagerly on Miss Graham's face. "I know not how long I slept, when I was wakened by a slight sound, and, to my dread, I saw the door slowly opening. My room was very small, and I could see around the whole of my little domain at one glance. For an instant, I forgot all, and thought some one had mistaken their way; but I saw the handkerchief, and I saw the dark form which entered so noiselessly, and I remembered then! It glided in, with its face turned from me—in shape resembling a man, but yet so unearthly—an indescribable horror! It advanced quiet and still to the fireside. Do you tremble, Isa? I did not, after my first fear; for I thought it was Douglas, and I felt so wickedly happy that my prayer had been heard. This was at the foot of the bed; so near, it almost touched. It bent over the handkerchief, and then turning round, it fixed its spirit eyes on me! Oh, Heaven help me, Isabel! the agony of that moment!—it was not him—not Douglas, for whom I had perilled all—that I beheld, but a stranger,—one on whom my eyes had never yet gazed! Slowly as it had entered, the demon-figure left my room, and I was alone once more—lonely in spirit as in reality."

"You were dreaming, dear," said Isabella, soothingly, to her now

excited companion.

"Dreaming! I knew you would think it a dream; but it was no dream, Isabella. Remember what I had done; I had invoked the Evil One, and I was answered. But interrupt me not; you know not all—yet more has to be told of that night of terror. I am naturally bravehearted, and, wound up to an unwonted pitch of excitement, I did not feel the fear I might have anticipated. I shed bitter tears then-I cannot now; and I lay there thinking of my lost love, and upbraiding my fate, rather than trembling, as many would have done. I believe I must have slept again from pure exhaustion, but only again to open my eyes to the same awaking. As the door once more turned on its hinges, I confess I did tremble, and tried to hide from my view the approaching object; but no, fixed, chained to the spot, my eyes involuntarily remained. Again the dark shadow entered-again was its face To add to the horror of the scene, the fire was nearly burnt out, and the moonlight alone shone into the apartment, making each object look more ghastly in its pale sickly beams. An awful stillness reigned, and the silence in the movements of my ghostly visitor was a fearful thing to witness; he, like his predecessor, occupied himself with the fatal handkerchief; but soon raising his face to my affrighted gaze, with a smile of demoniacal triumph, revealed to me-oh, Isabel! hold me close-oh, Isabel, Isabel!-the abhorred features of Captain Cunninghame! I tried to scream, but utterance seemed deprived to me, and with a laugh of unearthly mockery the form vanished from before me. Again I had foregone him. I seemed rivetted to the spot; I could not rise; I could not summon assistance. My only idea was to watch that little door, to learn what new terrors were thereat to enter. At length I gathered courage to lean forward and snatch the handkerchief from its resting-place, to throw it on the floor, to the utmost limit of the room; more, I could not do, the door again opening, and once more my spectre fate appeared. Even then I felt fresh hope rise amid my dread. It might be him at last, and the thought made me bold. The figure advanced, it leant over the chair, and, oh, Isabel! it proceeded on to where lay the handkerchief; it raised it from the ground, and again it hung over the chair, and turning towards me, it seemed to gaze with a melancholy reproachful look as I lay there, anxiously hoping yet fearing to see its face. It was not him, Isabel. I knew it not; I cared not to Since it was not Douglas, what mattered it? I had sacrificed life, hope, joy-all, all, to be miserable, blighted, for ever! No hope, no repentance henceforward for me. Hush! not yet Isabel" (as she saw

her friend about to speak). "As he vanished-this sad, grave oneround the house there wailed a piteous cry, and then at intervals three times repeated, came the sound as of a requiem for the dead, and again that wailing cry, and I could bear it no longer-I fainted. When I recovered, the sun was shining brightly, the birds singing, all nature fair and glorious; yet there before me was the reminder of the horrors I had witnessed—the first object my waking eyes beheld was the handkerchief! I have got it now, Isabel—I treasure it. A fearful relic, is it not, to worship? But whenever I feel an aching remembrance at my heart for one I dearly love-and strange as it may seem, a remembrance will come. a hope will break forth occasionally, spite of all-I look at my handkerchief, and as the frost shrivels the leaves and flowers, my hopes sink, sere and withered, before my relic. My maid came in almost immediately on my awaking, and I learnt from her my absence from the barrack-room had been discovered. But I cared not now. What was it to me, the things surmised or said of me? I had learnt my fate-I was uncertain no longer-I knew all. Could I bear all? How I had strength to rise, to dress, to go down stairs, I know not; but, with a kind of desperation, go through it I did, and more dead than alive descended to the breakfast-room. You know the rest. It is a strange weird tale, Isabel, is it not?" said Kathleen, suddenly, looking earnestly at her

"Frightful, indeed, my darling; most horrible."

"Do you wonder I was ill after this, Isa?—that even my nerves gave way?"

"No, dear; but, trust me, it was but a dream-a phantom raised by

your own over-excited imagination."

"Isabella, you shall not call it so. I knew how it would be; that none would believe me, all would deem it such; but it was not-that fearful sight was no vision. Had it been such, would not familiar faces have stood before me, not stranger-forms? Oh, Isabel! you know not, may you never know, the misery to wake without a hope, to lie down in sorrow, to have a past to which you dare not turn; a present, objectless; a future, which if it has an object, is but to meet it, and then to be at rest. Do not weep for me, Isabel," continued she, as Isabella's tears fell thick and fast at the sad picture; "tears are not for me. I have told you this that you may help me, that you may tell my parents—not this tale, for either they would disbelieve it, or else they would be miserablebut to tell them that I must leave this place—that I must wander forth to seek my fate—that I shall go mad if I remain here! And, Isabel, you must stay with me; I cannot bear to part with you, my dear, kind Isabel; and now that your brother is going to be married, he cannot need you longer. I am very sad, very heart-broken. You will stay with me, will you not, Isabel?"

And her parents have complied with her wishes, and her friend remains with her; and from one changeful scene to another wanders that poor

restless one!

VELTHINAS; OR, THE ORDEAL OF SACRIFICE.

A BIOGRAPHY.

The Tomb.

CHAPTER II.

In a vaulted chamber above-stairs stood my bookshelves; a room secluded and sombre, but dear to me, as it was filled with loved associations of the past. There I had dwelt for many months without a companion, visited sometimes by Ippolito, who, the brother, the likeness, the mourner of the departed, was precious to my eyes; and also, though less frequently, by Musonio, who knew himself to be ill suited to console, and so kept away. He analysed grief itself-grief which may mean a world's destruction; the soul a prey to its own hunger and thirst; or hope left wingless in the ashes of its extinct fires. He analysed grief! At such a moment what comfort could his philosophy bring to the too patient listener, to the unhearted? what cheer could it afford out of the unspeakable desolations of its distant, always coming scenes? Meantime its promises, so grand and immortal, its edicts, in themselves an evervarying God, contrasted but hopelessly, save to intellects entire like his, with the domestic joys of a heaven which a better Scripture foretels to be Happy was Musonio; his was the reasonable, far-feeling, placid hope; his the time-outrunning thought, acquiescing as it advanced in the cold, just order of an impartial and smiling Power. But thus I saw it not; my children, who were often with me, forbade that we should be so parted; and my love of glory refused to launch its inheritance on shoreless time. And when I looked into their faces, and thence looked forward to meeting their mother in heaven, I saw all-felt all that was perfect in childhood, and all that was needed to confirm hope in a life of holiness to come. In philosophical faith, as Musonio so often had told me, there may be a peculiar conviction; if it be convincing as that which attests but the truth of parental love, it is strong indeed.

Ippolito at this time became my parish priest, and was therefore always near at hand. He was my comfort. There was a freshness in his thoughts on divine subjects, which could not fail to prove agreeable to one who had led the spiritual life I had done, and to whom the sublimest ideas were familiar objects. The charm of his conversation was in not adopting the parlance of the schools, but in expressing himself in plain modern language, unaccompanied by outward signs of piety, save such as the sin-

cerity of the soul involuntarily expressed.

Giuditta remained with the children, but only approached me in leading them to and fro. Thanatos, the tamest of the household, was among my visitors; in him reason no longer showed itself, though an active instinct, and often watchful if not turbulent eye, remained behind. He had his dreads, and they gave evidence of their relation to past events. The sight of a rope made him shudder, and he could not be induced to ap-

proach the church, or even the cellar-door, as if such revived in him a remembrance of the ordalia he had gone already, through, while he was unable to distinguish between them and their repetition.

Abarbanel had disappeared since that night. no referred t need has ten

No visitors came from the neighbouring villas; yet I was not alone! W re gnother country was, as a source of inspiration, another soul

wa ner: she had not travelled as I had done, and yet she saw univeranabod-shad disv ANGUS TO THE COUNT OF AULA. before all district les

Bear thy distresses, Adonai, Adora is fair among the immortal as she was once among the daughters of earth. I owe her more than was ever before due from me to another, so elevating has been the influence she has exercised over me by her example. Travelling was my religion; it was my form of worship. Piety is the ardent conception of a divine benefactor: some ask its lesson of themselves, within the lesser seeking -as in a temple-the presence of the greater. But never within my own being could I gain a glimpse of the supreme Presence; it is not palpable there; while the Omnipresence I encountered everywhere, as I journeyed to and fro. I ascended not the ladder of the firmament only as some are wont, in reiterated prayer, but also climbed up the mountains, body and soul, accepting the testimony of them as well as of the heavens, that there was a God. our breast,

I shrank from forcing things on high into the service of so humble a thing as faith; for when Night came, she herself declared the Eternal with bursting tongues and sentences of light; and by day He made Himself seen. I dared not do more than watch; could I track the Creator's steps into the invisible? The pursuit was vain : none but the foolish pry into the buds of the unblown season, futurity. To violate its virgin precincts, into whose unfurnished chambers the Eternal himself penetrates not until the fulfilment of universal morrow, brings repulsion to the weak, and such as they only are willing to encounter a second time; for who cannot see that by stretching into unborn time, we enter ! a darkness; and that to live in the present is the visible example of God to all his works? Futurity comes to us by appointment, closes upon us faster than we can look on; and vain is the man who attempts a premature passage through its shadowy doors. To female love and bloods ad

There are, doubtless, many feelings, and among them the longings of hope, and prayer, which seem to penetrate it, to peep through keyholes in those noiselessly slammed gates of time, which move in the darkness, and shut out human audacity. In such eaves-droppings of the weak there is nothing overheard; eyes gape uselessly over the monstrous void: but how different the flood of soul which, as a daylight-calm, embraces and anoints the feet of the Most High! Give me this, and not the heaving tumult of spirit which dashes forward blindly, like the lover into forbidden arms, and, conscious of rebuke, recedes with heavy

and interrupted my reverie. I turned my head, and looked with dream numum Give me the works of God: let me still observe, improve, and wander. To Aula did I not stray and find a new faith, to which my present hopes are shaped? Did I not witness Adora's life? Judge not from what I write in praise of present time, that neither the past nor the future enters into my soul: the past reaches me through a thousand years in the mere howlings of the wind; the future dawns upon me at sunset—as, simmering in the west, its ruby glow calls up its picturesque expression within me; and then I border on the home of those afar.

But Adora asked for more than this; she went higher for her wisdom. What to me another country was, as a source of inspiration, another soul was to her: she had not travelled as I had done, and yet she saw universal truth the most distinctly. For the past and its vain back-bodings shuddered through her in the unreconciled shriek of death, as through me in the tempest; the future declared itself to her in the hopes and thanksgivings of the poor, among whom she dwelt, as to me in the farewell of the evening; hers the sense of doing, mine of seeing right. And though both are associated with sentiments divine, hers was the higher lot; she walked in the inner presence of the Almighty.

CHAPTER III.

Hast thou been a bankrupt—at a former period a merchant-prince, the wonder of yourself and of the world, then, fallen from that eminence, lord of your journals no more, your affairs in the possession of strangers? Though not your master now, but in other hands, is there no weight moved from your breast, no enemy to slumber chased from your bed? The evil hour, more dreaded than the secret ceremony of death, is past; the disgrace is encountered in triumph; the spirit, in its keen and agonising reliance on a silent Heaven, is encouraged, received, sustained; the dread of censure no longer affixed like a millstone about the soul.

Than this the heart is subject to a worse bankruptcy,—the ordeal of which I have passed through; for what is bleeding pride and the dread of pity to bear, compared with the consciousness of how small a dividend there is left of hope when the heart is broken? Its poundage is not sufficient to purchase one consoling ray for the sacrament of the last dark struggle. It is then, indeed, that to be in other hands, to experience responsibility no longer, is a respite; but who dwells upon the earth, who traffics with the ocean winds and gains a calm out of their tempest, who holds profitable dealings with his God towards enlarging the crippled soul, that he should have been proclaimed umpire in each latter age, and have been able thus easily to wind up the affairs of human nature?

Who?

As I thought thus within the calm yet more perturbable depths of my being, I touched a chord; the curtains, whose folds hid my picture, flew back like rolling clouds; the glorious answer was present—the Saviour on the Cross! Into his awful keeping I had resigned my spirit. And as I looked with weakness and inspiration on the figure so divinely fair, the smile of which had no mortal resemblance, for it expressed entire salvation from both transitory and eternal ills, a slight noise behind me became audible, and interrupted my reverie. I turned my head, and looked with dreamy eyes upon a dagger. At the moment when the curtain moved back, and exposed the Crucifixion, a weapon had been pointed at me; but on the representation, so fearfully real, of the Saviour, the dagger fell from an unnerved arm; the offender prayed for pardon,—not of the God he had offended, but

of me. It was Scoronconcolo; he it was, who, come to take his revenge, had been disarmed thus by a superstitious dread, and had sunk down on his knee before the object of my adoration. Placing my foot on the harmless weapon, I bade the murderer depart in peace, and trouble my conscience no more.

But what a scene ensued! The brigand had left me quietly, not uttering a word. As I paced the room in agitation, I heard suddenly a frightful howling, as of a human voice, followed by the deep, almost subterraneous bayings of the bloodhounds. Startled by these noises, I hurried to a window commanding the view of the north terrace, with its precipitous overhanging wall and the rocky bed of the torrent, and flung open the casement, whence I beheld Thanatos, with bended claws and the looks of a beast of prey, in pursuit of Scoronconcolo, and howling as he flew forward. The bandit was scared, he hesitated as he ran, and trembled violently when he stopped to consider his course. He was defenceless; it was evidently his hour of doom, when the strong is afraid of the weak; the strong in body, the strong in crime, but no longer the resolute.

The will had for an instant flagged, and ere he could look round him, a couple of bloodhounds, standing as high as his shoulder, led the attack and fell upon him, while Thanatos, into whose nostrils the robber's determined spirit seemed to breathe, followed close behind, urging on the dogs by most direful efforts, and simultaneously execrating his foe from the deep of a swollen hate. With the bark of the dogs he mingled yells pitched from his own throat into dreadful concord; then, standing in an attitude of defiance, and making gesticulations far removed from human, he looked on the result in triumph.

While this scene was enacting, I shouted to the combatants; the hoarse noise of the torrent drowned my voice, and in an instant the dogs were on the wall, to a narrow ledge behind which Scoronconcolo had retreated; they attacked him with all their force, and without delay rolled over the steep with him into the waters below.

This I witnessed from the balcony: the robber had fallen about a hundred and forty feet; midway between the parapet and gulf he bounded off from a huge buttress, near which the flight of steps makes a turn, and thence was projected to the torrent, into the midst of whose hissings he fell dead.

The hounds with frightful agility recovered their legs, and leaped down the steps; sometimes they rolled over, and again found their feet, sometimes glided with headlong force down the steep. Scoronconcolo had scarce reached the bottom, when one of the dogs rolled into the flood exhausted, and was rapidly carried down with the stream; but the other, with more success, made way against water and rock to the body, and finding it motionless, except as it swayed to and fro in the midst of foam against a projecting barrier, crouched upon it and panted incessantly; while its eye met its own silent laugh above reflected on the face of Thanatos.

The fate of Scoronconcolo, so sudden and, unhappily, so deserved, ranked among the most distressing events of my career; but there was a species of gross justice in it, too, incurred as it had been at the insti-

gation of Thanatos, of whose passions, otherwise scathed and reduced to shadow, the last refuse thus appeared to be revenge. The thirst of that feverish malady, that delirious impulse, was slaked in ecstasy, and suicidal was its rapture; for from that period up to death the soul whence it arose, once so worthless, and fit then only to manure the barren soil of hell, was ridded of evil desires, all of which, by unparalleled injuries and crimes, were finally extinguished; and thus mutilated within himself, and the fence thus narrowed round his moral world, he became affectionate to those around, and devoid of offence.

I was not myself free from a species of fascination at the robber's death, than whose end his burial was no less wild and sublime, rivetting me to my chamber, as if through its means I had been spell-bound, to look into an associate's future, and to moralise on ways divine.

The bones of the robber, inaccessible to all attempts at rescue, were washed by the stream; and their flesh became a prey to vultures, which, from their Alpine retreats, or from their nests on the lofty oaks of Sardinia, had penetrated the sky, and descended on the rocks of Aula. It was a species of funereal service undertaken by Nature in the absence of mourners, and performed by her out of her ample leisure, with those mute accompaniments of winter boughs and of sunbeams which make a dirge in every valley where none but the already thoughtful would suspect a grave. Strange were the rites; they ceased often, and yet never, for when they stopped they went on in the mind; and strange was the dress and the form of those spirits of death, whom Nature sent up into sunlight to do her work.

Spirits Elect of Death, Winged Mutes, to gorge was your decent appointment, conscious of no outrage in your avocations, not disgusting to the Scenes! I observed their doings daily; read their acts as words, while I conned over these their proceedings—texts of the deep volume whose meaning, when seen, none dare doubt, whose fiat none need dispute.

Nature's pall is the waving grass; her cenotaph is the sky. She is herself the chief Mourner. She has her fasts; and though in the retirement of her secret haunts, they are symbolised far and wide. Is not the winter her hungry time-a season of sackcloth and ashes? Does she not mourn? Every flake of snow is an emblem put forth by her of souls drifted through eternity. Nature's pall is not black, save when her luminaries hold the feast of Chaos, and are away. How suitable then is her mourning, the uniform of her Mutes!-suitable to death, and winged for ascension. How sombre is its expression! The head and breast of the Death-Bird are in mourning for the young, who are always dying; these parts being clothed in a short white down, while a lightly-tinged ruff forms a collar of long and slender feathers, which betray every motion of the air. Then comes the vast body and pinions, of brown and jaundiced hue, tinted, like autumn, to mourn for the wornout and dissolute, who are dead; while the quills and tail only are black, like a bit of crape worn upon the arm of the soldier or the heart of the poor. And there, where the robber lay, rested many of these spirit-forms of nature upon their grey legs, at the half-solemn rites, their hazel eyes and yellow beaks speaking the silent eulogium over flesh, the tawny

group relieved in the background by naked overhanging branches, and established in picturesque attitudes in the shadow of that valley of life.

Such was the example that I witnessed of a death and burial sublimely done; such was the sorrowing march performed by Nature over her dead. But though her function be to laugh in her earnest hours, she is never like the human mourner, who laughs not, yet rejoices!

Thanatos sat from morn till sunset on the parapet-wall, watching the

manœuvrings of those birds of prey.

"Ippolito!" exclaimed I, "these last few days have been passed by me in the study of a natural Theology—a subject awful as revelation, and than which no other science better demonstrates a far-sighted Providence. It teaches those who look into it, not the goodness only, but the vengeance, too, of an Almighty!"

With trembling hand I pointed to the torrent.

CHAPTER IV.

THE bones of the robber had long bleached; the skull had been bowled down by the stream; the ribbed trunk trundled over the rocks like

a hoop, to be no more seen.

All had entered on its change: the children were grown up into youth, Ippolito was a dignitary of the Church; Thanatos had at length attended divine service without dread, a rope no longer made him shudder. Savatelli and the world I had abandoned, having determined never to see him

more, nor to visit in his dissipated circle.

At this time Musonio was greatly advanced in years, and one evening Ippolito arrived suddenly at the castle, to acquaint me that the philosopher considered his end to be drawing nigh, and had expressed a wish to see me. I therefore posted to Florence, in company with Ippolito, and hastened to his dwelling in the Via di Bisogno. We came to a vault in the house, from which Ippolito removed some loose masonry, and exposed a trap-door, which he opened, and bade me descend. I was encouraged to do so by Musonio's voice from beneath, much as I was surprised at this procedure.

A low spiral flight of steps admitted us to a large apartment of a circular form, the wall and ceiling of which were covered with antique characters. On one side of the marble floor issued a flame, which it seemed was volcanic, and arose from an inflammable stratum which the philosopher had discovered below; similar in kind to that of Monte di Fo, and to the far-famed irruptions of fire which, in Persia, form the basis of a religious creed. On the other side was Musonio, seated on a sarcophagus, enveloped in a mantle, and with a countenance pale and transparent. His eye had lost its brightness, as if the remaining function of its feeble light were to conduct the soul it served to the shades.

"This," said the philosopher, "is my last abode. I have lived in the sacred lore of the Etruscan, and amidst its marvellous revelations I will repose. No one, except yourself and Ippolito, who conducted you hither, is acquainted with this place, the work of my early youth. Preserve my secret, that it may last through your day; permit me not to be interred with men. Here, as among the mightiest and most ancient, let me lie in peace; for though our tombs are far apart, though lands and water

intervene between them and me, there is a symmetry even in death which connects the great. Their mansions are alike; and their pride of self-sustaining immortality has everywhere the same austere and awful stillness. Hence, as I believe, I shall rise again; it is the faith of the Etruscans. They knew that Ceres reigned below; that, though their bodies might lie in state for thousands of years, their return to life would not be retarded, but that there was a time fixed for the event by precedents known to the Universal. A return to their former life of glory, whose shadow, too vast for space, was cast over time, that future ages might receive it, and feel its greatness.

"Respecting my funereal rites, as I must die to-day, let me to-morrow be embalmed after the most approved model. Here you will find the implements and the spices; the crooked iron, the sharp stone, the cassia, and the myrrh. When seventy days are finished, place me within my

sarcophagus, and close the masonry above my tomb.'

"Oh, my friend," said Ippolito, at this juncture, "what is to become

of your soul?"

"That is shortly to be a matter of observation," said Musonio; "and as there is no link in this cycle to connect the chain of past memory with the present, I cannot now answer the question. If it sleeps, it is but a nap; and however long it may take for things to work round again, the delay is inappreciable. Is not the endless recurrence of new births, though thus long apart, the same thing as living for ever? For time itself is most plentiful."

"The love which you have of your capacious mind," observed I, "makes you adore the idea of being again what you now are; but if you

were me, it would give you a distaste for your doctrine."

"True," said Musonio; "and when I was like you, I thought as you do, and died a Christian; and when you were like me, you maintained my doctrines and belief."

"When was that?" I said.

"It happens once in every cycle, of course; until we have been everything else, we cannot expect to be ourselves again."

"Then you maintain that sometimes you are me, and I am you; and

that these things happen at the same time?"

"At the same time, as at present, and at separate times, for every existing form must be placed in every relation before the finite series of changes is rung. Hence it is I love you; you are another self. Hence I love all things, and looking calmly on, avoid both praise and blame, as far as is compatible with the temper I possess to-day."

"These are strange ideas," I said.

"They are, indeed," said Musonio; "at least in the present period of this cycle; but of course they prevail universally in their proper turn. In this there is nothing peculiar, any more than in their opposites being prevalent at this time."

"But if what is true and what is false has an equal success, and pre-

vails in turn, how is the true to be distinguished?"

"It carries with it a very peculiar conviction," said Musonio.

"Yet the conviction of those who hold opinions totally adverse, is as strong."

"Certainly," said Musonio; "but there is a peculiarity still about the

conviction of truth, not communicable, and which not many have the power to feel; a faculty not, however, associated always with the highest order of mind, for sometimes the weakest intellects possess it as if accidentally, while the strongest have not an idea that it exists. It is only by this peculiar conviction that final truth is accepted by the mind. One man says there is a first cause, another not; one says matter was made, another not; both are convinced, one is correct, and that one only has that conviction which I speak of."

"You suppose, then, that man actually attains in all things to perfect

knowledge?

"Yes, although by conviction only, and at intervals, which are not brought together by memory; the affairs of the universe being too vast for a part to represent the whole at one time."

"Why should not memory unite the parts of the entire history?"

"Because the spiritual phenomena of the universe cannot become thus concentrated in one; such would produce theocracy, and therefore not be in harmony with our republican forms of nature. A certain welfare attaches to the passing forms of things, as well as to their complete results in every cycle; in the former each in each, in the latter all in all, is perfected. Therefore our final welfare cannot be judged of in time; it would be inconsistent, accordingly, for you, who differ from me now in opinion through organic laws, to remember that you once were like me. It would disturb the harmony of passing events, and destroy all confidence in the philosophy best suited to our present state. And now, my dear friends, I must cease, for my breath fails me. When you think of me, remember that in no other system than that which I have taught is justice perfect in practice; it has enabled me to look on unconcerned while the moth perishes in the flame."

"I see that you have accomplished the great purpose of your existence," said I, "which belonged to thought alone; for your conviction is

sincere."

"When death attends us," replied he, "we love to have flatterers at our side; I find that praise is sweet to the dying ear. Perhaps it is ordained so to be, that when we enter on our long trance, our new feelings

may begin where our old ended-in cheerfulness of spirit."

I was deeply affected at the calm manner of the philosopher, and at the minuteness with which he had directed his solemn rituals to be performed. I pressed his cold hand, and promised to attend faithfully to his last commands. When he had finished speaking, he sank back on the sarcophagus, and stopped breathing. I placed him carefully in an attitude of rest, and looking on the face which intellect had so illumed, I said, with a conviction not always ready at hand,

"Thy soul will occupy that grand abode again!"

I perceived at that moment the meaning of his philosophy; it was deep; but did it fathom eternity?

"Let us walk humbly in life," said I, "and death will be our best instructor."

I almost thought the corpse started at my words.

CHAPTER V.

IPPOLITO assisted me to fulfil Musonio's injunctions. We embalmed the corpse after the fashion of the ancients; the body having been submersed in nitre for seventy days, and treated properly with spices, we swathed it in cotton; we then placed it within its case, an antique model of superior

art, and deposited it within the sarcophagus.

The Aula palace, at which we remained during this visit to Florence, had not been inhabited except at brief intervals for many years. I passed through its chambers as a stranger might have done who had known it well in former years. It looked strange, and while I stayed there, scarcely lost its novel aspect, for many as were the days I had passed in its halls, they were not my happy days; the one who made me happy had been little there. It is an agreeable mansion, built on a stupendous scale, not less as a place of security than as a dwelling. Both quadrangles are ornamented with statues and fountains, and the apartments are almost unrivalled in the taste and magnificence they display. The treasures of painting and sculpture which they contain, besides antique gems and precious stones, are the envy and admiration of the great. In my private rooms there is still, among other works, a bust of Æschylus, designed and sculptured by my hand when I was young; for antiquity has handed us down no original; and among the frescoes which I had traced upon the walls, are to be observed the rock-chained Prometheus, enduring torture in the midst of the vast and raging deep; the rapt Cassandra, who has not yet given utterance to the mighty woe; the suppliants in attitudes of piety, asking safety of their relation Jove; Electra unwilling to resign the urn; and Ægisthus about to lift the veil from Clytemnestra. In these delineations I had tried to combine in some degree the effect of sculpture with painting; for in the drama of the ancients the characters are all life and motion as we peruse; but when we cease to read and the seenes become acts of memory, all motion is arrested, and the actors, falling into endless groups, seem to petrify into living marble.

The rooms were replete with antique forms; there was scarcely a modern object, indeed, in these chambers, though one exception was to be found in a conspicuous model of the Campanile, that work of purest architecture, whose beauty as we look up seems to reach the undecorated heavens! I loved ancient things, and indulged myself in their acquisition; they not only removed my vision, but my entire being from the present. The past is the only foreign station in time that can afford delight without excitement; its objects are so tranquil! Things which were once plebeian have acquired a look of nobility from having so long

been in repose.

All seemed strange; but looking out, I saw the full moonlight upon the outer court from the window of these apartments, and I was solemnly struck with its returning familiarity—the resemblance that all bore still to the scene when Orazio fell on the same pavement below, to breathe no more the air of starlight. No strangeness hovered about me any more—the heavens looked the same as when they witnessed my brother's blood

upon the stones underneath me.

I turned my eyes away, and in doing so my name sounded in my ear in a tone softer than human; I looked again into the court. There methought I saw suddenly the figure of Orazio on the glowing pavement, in the posture in which I last beheld him, gasping and pale. He made me a sign to hasten to him, and so strong was the illusion that I went below.

When I reached the court, the figure was no longer there; the strangeness had for a moment come back to me; but when I turned to go away, my name sounded as before, and, looking back, my sister's husband lay before my eyes again. He gazed at me mildly, yet with looks lustrous and earnest. I held out my hand, and asked how I could make him amends for the past. But he looked conscious of me only, not of my words or movements. I dared not touch him, but when I saw his youthful face, not older than if he had died yesterday, I knew that it was but a spectre of the mind, and hastened away with a resolution not to return.

The apparition was nightly visible; it did not haunt me, but appeared only on the spot it was associated with. Yet every evening, by painful curiosity, I was impelled to the window, and I felt how greatly I was changed! I looked not on the figure with triumph, as I once had done, but with remorse truly ineffable. Few with a mind resembling mine, susceptible of the deepest shades of woe, have committed sins so momentous as to call for the utmost penitence of their nature: few, there-

fore, can share my distress.

As I looked, the recollection of Giuditta's prophetic words, uttered many years before in the madhouse, came over me. I remembered that she then said we should meet again, and we had met in trouble. Was not the loss I then sustained the first instalment of that dire compensation which, as her words foretold, would be required of me—the sacrifice of the Beloved for the Forsaken?

And now what meant this apparition of Orazio, except that the next

victim was to be soon summoned?

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES;

A Romance of Pendle forest.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER V.

THE END OF MALKIN TOWER.

The shades of night had fallen on Downham manor-house, and with an aching heart, and a strong presentiment of ill, Mistress Nutter prepared to quit the little chamber which had sheltered her for more than two months, and where she would willingly have breathed her latest sigh, if it had been so permitted her. Closing the Bible she had been reading, she placed the sacred volume under her arm, and taking up a small bundle containing her slender preparations for travel, extinguished the taper, and then descending by a secret staircase, passed through a door, fashioned externally like a cupboard, and entered a summer-house, where she found old Crouch awaiting her.

A few whispered words only passed between her and the huntsman, and informing her that the horses were in waiting at the back of the garden, he took the bundle from her, and would fain have relieved her, also, of the Bible, but she would not part with it, and pressing it more

closely to her bosom, said she was quite ready to attend him.

It was a beautiful starlight night; the air soft and balmy, and laden with the perfume of the flowers. A nightingale was singing plaintively in an adjoining tree, and presently came a response equally tender from another part of the grove. Mistress Nutter could not choose but listen, and the melody so touched her that she was half suffocated by repressed

emotion, for, alas! the relief of tears was denied her.

Motioning her somewhat impatiently to come on, Crouch struck into a sombre alley, edged by clipped yew-trees, and terminating in a plantation, through which a winding path led to the foot of the hill whereon the mansion was situated. By daylight this was a beautiful walk, affording exquisite glimpses through the trees of the surrounding scenery, and commanding a noble view of Pendle Hill, the dominant point in the prospect. But even now to the poor lady, so long immured in her cell-like chamber, and deprived of many of nature's choicest blessings, it appeared delightful. The fresh air, redolent of new-mown hay, fanned her pale cheek and feverish brow, and allayed her agitation and excitement. The perfect stillness, broken only by the lowing of the cattle in the adjoining pastures, by the drowsy hum of the dor-fly, or the rippling vol. xxII.

of the beck in the valley, further calmed her; and the soothing influence was completed by a contemplation of the serene heavens wherein were seen the starry host, with the thin bright crescent of the new moon in the midst of them, diffusing a pearly light around her. One blot alone appeared in the otherwise smiling sky, and this was a great, ugly, black cloud, lowering over the summit of Pendle Hill.

Mistress Nutter noticed the portentous cloud, and noticed also its shadow on the hill, which might have been cast by the Fiend himself, so like was it to a demoniacal shape with outstretched wings; but, though shuddering at the idea it suggested, she would not suffer it to obtain possession of her mind, but resolutely fixed her attention on other and

more pleasing objects.

By this time they had reached the foot of the hill, and a gate admitted them to a road running by the side of Downham beck. Here they found the horses in charge of a man in the dark red livery of Nicholas Assheton, and who was no other than Tom Shaw, the rascally cock-master. Delivering the bridles to Crouch, the knave hastily strode away, but he lingered at a little distance to see the lady mount; and then, leaping the hedge, struck through the plantation towards the hall, chinking the money in his pockets as he went, and thinking how cleverly he had earned it. But he did not go unpunished; for it is a satisfaction to record, that in walking through the woods he was caught in a gin placed there by Crouch, which held him fast in its iron teeth till morning, when he was discovered by one of the under-keepers while going his rounds, in a deplorable condition, and lamed for life.

Meanwhile, unconscious either of the manner in which she had been betrayed, or of the punishment awaiting her betrayer, Mistress Nutter followed her conductor in silence. For a while, the road continued by the side of the brook, and then quitting it, commenced a long and tedious ascent, running between high banks fringed with trees. The overhanging boughs rendered it so dark that Mistress Nutter could scarcely distinguish the old huntsman, though he was not many yards in advance of

her, but she heard the tramp of his horse, and that was enough.

All at once, where the boughs were thickest, and the road darkest, she perceived a small fiery object on the bank, and in her alarm called out to the huntsman, who, looking back for a moment, laughed, and told her not to be uneasy, for it was only a glow-worm. Ashamed of her idle fears, she rode on, but had not proceeded far, when looking again at the bank, she saw it studded with the same lights. This time she did not call out, or scream, but gazed steadily at the twinkling fires, hoping to get the better of her fears. Her alarm, however, rose to absolute terror as she beheld the glow-worms—if glow-worms they were—twist together and form themselves into a flaming brand, such as she had seen in her vision, grasped by the angel who had driven her from the gates of Paradise.

Averting her gaze, she would have hastened on, but a hand suddenly laid upon her bridle held back her horse; and she then perceived a tall dark man, mounted on a sable steed, riding beside her. The supernatural character of the horseman was manifest, inasmuch as no sound was caused by the tread of his steed, nor did he appear to be visible to Crouch when the latter looked back. Mistress Nutter maintained her seat with difficulty.

She well knew who was her companion.

"Soh, Alice Nutter," said the horseman, at length, in a low deep tone, "you have chosen to shut yourself up in a narrow cell, like a recluse, for more than two months, denying yourself all sort of enjoyment, practising severest abstinence, and passing your whole time in useless prayer—ay, useless, for if you were to pray from now till doomsday—come when it will, a thousand years hence or to-morrow—it will not save you. When you signed that bond to my master, sentence was recorded against you, and no power can recal it. Why, then, these unavailing lamentations? Why utter prayers which are rejected, and supplications which are scorned? Shake off this weakness, Alice, and be yourself again. Once you had pride enough, and a little of it would now be of service to you. You would then see the folly of this abject conduct—humbling yourself to the dust only to be spurned, and suing for mercy only to be derided. Pray as loud and as long as you will, the ears of Heaven will remain ever deaf to you."

"I hope otherwise," rejoined the lady, meekly.

"Do not deceive yourself," replied the horseman. "The term granted you by your compact will not be abridged, but it is your own fault if it be not extended. Your daughter is destroying herself in the vain hope of saving you. Her prayers are unavailing as your own, and recoil from the Judgment Throne unheard. The youth upon whom her affections are fixed is stricken with a deadly ailment. It is in your power to save them both."

Mistress Nutter groaned deeply.

"It is in your power, I say, to save them," continued the horseman, "by returning to your allegiance to your master. He will forgive your disobedience if you prove yourself zealous in his service; will restore you to your former worldly position; avenge you of your enemies; and accomplish all you may desire with respect to your daughter."

"He cannot do it," replied Mistress Nutter.

"Cannot!" echoed the horseman. "Try him! For many years I have served you as familiar; and you have never set me the task I have failed to execute. I am ready to become your servant again, and to offer you a yet larger range of control. Put no limits to your desires or ambition. If you are tired of this narrow sphere, take a wider. Look abroad. But do not shut yourself up in a narrow cell, and persuade yourself you are accomplishing your ultimate deliverance, when you are only wasting precious time, which might be more advantageously and far more agreeably employed. While laughing at your folly, my master deplores it; and he has, therefore, sent me, as to one for whom, notwithstanding all derelictions from duty, he has still a regard, with an offer of full forgiveness, provided you return to him at once, and renew your covenant, proving your sincerity by casting from you the book you hold under your arm."

"Your snares are not laid subtly enough to catch me," replied Mistress Nutter. "I will never part with this holy volume, which is my present safeguard, and on which I build my hopes of salvation—hopes, which your very proposals have revived within my breast, for I am well assured your master would not make them if he felt confident of his power over me. No; I defy him and you, and I command you, in Heaven's name,

to get hence, and to tempt me no longer!"

As the words were uttered, with a howl of rage and mortification, like

the roar of a wild beast, the dark horseman and his steed vanished. Alarmed by the sound, Crouch stopped, and questioned the lady as to its cause, but receiving no satisfactory explanation from her, he bade her ride quickly on, affirming it must be the boggart of the clough.

Soon after this they again came upon Downham beck, and were about to cross it, when their purpose was arrested by a joyous barking, and the next moment Grip came up. The dog, it appeared, had been shut up in the stable, his company not being desired on the expedition, but, contriving in some way or other to get out, he had scented his master's course, and in the end overtaken him. Crouch did not know whether to be angry or pleased, and at first gave utterance to an oath, and raised his whip to chastise him, but almost instantly the latter feeling predominated, and he welcomed the faithful animal with a few kind words.

"Ey suppose theaw thowt ey couldna do without thee, Grip," he said,

"an mayhap theaw'rt reet."

They are now across the beck, and speeding over the wide brown waste. The huntsman warily shapes his course so as to avoid any lime-stone quarries or turf-pits. He points out a jack-o'-lantern dancing merrily on the surface of a dangerous morass, and tells a dismal tale of a traveller lured into it by the delusive light, and swallowed up.

Mistress Nutter pays little heed to him, but ever and anon looks back, as if in dread of some one behind her. But no one is visible, and she

only sees the great black cloud still hovering over Pendle Hill.

On—on—they go; their horses' hoofs now splashing through the wet sod, now beating upon the firm but elastic turf. A merry ride it would be, if their errand were different, and their hearts free from care. The air is fresh and reviving, and the rapid motion exhilarating. The stars shine out, and the crescent moon is still glittering in the heavens, but the

black cloud hangs motionless on Pendle Hill.

Now and then some bird of night flies past them, and they hear the whooping of the owl, and see him skimming like a ghost over the waste. Then more fen-fires arise, showing that other treacherous quagmires are at hand; but Crouch skirts them safely. Now the bull-frog croaks in the marsh, and a deep booming tells of a bittern passing by. They see the mighty bird above them with his wide heavy wings and long neck. Grip howls at him, but is instantly checked by his master, and they gallop on.

They are now by the side of Pendle Water, and within sight of Rough Lee. What tumultuous thoughts agitate the lady's breast! The ground she tramples on was once her own; the woods by the river side were planted by her; the mansion before her once owned her as mistress, and now she dares not approach it. Nor does she desire to do so, for the sight of it brings back terrible recollections, and fills her again with de-

spair.

They are now close upon it, and it appears dark, silent, and deserted. How different from what it was of yore in her husband's days—the husband she had foully slain. Speed on old huntsman!—lash your panting horse, or the remorseful lady will far outstrip you, for she rides as if the avenging furies were at her heels.

She is rattling over the bridge, and Crouch, toiling after her, and with Grip toiling after him, shouts to her to moderate her pace. She looks

back and beholds the grim old house frowning full upon her, and hurries on. Huntsman and dog are left behind for awhile, but the steep ascent soon compels her to slacken speed, and they come up, Crouch swearing lustily, and Grip, with his tongue out of his mouth, limping as if footsore.

The road now leads through a thicket. The horses stumble frequently, for the stones are loose, and the footing consequently uncertain. Crouch has a fall, and ere he can remount the lady is gone. It is useless to hurry after her, and he is proceeding slowly, when Grip, who is a little in advance, growls fiercely, and looks back at his master, as if to intimate that danger is at hand. The huntsman presses on, but he is too late, if, indeed, he could at any time have rendered effectual assistance. A clearing in the thicket shows him the lady dismounted, and surrounded by several wild-looking men armed with calivers. Part of the band bear her shrieking off, and the rest fire at him, but without effect, and then chase him as far as the steepest part of the hill, down which he dashes, followed by Grip. rived at the bottom, he pauses to listen if he is pursued, and hearing nothing further to alarm him, debates with himself what is best to be done; and, not liking to alarm the village, for that would be to betray Mistress Nutter, he gets off his horse, ties him to a tree, and with Grip close at his heels, commences the ascent of the hill by a different road from that he had previously taken.

Meanwhile, Mistress Nutter's captors dragged her forcibly towards the tower. Their arms and appearance left her no doubt they were depredators, and she sought to convince them she had neither money nor valuables in her possession. They laughed at her assertions, but made no other reply. Her sole consolation was that they did not seek to deprive her of her Bible.

On reaching the tower, a signal was given by one of the foremost of the band, and the steps being lowered from the high doorway, she was compelled to ascend them, and being pushed along a short passage, obscured by a piece of thick tapestry, but which was drawn aside as she advanced, she found herself in a circular chamber, in the midst of which was a massive table covered with flasks and drinking-cups, and stained with wine. From the roof, which was crossed by great black beams of oak, was suspended a lamp with three burners, whose light showed that the walls were garnished with petronels, rapiers, poniards, and other murderous weapons; besides these there were hung from pegs long riding cloaks, sombreros, vizards, and other robber accoutrements, including a variety of disguises, from the clown's frieze jerkin to the gentleman's velvet doublet, ready to be assumed on an emergency. Here and there was an open valise, or a pair of saddle-bags with their contents strewn about the floor, and on a bench were a dice-box and shuffle-board, showing with the flasks and goblets on the table how the occupants of the tower passed their time.

A steep ladder-like flight of steps led to the upper chamber, and down these, at the very moment of Mistress Nutter's entrance, descended a stalwart personage, who eyed her fiercely as he leapt upon the floor. There was something in the man's truculent physiognomy, and strange and oblique vision, that reminded her of Mother Demdike.

"Welcome to Malkin Tower, madam," said the robber with a grin, and VOL. XXII.

doffing his cap with affected courtesy. "We have met before, but it is many years ago, and I dare say you have forgotten me. You will guess who I am when I tell you my mother occupied this tower before me."

Finding Mistress Nutter make no remark, he went on.

"I am Christopher Demdike, madam—Captain Demdike, I should say. The brave fellows who have brought you hither are part of my band, and till lately Northumberland and the borders of Scotland used to be our scene of action, but chancing to hear of my worthy old mother's death, I thought we could not do better than take possession of her stronghold, which devolved upon me by right of inheritance. Since our arrival here we have kept ourselves very quiet, and the country-folk taking us for spirits or demons, never approach our hiding-place; while, as all our depredations are confined to distant parts, our retreat has never been suspected."

"This concerns me little," observed Mistress Nutter, coldly.

"Pardon me, madam, it concerns you much, as you will learn anon. But be seated, I pray you," he said, with mock civility, "I am keeping you standing all this while."

But as the lady declined the attention, he went on.

"I was fortunate enough, on first coming back to this part of the country, to pick up an acquaintance with your relative, Nicholas Assheton, who invited me to stay with him at Downham, and was so well pleased with my society that he could not endure to part with me."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mistress Nutter, "are you the person he called

Lawrence Fogg?"

"The same," replied Demdike; "and no doubt you would hear a good report of me, madam. Well, it suited my purpose to stay; for I was very hospitably entertained by the squire, who, except being rather too much addicted to lectures and psalm-singing, is as pleasant a host as one could desire; besides which, he was obliging enough to employ me to borrow money for him, and what I got I kept, you may be sure."

"I would willingly be spared the details of your knavery," said Mis-

tress Nutter, somewhat impatiently.

"I am coming to an end," rejoined Demdike, "and then, perhaps, you may wish I had prolonged them. All the squire's secrets were committed to me, and I was fully aware of your concealment in the hall, but I could never ascertain precisely where you were lodged. I meant to carry you off, and only awaited the opportunity which has presented itself to-night."

"If you think to obtain money from me, you will find yourself mistaken," said Mistress Nutter. "I have parted with all my possessions."

"But to whom, madam?" cried Demdike, with a sinister smile—"to your daughter. And I am sure she is too gentle, too tender-hearted, to allow you to suffer when she can relieve you. You must get us a good round sum from her, or you will be detained here long. The dungeons are dark and unwholesome, and my band are apt to be harsh in their treatment of captives. They have found in the vaults some instruments of torture belonging to old Blackburn, the freebooter, the efficacy of which in an obstinate case I fear they might be inclined to try. You now begin to see the drift of my discourse, madam, and understand the sort of men you have to deal with—barbarous fellows, madam—inhuman dogs!"

And he laughed coarsely at his own jocularity.

"It may put an end to this discussion," said Mistress Nutter, firmly, "if I declare that no torture shall induce me to make any such demand from my daughter."

"You think, perhaps, I am jesting with you, madam," rejoined Dem-

dike.

"Oh! no, I believe you capable of any atrocity," replied the lady.

"You do not, either in feature or deeds, belie your parentage."

"Ah! say you so, madam?" cried Demdike. "You have a sharp tongue, I find. Courtesy is thrown away upon you. What, ho! lads—Kenyon and Lowton, take the lady down to the vaults, and there let her have an hour for solitary reflection. She may change her mind in that time."

"Do not think it," cried Mistress Nutter, resolutely.

"If you continue obstinate, we will find means to move you," rejoined Demdike, in a taunting tone. "But what has she got beneath her arm? Give me the book. What's this?—a Bible! A witch with a Bible! It should be a grimoire. Ha! ha!"

"Give it me back, I implore of you," shrieked the lady. "I shall be

destroyed, soul and body, if I have it not with me."

"What! you are afraid the devil may carry you off without it—ho! ho!" roared Demdike. "Well, that would not suit my purpose at present. Here, take it—and now off with her, lads, without more ado!"

And as he spoke, a trap-door was opened by one of the robbers, disclosing a flight of steps leading to the subterranean chambers, down

which the miserable lady was dragged.

Presently, the two men re-appeared with a grim smile on their ruffianly countenances, and, as they closed the trap-door, one of them oberved to the captain that they had chained her to a pillar, by removing the band from the great skeleton, and passing it round her body.

"You have done well, lads," replied Demdike, approvingly, "and now go all of you and scour the hill top, and return in an hour, and we

will decide upon what is to be done with this woman."

The two men then joined the rest of their comrades outside, and the whole troop descended the steps, which were afterwards drawn up by Demdike. This done, the robber captain returned to the circular chamber, and for some time paced to and fro, revolving his dark schemes. He then paused, and placing his ear near the trap-door, listened, but as no sound reached him, he sat down at the table, and soon grew so much absorbed as to be unconscious that a dark figure was creeping stealthily down the narrow staircase behind him.

"I cannot get rid of Nicholas Assheton," he exclaimed at length.
"I somehow fancy we shall meet again; and yet all should be over with

him by this time."

"Look round!" thundered a voice behind him. "Nicholas Assheton

is not to be got rid of so easily."

At this unexpected summons, Demdike started to his feet, and recoiled aghast, as he saw what he took to be the ghost of the murdered squire standing before him. A second look, however, convinced him that it

was no phantom he beheld, but a living man, armed for vengeance, and determined upon it.

"Get a weapon, villain," cried Nicholas, in tones of concentrated

fury. "I do not wish to take unfair advantage, even of thee."

Without a word of reply, Demdike snatched a sword from the wall, and the next moment was engaged in deadly strife with the squire. They were well matched, for both were powerful men, both expert in the use of their weapons, and the combat might have been protracted and of doubtful issue but for the irresistible fury of Nicholas, who assaulted his adversary with such vigour and determination that he speedily drove him against the wall, where the latter made an attempt to seize a petronel hanging beside him, but his purpose being divined, he received a thrust through the arm, and, dropping his blade, lay at the squire's mercy.

Nicholas shortened his sword, but forbore to strike. Seizing his enemy by the throat he hurled him to the ground, and planting his knee on his

chest, called out, "What, ho, Nance!"

"Nance!" exclaimed Demdike; "then it was that mischievous jade

who brought you here?"

"Ay," replied the squire, as the young woman came quickly down the steps, "and I refused her aid in the conflict because I felt certain of mastering thee, and because I would not take odds even against such a treacherous villain as thou art."

"Better despatch him, squire," said Nance; "he may do yo a mis-

chief yet."

"No—no," replied Nicholas; "he is unworthy of a gentleman's sword. Besides, I have sworn to hang him, and I will keep my word. Go down into the vaults and liberate Mistress Nutter, while I bind him, for we must take him with us. To-morrow he shall lie in Lancaster Castle with his kinsfolk."

"That remains to be seen," muttered Demdike.

"Be on your guard, squire," cried Nance, as she lifted a small lamp,

and raised the trap-door.

With this caution, she descended to the vaults, while Nicholas looked about for a thong, and perceiving a rope dangling down the wall near him, he seized it, drawing it with some force towards him.

A sudden sound reached his ears-clang! clang! He had rung the

alarm-bell violently.

Clang! clang! Would it never stop?

Taking advantage of his surprise and consternation, Demdike got from under him, sprang to his feet, and rushing to the doorway, instantly let fall the steps, roaring out, "Treason! To the rescue, my men! to the rescue!"

His cries were immediately answered from without, and it was evident from the tumult that the whole of the band were hurrying to his assistance.

Not a moment was to be lost by the squire. Plunging through the trap-door, he closed it after him, and bolted it underneath at the very moment the robbers entered the chamber. Demdike's rage at finding him gone was increased when all the combined efforts of his men failed in forcing open the trap-door.

"Take hatchets, and hew it open," he cried; "we must have them.

I have heard there is a secret outlet below, and though I have never been able to discover it, it may be known to Nance. I will go outside and watch. If you hear me which some forth instantle."

and watch. If you hear me whistle, come forth instantly."

And, rushing forth, he was making the circuit of the tower, and examining some bushes at its base, when his throat was suddenly seized by a dog, and before he could even utter an exclamation, much less sound his whistle or use his arms, he was grappled by the old huntsman, and dragged off to a considerable distance, the dog still clinging to his throat.

Meanwhile, Nicholas had hurried down into the vaults, where he found Nance sustaining Mistress Nutter, who was half fainting, and hastily explaining what had occurred, she consigned the lady to him, and then led the way through the central range of pillars, and past the ebon image, until she approached the wall, when, holding up the lamp, she revealed a black marble slab between the statues of Blackburn and Isole. Pressing against it, the slab moved on one side, and disclosed a flight of steps.

"Go up there," cried Nance to the squire, "and when ye get to th' top, yo'n find another stoan, wi' a knob in it. Yo canna miss it. Go on."

"But you!" cried the squire. "Will you not come with us?"

"Ey'n come presently," replied Nance, with a strange smile. "Ey ha summat to do first. That cunning fox Demdike has set a trap fo' himsel an aw his followers,—and it's fo' me to ketch 'em. Wait fo' me about a hundert yorts fro' th' tower. Nah nearer—yo onderstand."

Nicholas did not very clearly understand, but concluding Nance had some hidden meaning in what she said, he resolved unhesitatingly to obey her. Having got clear of the tower, as directed, with Mistress Nutter, he ran on with her to some distance, when what was his surprise to find Crouch and Grip keeping watch over the prostrate robber chief. A few words from the huntsman sufficed to explain how this had come about, but they were scarcely uttered when Nance rushed up in breathless haste, crying out—"Off! further off! as yo value your lives!"

Seeing from her manner that delay would be dangerous, Nicholas and Crouch laid hold of the prisoner and bore him away between them, while

Nance assisted Mistress Nutter along.

They had not gone far when a rumbling sound like that preceding an

earthquake was heard.

All looked back towards Malkin Tower. The structure was seen to rock—flames burst from the earth—and with a tremendous explosion heard for miles around, and which shook the ground even where Nicholas and the others stood, the whole of the unhallowed fabric, from base to summit, was blown into the air, some of the stones being projected to an extraordinary distance.

A mine charged with gunpowder, it appeared, had been laid beneath its vaults by Demdike, with a view to its destruction at some future period, and this circumstance being known to Nance, she had fired

the train.

Not one of the robbers within the tower escaped. The bodies of all were found next day, crushed, burned, or frightfully mutilated.

THE MIDNIGHT MEETING.

CHAPTER I.

There are few people who have travelled through North Wales with any eye for the beautiful or love of the sublime, but remember the Vale of Festiniog. From the top of the Merionethshire mountains, that belt it in like old grim warriors, jealous guardians of some enchanted beauty, a wonderful panorama is presented to the view. From the Hawks Mountain, or the White Mountain, or Moel Gwdion, or Myndd Mawr, the river Dwyrd may be seen winding its way, singing like a released captive, as from some dark rift in its parent rock it makes its way with gladness to the ocean weltering in the horizon. Before us lies Cardigan Bay, and one side, beyond the vast clouded pile of Snowdon, the seacoast of Caernarvon, glowing in the sun. Every spot is surrounded by a halo of legendary recollection: here runs the half-obliterated Roman

road, there the line of the first English march.

So hemmed in is this beautiful vale, that lies calm as a tarn, hollowed out between these giant mountains, that at once guard and hide it from the rest of the world. Here turbulent chieftains have waved the dragon banner; here the steel-clad chivalry of the Normans have encamped; and here, long before, have the Roman legions won their way from their strong station of Segontium, the ruins of which may still be seen without the walls of Caernarvon. 'Tis one of the fairest and most peaceful of the Welsh valleys; more calm and pastoral than the savage grandeur of Llanberis, more retired and wild than the modernised Llangollen. The rude village of miners at the head of the vale, the cataract of the Cynval below, the wooded heights, the rippling stream, now gliding gently on, now chafing in with obstructing rocks that bar its progress to its inevitable goal, all contribute to make the scene one highly characteristic of a mountain country. The approach to this hidden spot Nature has carefully barred against intruders; for her wildest beauties are to be seen only by the spell of labour and of love. The country is savage, bare, and broken, beautifully wooded, while here and there large masses of rock, that no time can crumble, shivered by frost, and lightnings, and the thunderbolt from the mountains above, rise up from the thick underwood, clouded over with purple heather, while from fissures in its surface springs up the beautiful foxglove, like a flag waving from a ruined tower at the present day. The bare tracts are divided by rough stone walls, loosely built, straggling in irregular lines, bemossed with age, and flecked and stained with white lichen, like the ancient ramparts of a rock fort, covered with trailing bramble and toothed fern, where the grouse hide, and which nod mocking over the ruin, waving in the wind to salute the passing traveller. Through the mossy banks oozes forth limpid water, trickling down in diamond drops, or rippling down with a gentle, gushing sound that refreshes the ear like the memory of music. So it is by every road and on every mountain: "Deep answers unto deep at the sound of their water-pipes." So it is throughout Wales: torrent shouts to torrent, cataract roars to cataract,

stream calls to stream, and rivulet whispers to rivulet, while the deep-voiced thunder of the storm overhead, on some day of elementary tumult, seems like the cry of some chiding angel to the spirits of the waters. Around this vale stretch, in undulating masses, the contorted roots of Snowdon, the bare, desolate marshes of Fort Madoc, above which Harlech,

once the dwelling-place of kings, looks over the sea.

Round the vale itself, mountains covered thick with the oak slope down to the narrow and rocky bed of the Dwyrd, while to the distant north the great White Mountain towers above its brethren, who have seen wild deeds pass beneath their eyes-scenes of murder and of patriotism in their stony recesses and darksome caverns. Here and there a black crag, dark as if seared by the thunders of centuries, recals scenes which the cultivated fields, yellow with the harvest, or green with the youth of spring, belie. In these hanging woods lie unknown beauties, and from their inmost heart comes up the rush of concealed streamlets or the roar of the falling rapid. The Dwyrd is a type of the mountain-stream in its most perfect loveliness. Foaming along, it wanders careless as a younker or a prodigal, chafing at the rocks that block up its bed and shine through its pure waters, and washing over their black and polished surface; here rippling over pebbled shallow, where the fish leap at the fly, now lashed to rage by some strong barrier, through which it forces a way beneath huge piles of stone, from which grow wild flowers that nod over the tiny wave and mirror their neglected beauty in the crystal, like a village maiden at Eve's first mirror; now in gloomy silence or calm repose, weary with the conflict so lately ended, and so soon to be renewed, flowing softly, and lingering in deep, black, silent pools overhung by nodding hazels, or lit up by the gleam that the silver shaft of the birch throws upon the momentary darkness; haunts for the water-spirit, bath for the wood-nymph, favourite resorts of the Welsh peasant-angler, who knows well that under mossy stem and rotting log lurk what he tells us, in very bad English, are "vary big trouse" (brellyll): on goes the stream through so varied a pilgrimage to the wide ocean, bursting out from its dark haunts, where the sun seldom breaks through the star-proof covering of matted boughs to rejoice again in the sunlight and purer air, like a released captive, to where the trees form but a light woven tabernacle above its head. And through the shifting golden light of emerald it flows between broad deep banks, through meadows fringed with wild thyme, where the bee dwells the summer day through, and in the hottest noon, when the reaper ever sleeps, the glistening dragon-fly and the yellow-banded fly skim over its surface, or swell the silver sound of falling waters with the tiny but shrill hum of their minstrelsy. And in every field around are little rills, pouring in their little tributes of dark peat waters gathered from the swamp and the morass; and if you climb any of the mountains that rise above the vale, making your way with much difficulty and some danger, by dint of sure eye, firm foot, and trusty hand, clambering over loose rocks, the haunt of foxes, you will hear, long ere you have reached your watch-tower, the sound of water-springs distilling through the thick, green, soft moss beneath your feet; and if you scoop it away with your hand, as a Druid might have done as he clomb to his rock-altar, you will see the pure lymph come bubbling up between your fingers till it forms a little tarn around you, where the wolf and the eagle have drunk ages ago.

But it is to a spot even still more beautiful, and some yards to the right of the vale, on the river Cynval, that we would now lead you. It is a warm summer evening, and the swallows are skimming for their prey over the marshy and dewy meadows. The Cynval is situated in a deep glen, hidden by dark woods, through which a winding and scarcely defined path leads, by broken steps of rock, to a small plateau, hung over by shelving masses of rock, half hid by underwood and winding roots of the trees that cling together above, scarcely wide enough to afford footing for one person. Below you-sheer below you-without one obstacle between you and death but a frail bush, or frailer flower, gapes a deep narrow chasm, walled by precipitous and smooth-surfaced rocks, of a reddish tint, as if the hue of sunset were petrified upon them. On the other side, and below you, arched over and rendered dusky and gloomy by the depth of shade, a waterfall leaps madly down, pouring a foaming, narrow flood of water over rough angular masses of black rock, that are all but hidden by the silver veil of spray that bubbles up into the air to catch the rare sunbeam, and form in rainbow-hues another and a still more transient form of beauty, or to glisten at night in the moonbeam like a torrent of molten silver, flashing in bright radiance through the coal-black foliage, thrown into a shade deeper than that of noon-day. To the double ledge of rock it steals along as if it were heedless or unconscious of its danger, till with a roar and a splashing torrent it falls to the narrow chasm below; after gaining which, like one in the calm triumph of escape, and that has left its baffled enemies far in the rear, with spent fury and abated force it steals along the vale in open day, a brawling streamlet as peaceful and noiseless as its fellows. Less sublime and terrific than the Pistylls of South Wales, the falls of the Cynval have an exquisite beauty and unrivalled grace, that steal imperceptibly to the heart. Their gentle voice is the very whisper of Nature herself. How beautiful it was now in the calm peacefulness of a June evening, when a regal sunset was glowing overhead and reddening the western trees, and throwing a melancholy, departing, diminishing light upon the ceaseless torrent! There is something wondrous in the ceaseless volume of water, with its surging thunder, its dewy spray, and embowered rocks, with their dim, obscure recesses, like caverns in which the wood-nymphs sport, and the grey crags peering forth amid the sunlit wood.

Follow this stream up the valley, and every foot you traverse presents new scenes of beauty, eternally varying. Now it steals along, creeping forth wondrously from deep red pools in the hollows of crags worn smooth by the torrents of centuries, from whence it rages along as if some water-spirit had invested it with all the power of evil, and sweeping massive fragments in its course, falls full forty feet to the bed below; now splashing in tawny-coloured volumes, edged with foam, over shelves of table-rock, and now stealing in a deep but narrow current under vast horizontal crags that bridge over and almost choke the stream.

Equally varied in character are the precipices that edge the bank: now sloping in wooded tiers to the water's edge; now in perpendicular ramparts of immense height, that seem to shut out the very air of heaven; again in sloping and broken ramparts of unequal height, sinking gradually to the stream's brink. What a wild chorus the waters make!—the full diapason of the torrent, the silver ripple of the rill that drips down the pre-

cipice, the distant plunging and intermittent thunder of the cataract, and

the throbbing plunge of the nearest fall.

But the wildest scene of all is when the stream grows deeper, and more fitful, and is half swallowed up in deep "pots," as the peasants call them, which the summer's 'heat dries up, and the winter's overflowing fills again, wearing year by year a deeper channel in the rock, and slowly hollowing out a new course for the impetuous pent-up water. Here from the middle of its bed, rises a grey throne of rocks almost isolated from the bank, on whose rough summit of some ten feet grow a thousand wild flowers, which shed their leaves upon the water, and are borne down by the tiny waves that are dashing ever unceasingly round its base, as if shouting for its victims, and cover the narrow line of stone that binds it to the shore.

On this pinnacle, still attainable by the lonely fisherman, who clambers up here to throw his line with greater advantage into the ripple below, and sit by the hour in mute communion with the spirits of the wood, the air, and water, that seems to lurk around him, and to be invocable by a spell sufficiently powerful. Tradition says some magician, in league with Apollyon, sat here and hurled his curses into heaven. Here a kelpie might whisper weird secrets to the water-wreath, who shrieks over the drowning traveller when the storm is at the wildest, and who waves in you red pool its long, black, dishevelled locks, weltering amid the discoloured foam, now that the over-shadowy rock, over-lit so brightly by the golden moon, sheds a deeper shadow upon the spot, when the storm has lulled, and the

heavens grow blue again as you look up from this chasm.

Truth, however, in this case, as is usual, little less romantic than fiction, affirms that this magician, who bore the homely name of Hugh Lloyd, was an old Ironside of Cromwell's army, who retired to these his native solitudes to die in peace. It was in such places as these-wild spots left unfinished by Nature, and still half-chaos—the Scotch Covenanters assembled to pray in secret, the sound of their shrill psalmody drowned by the roar of the waters. Far above this spot, which is, indeed, immediately contiguous to the cataract, the stream is joined by another rill that joins it at a right angle, leaps to meet it, dashing its waters in a thin veil over a broad tabular rock, and after this junction flowing on together in peaceful union, like a calm old age after a stormy and tempestuous youth. mile higher up, among the hills, there is another fall of a very different character. Here to the left, at the foot of crag and mountain, embedded in marsh and bog, covered with rush and peat, and intersected by cuttings of deep black water, are many lakes visited only by fishermen, their shores strewn with grey pebbles, treeless, bare, and desolate. To the right, the country slopes into broad, bare, smooth, precipitous green hills, like mountains turfed over.

Here, between two of these green, rounded, unbroken hills of enormous height, and where the trustiest mountaineer can scarcely get a foothold, through a very narrow black pass a torrent of yellow water pours its foaming stream over a fall of some forty feet, with a sound quite appalling in that drear loneliness of solemn solitude. Below it sinks into a dark channel, black as Lethe with the oozings of the peat swamps. It is a beautiful sight to see, towards sunset, a storm beat up hither from the sea;

breaking through lurid clouds dyed red with thunder, the sun at times, like these, will burst with all its splendour, forced by some envious cloud, bent—

To dim his glory and to stain the track Of his bright passage to the occident,

and shedding a rich and concentrated lustre on the peak of one mountain alone, like some priest pouring on a monarch's head the royal benediction, invests it for a few short moments with all the glory of Sinai at the moment of Transfiguration. Then suddenly a mist of grey darkness drives up the valley from the sea, and in an instant the rain pours down in drenching torrents on the luckless traveller and fisherman or miner returning from his labour in the evening. It blows past, and again a golden vapour of clouded radiancy flashes past us stealthily; the storm following on its track like a pursuer. It seemed like those clouds, at first no bigger than a man's hand, and afterwards large enough to cover the earth, that, in the Khoran, Mahomet says, God has sent at sundry times and in divers places to destroy some sin-spotted city.

But a thousand apologies to the reader for so long a preface of poetical musings, which seemed to the writer almost necessary to strike the key-

note of the tale.

CHAPTER II.

IT was almost the sunset of a June evening, 16-, when a man might have been seen seated in a meditative attitude on the throne of rock which we have before mentioned. He looked anxiously at the setting sun, took off his plumed hat, laid it beside him, drew his provant rapier, flashed it in the sunbeams, drew a pistol from a secret hiding-place beneath his short cavalier coat, cocked it, handled the lock, and put it back into its lurking corner. He stood up, and looked up at a path scarcely visible in the underwood but to a practised eye, but nothing stirred. He shook his head like one dissatisfied with his glance: "Duw a digon" (God is enough), he muttered with the voice of one who despaired of his cause, but has all depending on a venturous stake; and then he bent his head upon his hand, his dark plume falling over and hiding his features, with the sunlight falling upon his noble face, overcast with such a deep air of melancholy, he might have seemed to a poet a fallen monarch musing over his fate, or our own first Charles deploring the fury and fanaticism of his subjects in one of his solitary hiding-places. The stranger was of a fair complexion; a keen eye and features almost Grecian in the beauty of their joutline; over his forehead and shoulders fell dark clusters of hair, hanging upon his rich lace collar, and which contrasted, as the old painters knew so well, with the dark velvet of his doublet, and the soft shadows thrown by his But his meditations lasted not long; for a sound caught his ear in the thick copse on the right bank above. The practised ear of the soldier heard it above even the fall of the torrent. In a moment, with the practised foot of a mountaineer, and of one who had scaled the rude ramparts of nature and the weak stone piles with which man attempts to baffle his brother-worm, in an instant he had hid himself behind the largest rock, watching the cause of the disturbance with the

cool determination of one practised in warfare, and with the keen, fiery

eye of the panther waiting beside some forest pool for its prey.

In the swiftness of descent, a gust of wind caught the broad brim of the cavalier's hat, and whirled it far into the calm surface of the stream, down which it floated towards the fall; at the moment it fell, a louder rustling was heard among the trees, and from behind a sudden turn of the rock, rich hung with trailing ivy and rude tapestry of the birdweed and the flowering elematis, stept forth a man, who, by his sombre buff band, red jerkin, steel scull-cap, and polished corselet, seemed to be a dismounted trooper of the parliamentary faction. Trampling away to the water's edge with an eagerness that a stolid and sour face would seem scarcely to promise, he dipped a heavy halberd that he held in one hand into the stream, and drew the fugitive hat towards him. On the very edge of the fall he arrested it, not without difficulty keeping his footing on its slippery stones half covered by the water. Lifting it in his hand, and wringing the water from the dark plume, he looked at it with a gaze as expressive of astonishment as any face could display that never brightened at anything but the sight of a full tankard, and whose brain has been addled by discourse of interminable length from the lips of the arch-rebel Cromwell himself. Then, with the air of a huntsman who, following slot, has traced a wounded deer by blood-drops to the very next covert, he commenced a diligent search for the wearer of the vain Tightening his belt, getting his halbert ready as if it adornment. were a musket in his hand, and clapping on his sallet, or morion, firmer, the Puritan retraced his way slowly to the path which led to the front of the pulpit rock; observing the flowers trodden down, and the bushes beaten aside as if by a heavy tread, he half shouted some Scriptural form of rejoicing over an outwitted enemy, but checking himself with difficulty, he pursued his search with all the steady and inflexible perseverance of an old hound certain of the scent, but for a moment thwarted. Screening his eyes with his hand from the red rays of the setting sun, he strained them to catch a glance of some companion whom he seemed to expect; with his eyes he beat over twice every inch of thicket that could conceal a lurking foe. Then, apparently satisfied with the vigilance of his search, he seemed to think that on the other side, if at all, lay the ambush. For a moment he stood uncertain, one foot on a stone half covered with the water, the other booted foot on the rock of the shore, his head bent forward like an Indian's on a war-party, his ear tense and strained to catch the faintest whisper of danger that might be borne upon the breeze, or that might pierce the deafening thunder and the ceaseless plunge of the water. It was a fine sight to see that hard stern soldier, with every sense braced, every faculty drawn at once into action; with the cautious instinct of a veteran, the trooper prepared for the ford; unbuckling his sword, lest its metal-mounted sheath should clink against the rocks, he held it in one hand, while with the other he quickly divested himself of his corslet, and hid it beneath a bush, lest the sun's rays glittering on its polished surface should catch the eye of some fugitive, lurking, perhaps, even now, like a hare trembling in its form, waiting, as if fascinated, for the captor.

But, for a moment, when all these preparations were completed, he

stood, like one light-armed and equipped for a storming party, in hesita-Over the mind even of this rude soldier crept a shadow of fear. of superstitious fear -of fear rather of immortal than of mortal foes. Fanaticism had in him rather heightened than repressed the spirit of the age. In that moment, like the flash of heaven's fire, came up in his memory thoughts of tales that he had heard by winter hearths-of saints encountering the enemy of mankind in wild scenes like this, where they had sought to escape from the persecutions of their fellow-men. soldier was one of those enthusiasts who formed, at this early period of his progress to supreme power, the very soul of Cromwell's army. He believed that the milennium was at hand, and that Christ waited only for the total defeat of the Dragon by the followers of the Lamb, to descend to earth, attended by all the crowned companies of the blessed. And it was thought of all the muster that the devil was making of his forces, amongst whom Charles Stuart those, "gifted in the word" believed would not be last, lance passado, that now filled his mind. But he waved his hand, as if defying his invisible antagonist, and exclaiming half aloud, "There'll be hotter work than this in Armageddon," strode across the stream. The second step was above his boot-tops; the third it ran shallower; and with difficulty saving himself from a fall, as his sword flew out of his hand, with something very like a curse, the son of Cain stooped for his weapon, that had fallen some feet off, with a ringing noise, upon a ledge of rock hidden by about an inch of water. With eager eye, and heart throbbing with excitement but not with fear, the cavalier had watched every motion of his unconscious foe; not a muscle of his face had moved without his knowledge; already he had clearly descried his intentions, and satisfied himself that he had as yet no suspicion of his hiding-place. His heart beat so loud that it seemed to knock with violence against his breast; he could not choose but hear it. Another stride, and the soldier had put his very foot upon the rock, behind which he crouched; he must clamber over, one ready foot on the nearest tufts of purple heather and scented thyme, one hand above his head on the rough tufts of broom that grew from a higher cleft. It was the time. Drawing his sword, he plunged it into the defenceless breast of the climber. Slowly his grasp relaxed, heavily he sank backward, and fell with a groan and a deep plunge on the rock below, the huge body of the dying man sinking with a deep, dull, hollow sound, like that so well known to those who have seen a burial at sea; and the scale clasp of his steel cap breaking and coming off in his fall, and the helmet ringing as it sank upon some concealed rock in the bed of the torrent. He never rose again; not even a groan showed that a soul had passed into

So sudden had been the scene, so true the blow, so providential the escape, that the cavalier, for a moment, remained as if entranced, gazing on the corpse that looked up at him, with pale, distorted face, through the clear water, which the blood, welling from the mouth and from a deep wound in the breast, slowly discoloured and turned to purple. The shrill scream of a large hawk that, with that wonderful instinct and quickness of ear, sight, or smell, had already caught the scent of death around him, like some incorporated form of sorrow, it hovered about his

head, as if it would attack the living since the dead were not to be seen. With a tameness that seemed almost supernatural at the moment, it perched for a second upon a rock near, on which some drops of blood had fallen, and then flew again, wheeling inquiringly around. With a quick impatience, the cavalier drew his pistol from the breast of his doublet, and was about to fire at the bird, when he lowered the point and replaced it, with a smile, in his doublet.

"It is well—I had forgot," he said; "God prompts the poor bird to scent out the blood with which man bedews his earth. Let the trout of the torrent prey, if he will, on the flesh of this beggarly, scurvy

man-hunter."

"The blessing of the Lord and his saints be on thee," cried a deep, low voice from the thicket, that had not waved or rustled with his approach, and an elderly man, clad in a cassock and band, advanced, and waved his hand in greeting from the shore. His features had a benevolent cast, overshadowed by the misfortune that had fallen on his own roof-tree as on the kingdom at large, or both together, and his cheek was hollow, as if concealment and scanty food had helped to dull the eye.

"Welcome, good minister of Christ," said the cavalier, with a tone of glad recognition. "What tidings bringest thou from Caernarvonshire?—

are the true men strong?"

"God be thanked, they are, though for fourteen days I have lurked like an outlaw in a poor hut, hemmed in by bog and marsh, with no richer viands than a black loaf once in four days, and no better Xeres than some water as black as ink. And you, Sir Charles, where tarried

you?"

"I have lain perdu for some five days—they seemed centuries—in a wood-loft above the stable of a poor cotter, some dozen miles from hence, as merry as a scurvy rogue in the pillory, or a bear with a chain round his middle. But when I was just sharpening my rapier for a foray, I heard the jingle of sword against steel-bound saddle and stirrup. I looked forth through a hole no bigger than a mouse's, that I had made for breathing, when I saw a troop of horsemen, whose leader I knew was loyal to the backbone. I leaped out; such a leap as no Pagan ever effected, and joined them, and told my tale. Never was friend welcomed more cheeringly, for he had heard that a pike had ended my days at Never shall I forget, good doctor, the angry ringing of their Naseby. swords! Never bride heard marriage bells with more delight. Half dead with cramp and dulness, I longed for a change; and would have greeted with joy even a band of d-d fanatics, though they had come to strike off my head, which now seems firmer on than ever, after the loose way in which it has been on since yesterday se'nnight. The leader told me that they were sent with provisions from Caernarvon, with orders to break into Harlech Castle now beleaguered by that cursed malignant, Mytton; and they had heard that the people hereabouts were enraged at the exactions of the besiegers, and had by them concealed arms, which they would use had they a leader."

"The glad news reached me too," said the doctor, sitting himself down, like one worn out with watching, on the nearest rock, "in my dog-kennel, and hearing that this lonely place, whither a well-affected peasant led me—by token, I paid him with my last broad piece and my

blessing-I determined to tarry here, and offer a prayer to Heaven for the success of our cause, which is, God knoweth, so righteous. It wanteth but five minutes to the hour, and we are to be under the north bastion ere eight, disguised as waggoners, and driving carts covered with canvas and driftings of hay, but concealing stalwart men, and a goodly store of petards, if there be need of such things. Pardon me, Sir Charles—pardon one who loveth thy honoured house," said the doctor, suddenly rising from his seat, and throwing himself on his knees, and seizing the hand of the astonished gentleman.

"Get up, get up, good doctor; such attitude becomes not one of thy sacred profession. Get up, good doctor," echoed a clear, youthful voice of a gallant stripling, as he leaped from behind the covert of a hawthorn bush, and fell upon his father's neck. "Forgive me, sire, and forgive the doctor, who did but conceal what he feared too hastily to disclose.

"I forgive thee, with all my heart," said the father, pausing for a moment, in astonishment, and brushing back the rich clustering locks that hid the fine open brow of the young gallant who stood before him in all the pride and purple light of youth, flushed with excitement, and with his eyes sparkling with love and admiration at rejoining his father.

"But, by all the saints, what brought thee hither, my boy?"
"The love of God and my king," replied the stripling, drawing his rapier and flashing it proudly in the setting sunlight. "I was like a friar cooped up in gloomy cloister, or pace quadrangle, where traitors prison kings, and cobblers aim at crowns-bloody crowns they shall have, I

"Dost thou not remember, Charles, what immortal Will's Richard saith?-

> No hand of blood or bone Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre, Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.

Well, what didst thou do when thou left gown for corselet, and flat cap

"Why, I sped down as fast as horse would carry, or rather some halfdozen; for some three good hacks fell dead on the road, in spite of sops of wine, as Henved used to tell us to give at such times. Damian called together the tenantry; armed them all; turned off two fellows who would sing Psalms and expound the Word as they followed the plough; left behind old Jennings, who is too weak for harness; and brought me the rest into these fastnesses, where I thought we might strike a hard blow for our pious but unfortunate king."

"Indomitable Don Quixote!" said the father, turning his head to hide "And how many buff-elad men hast thou brought a tear of pride.

at thy back to follow the old banner?"

"But a poor dozen, father; and lame Tomkins is one of them, for he would not stay behind, though it's all over with him if his horse is shot; even to hard-riding Jenkins and the keeper's boy, Long John, who knocked over the sparrow at a hundred paces with a musquetoon."

"Oh! a truce, Charles, to your long list of paladins, who, if they are not such knights of the Round Table as your partiality would draw them, are at least trusty varlets and loyal to the back-bone. But where are they? have the Caernarvon men joined you?"

"They have, sire, and are picqueted in the valley above, ready to join

us when I blow this bugle."

And, as he spoke, the gay-hearted boy seized a silver bugle that hung from his white scarf, put it to his mouth, and blew a blast so loud and shrill that it awoke a thousand echoes from hill and mountain, like ripples following the parent wave, or like an army of fairies replying with shrill clamour to their chieftain, Oberon. Ere the sound had well died away it was responded to.

"Why, thou art a second Robin Hood," said the father, laughing; "is he not, doctor, with his bugle, and his outlaws, and his Long John, with

caliver for bow, and good sword for wood-knife?"

Again the bugle was blasted-a mournful note, such as the rangers

call the mort, announcing the death of the stag.

"There's danger in the wind, father, for that is the signal; we must defer our gathering till midnight, when the peasants will be easier assembled, and till then we must keep covert. If my sergeant report

true, there'll be a pretty rising of scythe and pike."

"In the hot charge I would not preach to thee, Charles, but in the tactic I may bid thee tell each peasant to strap round him a bag of flour and whatever spare lead he may scrape together. We may be cooped up there for a month ere our brave Rupert send a vessel to our aid."

"Then, when he does, we'll break like a storm upon them. The red lightning breaking from the cloud is a poor trope to liken our charge. Whoop! up with King Charles, and down with the canting Roundhead!" and the brave fellow, with the head of a boy and the heart of a man—ay, and a brave man—threw up his plumed hat in the air, and caught it as it fell almost into the water. As he stooped low, his eye caught the pale glimmer of the corpse. "Why, what's toward? Here's a murdered man! there's been foul play here. Help, father—drag him out."

"Quietly, gently," said Sir Charles, repressing an almost involuntary smile at the impatience and fire of the young soldier. "Tis but a scurvy jackanapes that I knocked on the head but ten minutes since, as I would a mad dog that came gaping at me, with all his white fangs

showing '

"Compare him rather, Sir Charles," said the doctor, "more Scripturally, to the enemy of mankind, who goeth about like a ravening beast, or, as the Vulgate more justly has it, ut leo furens—or,

"Let us drag out the drowned knave, and search his pockets; there may be something that may serve us. And if he have an angel, it were

pity it should rust."

So saying, the young gallant, already not inapt in that useful commissariat department of warfare, incorrectly termed by the vulgar, pillage, hauled at the body, and tilting up his legs, by the help of his father, upon the rock, proceeded, with all the coolness of a camp-follower, to ransack the dead man's capacious pockets.

"Imprimis—here's a pamphlet, entituled 'Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant, baked in the Oven of the Word.' Cursed cant! let the trout digest what cavaliers can't;" and so saying, he whirled

the edifying volume over the fall. "And here's four groats—the Puritan's month's pay, I surmise. But here's—oh, here's the things:

"The Leaguer, Harlech, Six e'clock.

"The storming party advance from the lines one hour after midnight, and advance over the breach of the northern tower. Watchword—'Ahab.'

"At Mytton, thou son of Beliai, the prey shall be snatched from between thy teeth. But I had forgot to tell thee, father, a dragoon put into my hands a letter from William Owen but an hour since; I have it here. Plague on me, I have it not; I must have dropped it at the hostel, or somewhere—any where but where such a despatch——"

"What is here?" said the doctor, who had taken off the dead man's corselet, and had been fumbling in a pocket made in the breast of his thick buff jerkin, drawing out a sheet of paper which had been torn impatiently open, and to which the silk thread and wax that had bound it were still depending.

"God's mercy on my shallow brain, it is the very letter. I dropped it, doubtless, and this bloodhound who dogged me hither, though he missed me by a wrong turn, picked it up as rich spoil for his general."

"'Tis well; I paid his reckoning, and rewarded him as Joab did Amasa, by a blow under the fifth rib, to use the villain's own profane language. Well then, good General Charles," said the father, with a voice of good-humoured banter, "how long is it thy pleasure that we tarry here in ambush?"

"Till midnight," replied his son; "for there are stragglers abroad, and a stray shot would bring overwhelming numbers upon us, and frustrate every plan. Within an hour all will be quiet, for at eight they set the watch, as the country is up, and their foragers are cut off by the peasantry if their party be not large. I'll go and order the variets to bring thee some pasty and sack hither, for there are both at their saddle-bows. Your old cavalier does not go long without food, nor doth he care much whether it come from friend or foe."

With three bounds the youth leaped the bushes, and was out of sight. With a contemptuous push the knight sent the Puritan's body back into the deep pool from which it had been drawn, with a deep bubbling plunge as it sank.

"A brave, noble-hearted fellow is Charles!" he said, as he strode to the streamlet bank, and stretched himself at his full length upon the short thick grass, purpled with wild thyme, on which the doctor sat.

"He cometh forth like a bridgegroom out of his chamber," said the doctor, his mind running on his professional readings, "and he rejoiceth as a giant to run his course."

"My good doctor," said Sir Charles, "you retain your divinity better than I; for these hard shifts and hard knocks drive theology out of my head, and I'm content to look up, as I do now, at the stars, and pray the great God to save me at the hour of need."

mouth's poy, I surmiso. But here's -ob, here's the things: MR. ARGENTINE STEPNEY, HIS CHARACTER AND " The storming party adva SHTLAUZAD es one hour after miduight, ower, Watchword-Ahab. and advance over the breach of

the adifying volume over the fall. "And here's four greats-the Puritan's

A SKETCH OF REAL LIFE.

mort bedatana ed land Gaudet equis canibusque. se tront mottyle the

thee inther, a dragoon put

between thy treets. But I had forgot to full thee, father, a drag MR. ARGENTINE STEPNEY, the subject of this sketch, stood five feet two in his boots, was broad in proportion, with a pale, flabby complexion, and legs slightly inclining to Bow, possessed a villa in the Regent's Park, and 50001. per annum, in Consols—a sum which had taken his respected sire many years of toil, of self-denial, of hard bar-gaining, and of reckless and fraudulent speculation, termed by him and also by many others who hold their heads high on 'Change-commercial enterprise. Alas! if this worthy old merchant could but have revisited the glimpses of the moon, and have seen the manner in which his dearly loved pelf, his golden mistress and sole possessor of his heart, was undergoing the melting process by his graceless son, in the company of sporting blacklegs, dog-fanciers, pugilists, and ladies of uneasy reputation, he would have rested as uneasily in his grave as did the buried majesty of Denmark.

It may here be necessary to give a brief memoir of Stepney senior. He commenced life as an errand-boy in a wealthy mercantile house; but his was an ambitious mind—he determined to rise in life, and to fill the same post as Mr. Placid, the well-dressed, pompous head clerk of the establishment, was, at that low period of his fortunes, the very height of his ambition; but when, after some years, he had really attained that goal of his day-dreams, his mind expanded, and soared to still higher regions—yea, even to the well-carpeted rooms of the mansion at Bayswater, the fine bit of blood that was drawn up every morning at the counting-house from that rus in urbe—in short, to the position of the head partner; and when in process of time he became the junior partner, and found himself a visitor at Aceldama Villa, Bayswater, his thoughts no longer wore that fantastic shape common to visionaries, but became more practical and substantial. He proposed to the only daughter of the head of the firm (a virgin of mature years), and was accepted, because she was fully impressed with the painful fact, that her chance of entering the holy state had become somewhat mythical; for, though the reputed heiress to all her father's wealth, no suitor had proved rash enough to attempt to ally himself to one whose temper and whose person were so repulsive. But what cared old Stepney for mental or personal attractions; wealth was his only idol, and that he obtained to his

visage. The hero of our tale was the sole fruit of this propitious union; but, contrary to the conventional notion of what is bred in the bone, &c., this promising youth was as extravagant as his sire was parsimonious. He was brought up like a gentleman's son; was sent to Eton (where he learnt

heart's content; craft and avarice were legible in every line of his hard

sculling and punting, was crammed with Latin and Greek, which in due time he forgot), and from thence he was transplanted to Alma Mater, where, as the reader may suppose, he launched out still more extensively, as a matter of course, was plucked for his little go; and, after having run through a severe course of tandem-driving, drinking, and gaming, managed to crown all by getting rusticated. Lord John Fastboy, and his friend Mr. Vernon Toady, who were the real offenders, escaped detection; whilst Argentine, their wretched catspaw, fell the victim.

Great was old Stepney's ire when his prodigal son returned to his dulce domum; but still greater did it become when the Oxford tradespeople sent in their little accounts; for, true to his character, he thought more of the money than of the disgrace of rustication, and it was long ere Argentine was restored to favour—and, in fact, he saw but little of his parents, for his mother was perverted to Puseyism, and had grown dyspeptic, caused by too great indulgence in Lenten abstinences; and

his father devoted himself solely to the acquisition of wealth.

It can scarcely be wondered at, that, when his father died suddenly one fine afternoon in a fit of apoplexy—the result of an excess committed in aldermanic diet, the only weakness and intemperance he was ever known to be guilty of, because no part of the cost came out of his own pocket—that our hero should have felt any inconvenient degree of grief. Neither, when, shortly afterwards, his mother was taken from the world, did he feel that filial grief which rigid sticklers to the Fifth Commandment might expect; for he had never felt that holy and ennobling influence of a mother's love; if he had, he might have lived a wiser and a better man.

Behold him, then, at twenty-two, the undisputed possessor of 5000l. per annum. The repeated lectures on economy that his late father had favoured him with, took the very opposite effect upon him to that which it was intended to inculcate; and the restraint that had been imposed upon him since his escapade at Oxford, only made him the more determined to launch out into still greater extravagances now that all restraint was removed. Neither parent had ever attempted to instil principles of virtue into his mind; rectitude and honour they both secretly scoffed at. He had been lectured and reproved without any assignable motive or cause; restricted from various harmless indulgences without any apparent reason; and hence the result—an ill-regulated and weak mind, with vicious habits and inclinations, fostered by the very means which his parents had taken to check and eradicate them. He became ambitious of association with the aristocracy; and some of the needy and unscrupulous members of that body condescended to eat his recherché dinners, drink his excellent wines, and borrow his money.

Like many other men of fortune, who are guiltless of any knowledge of horseflesh or of any field-sports, he was fired with the ambition of becoming a sportsman; he subscribed to all the sporting magazines, took in Bell's Life, and was taken in by its betting advertisements; was, of course, a visitor at every race and steeple-chase, a natural timidity in his disposition alone preventing him from attempting to break his neck as an actor in the latter exciting amusement. He had frequently longed for the opportunity of exhibiting himself in a scarlet coat, and hunting cross

country, and at length an opportunity presented itself. One of his acquaintances, Sir John Spendquick, a dissipated and deeply-involved baronet, invited him to his country-seat in Leicestershire, for the ostensible purpose of giving him a little hunting, but with the real object of making an onslaught on his banker's; for Argentine never could refuse a cheque to one of his fashionable friends, though a deserving and poor one might have lived at the expense of the parish for any assistance from him. No sooner had he accepted the invitation than he invested in the purchase of a coat of the most brilliant red, a pair of buckskin nevermention-'ems, a waistcoat of the loundest, and a roaring cravat; and as a large party were staying there, he increased his wardrobe to a state that filled his valet with exultation, for that gentleman always obtained the reversion of his master's clothes long before they had become unfit for service. Behold him now en route to Leicestershire. His adventures there, whom he met, and what he did, shall they not be impartially recounted in the following chapter?

CHAPTER II.

ARGENTINE arrived about half-past six at Gothepace Hall, thanks to steam; for though he affected, sportsmanlike, to sigh sometimes after the old coaching days, yet he was by no means insensible to the advantages of being conveyed a hundred miles out of town in the space of about two hours and a half. After a due time spent in sacrificing to the Graces, he made his entrée into the drawing-room, where all the guests had assembled. His entrance caused a suppressed titter to run through the room; and no wonder, for his dress was in the very extreme of outrageous gentism, and the quantity and dazzling brilliancy of his jewelry would have caused a Jew to turn pale with envy. Not being much accustomed to the superior class of female society, and feeling himself to be the object of universal regard, he laboured under great mental perturbation, feeling about as easy as an ape on hot irons, and went through the ceremony of introduction with a scarlet face and a tremor in his legs. We must take the liberty of introducing the reader to a few of the guests.

First, stand out, Lady Dashall, woman of masculine habit and strong mind; already have you buried two husbands, and, if rumour be correct, art on the look-out for a third victim. In the days of Anne you would have outrivalled the Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Masham as a political intriguante, but in these less excitable and more selfish times, your genius has not had full power to develop itself. It is true that your political influence and indomitable perseverance obtained a seat in Parliament for your booby son, which, if certain prejudices could have been overcome, you would have filled with far greater éclat; nevertheless your powerful mind can find exercise in constituting yourself one of the leaders of ton, in being distinguished as a first-rate whip, a rider whom Caroline (of equestrian circus notoriety) might envy, and the authoress of those two popular novels, "The Divorcée" and "The Union of Heart and Mind;" the latter work having gained great celebrity chiefly owing to its advocacy of certain dangerous doctrines, and its almost avowed

defiance of the marriage laws, it had created a great sensation in a

classes of society, having already reached its third edition. Pass on, Lady Dashall; and come forward, Mr. Tattle—you are a general favourite; for are you not au fait to all the gossip and scandal of the day? a gossip-monger, without the venom usually accompanying such characters: besides, how useful you are - the great ally of all diplomatic mammas; for (good creature!) you will separate a dangerous younger son from a fascinating but dowerless daughter, and you are always ready to act as chaperon on shopping excursions, -in fact, to make yourself generally useful. Pass on, harmless little man; and come forward, General and Miss Devereux, noble in mind and heart as well as by birth; condescending to all ranks of life, but with whom inferiors never presumed on familiarity; the father, as gallant and as brave a man as ever fought for and was ill-requited by his country; and his daughter, the very beau ideal of female excellence; her beautiful and distingué face and figure the most cynical could not but admire; and such was the true womanly dignity of her manner and conduct, that no weak and silly coxcomb (a class of animal flourishing from the ducal palace down to the clerk's garret at Islington) dared to address her with those inane and somewhat insulting compliments, which some women, forgetful of the dignity of their sex, are apt to encourage, or at least seem to regard with favour. She was single, but not from lack of offers to change her state; it was her father's wish that a mind and person formed to adorn the noblest English hearth, should not be wasted on any blase roue, for the sake of redeeming his acres with her dowry, nor, worse still, on some emptyheaded coxcomb, with nothing but birth and his rent-roll to recommend Such men could never appreciate the blessing of such an alliance. No, he would only part with his child to one her superior or her equal, and the coming man had not arrived. The rest of the guests have no character worth a description; a class of ladies and gentlemen who might leave their respective craniums at home whenever they went into the world, for any use they made of them to themselves or others; a few well-dressed marionettes, artistically placed, would answer the purpose of filling the room as well, if not better.

The General, with natural good breeding, endeavoured to relieve our hero of his embarrassment by conversing with him on those topics on which he imagined he would be most at home; the result showed him how vain and how shallow was the object of his good-natured attention. Conversation generally began to flag, for the chef de cuisine had unaccountably delayed the dinner; but everything must have an end; even a lawyer is compelled to wind up his unfortunate client's business, and set him free at last; and the long-expectant guests heard the gratifying intelligence announced from the pompous, red-faced butler, with immense satisfaction. The dinner was excellent. Mr. Sparkle, the wit (whom, by the way, we forgot to introduce), made the requisite number of jokes, greatly aided therein by the superlatively excellent champagne-for champagne is a great friend to wit, infusing, we suppose, some of its sparkling propensities into the brain. Who can be humorous, or even decently intelligent, whilst waiting for dinner; but after the second course, ye gods, what a change! and Argentine felt the change, for his mauvais honte had left him, and he talked such outrageous nonsense to his companion (a flaxen-haired young lady), that she became considerably ruffled, not being able to catch one of the diamonds that fell from Sparkle's lips,

and he was on this occasion positively exceeding himself. After the ladies had retired, the excellence of the wine, and the frequent potations in which our hero indulged, brought him to that state in which the patient becomes comparatively oblivious of the past and reckless as to the present; need it be a matter of surprise, that when at length he unsteadily found his way into the drawing-room, he should see double, and also be guilty of the heinous offence of winking at Miss St. Omer, Lady Spendquick's companion. In due time music and cards commenced, which enabled an ancient dowager to effect her escape from our hero, who, blinded with the rosy god, had commenced a violent flirtation with her. A wag, wishing to exercise his genius, told Argentine how anxious Miss St. Omer was to hear him sing, and, plenum Bacchi, he felt only too ready to comply. Without any preparation, he commenced one of the most popular negro melodies, giving at the end of each verse the conventional chuckle and dance. The company were convulsed with laughter. "Now then," shouted our misguided hero, "the chorus," but no one complied with this reasonable demand. At this juncture the butler entered, and Argentine, who, when under the influence of Bacchus, was decidedly of a frolicsome turn, made a rush towards the astonished individual in question, seized his wig, and flung it intentionally towards the fire, but unintentionally full in the face of his dowager inamorata, who was at the time in the very act of revoking. And then he wound up the evening's entertainment by falling flat on the floor, and two tall grinning footmen entered and conveyed him on their shoulders from the scene amidst the laughter of the company. On the road to his chamber he called loudly for port, and nobody answering, or in any way attending to this bacchanalian request, he attempted a cry for the more humble porter. The servants had much difficulty in getting him to bed, but at last exhausted nature gave in, and he fell asleep. We will leave him for the present, and in our next chapter detail his adventures in the chase; the whole of the male guests, with Lady Dashall, intending to follow the hounds the next morning, that being the grand day, at which most of the neighbouring gentry made their appearance.

CHAPTER III.

A southerly wind and a cloudy sky .- Old Song.

Our hero awoke the following morning, burning with a desire to consume an unlimited quantity of soda-water, and with a vague consciousness that he had committed various excesses over night; and gradually these thoughts, at first floating and indistinct, assumed a palpable form, and he became fully aware of all the over-night enormities that he had committed; he sat up in bed, ruefully chewing the cud of bitter reflection, when the sight of his new hunting-costume caught his eye, which caused him to revive; so, hastily springing from his bed, he performed his matutinal ablutions (shave he dare not, for reasons that the convivial reader may well imagine), and having arrayed himself in the beforementioned hunting-costume, and having taken a full view of his person in the flattering—therefore lying—pier-glass, descended to the breakfast-room. His dress, gait, and tout ensemble was the very counterpart of Wright, in his character of a cockney sportsman, in one of the inimitable

Adelphi dramas; and having stated thus much, we leave the reader to imagine the sensation his appearance must have created among the company. Sir John, determined to amuse his guests at our hero's expense, endeavoured to flatter Argentine into the belief that they anticipated seeing in him a first-rate rider, and that no doubt his name would be favourably mentioned in the sporting papers and journals as among the most distinguished sportsmen of the day. Now, Argentine had frequently boasted at his own table (after dinner) to his boon companions of his horsemanship and field exploits in general; but now that the opportunity for proving his boasts had arrived, he began to feel that he was an imposter, and his nervousness increased accordingly. He sat a horse in a similar style to those misguided clerks and apprentices who scour Blackheath on Sundays and holidays, and he was guiltless of ever having followed the hounds.

"We shall have four miles to ride to cover," said Sir John to Stepney. Our hero had an indistinct notion that Reynard was to be unkennelled not far from the lawn, and he felt inexpressibly relieved to hear of even that short respite from the scene of action.

"The horses are at the door," exclaimed Lady Dashall, "and what a

glorious day for the chase!"

Argentine felt very faint, he nervously gulped down his tea, and longed for a trap to open under his feet, and hide him out of sight. But retreat was of course useless, so, making a virtue of necessity, he strode jauntily to the door. He had not omitted to invest in the purchase of a black velvet hunting-cap, which he had been told was a mighty protector to hard as well as soft skulls; an awful vision presenting itself to his mind of an occasional summerset, when your horse, coming at full speed to a jump, suddenly refuses to take it, leaving the rider to occupy his place on the opposite side, the soil perchance being thickly studded with flint stones. The sight of so many bits of blood, in the finest condition, with the smart grooms, the magnificent prospect of country, and the bracing air, would have exhilarated the heart of the old tub-dwelling cynic, if he could have witnessed such a scene.

A powerful black hunter, christened Old Nick, from his vicious propensities, had been selected for our unfortunate hero. "Noble animal," said Sir John, confidently, to Stepney; "a little vicious, perhaps; in fact, strange to say, he threw me three times successively the last time I mounted him; but I have no doubt you can manage him; only examine his points."

Argentine felt what he dare not express; he, who sometimes found a Blackheath pony too much for him, to be mounted on a horse that had thrown one of the best riders in Leicestershire; he was fully alive to the hard fact that he was not the Alexander to manage this Bucephalus.

"So, so, then, good fellow!" he exclaimed, attempting to pat Old Nick; but the good fellow was proof against these blandishments, and curvetted, and pranced, and resisted every attempt that the unfortunate victim made to invade his back; at last, by dint of great exertion and the assistance of the grinning groom, he succeeded, and then he wondered how he should ever be enabled to dismount. Old Nick appeared to know his customer, for at first he absolutely refused to start, spite of the intrepid Argentine's pacificatory ejaculations; at length he condescended to do so, with his head apparently in intense contemplation of the state of the weather.



"Dear me, how awfully I am jolted!" said the timid Argentine to a

gentleman riding by him; "this is a queer animal."

"Splendid creature," said the gentleman. "Spendquick originally intended him to run in harness, but he nearly broke poor old Driver's (the coachman's) neck when he tried him in the break; since then, Sir John rode him at the last hunt, but he absolutely threw him three successive times; and you know what a capital seat he has." And, having increased our hero's alarm at least twenty per cent., he galloped off to join Lady Dashall, and amuse her with the awful episode he had invented concerning Old Nick.

"Why doant yer git inside your oss, sir?" said a carroty-headed urchin who was passing the cavalcade. He was rewarded for this sarcasm by a cut on the shoulders from Stepney's whip. The urchin, with a slowness of comprehension peculiar to many of our peasantry, took at least two minutes to recover from his astonishment at this unexpected stroke, and then burst out into indignant exclamations and a torrent of invective. But Argentine's ears heard not the vituperation of the carroty urchin, for Old Nick had taken it into his head to run away, and our hero gave himself up for lost.

"Oh, mercy! Hallo! stop this horse, my good man." The good man alluded to only laughed derisively. "Oh, why did I ever mount this accursed beast! they did well to christen him Old Nick, for he must, indeed, possess the spirit of his illustrious namesake." At last Argentine came in sight of the gay and fashionable town of G——. "Here's an exposure!" he thought. "I wonder where the rest of the party are."

They had taken a different route, unconscious of our hero's disaster. Old Nick dashed furiously into the town, creating, as may be imagined, a great sensation. At last, by no means exhausted, he reached a quiet square, inhabited chiefly by elderly maiden ladies, an old half-pay lieutenant and his enormous family (how is it, by the way, that half-pay officers, like poor curates and poor clerks, have always their quiver so full of olive-branches? is it because they are the least able to support them? We leave this question for the consideration of Dr. Malthus and Miss Martineau); a few other houses, inhabited by families, poor but unexceptionably born and bred; and the last and largest house in the square was a preparatory school (kept by the Misses Groundwell) for the instruction of the rising generation of the fair sex, and called Minerva House.

Fronting this interesting abode of the muses and the graces, an organgrinder was extracting the Bloomer Polka from a broken-winded instrument. Unconscious of coming evil, he was playing away, with halfpence in view; suddenly Old Nick knocked him down, to the dismay of a nervous old lady, who was returning to her domicile after her daily constitutional. When the catastrophe happened, she screamed, as in duty bound, but, seeing no gentleman in the square, she deferred fainting till her servant opened the door. Old Nick, unmindful of organgrinders and nervous old ladies, rushed through the square, and dashed at once into the High-street. Off flew Argentine's cap; the shouts of the idle vagabonds who are generally seen sauntering and prowling about the streets at all hours (we believe they form the majority of the Chartists, Socialists, and Reformers, who amuse themselves and the country with their insane endeavours to upset the constitution), made the

horse still more frantic, and he did not stop till out of sight of the town; and then it was with a jerk so sudden as to cause his wretched victim to

pitch over his head.

The misguided Argentine lay for some time on the ground, more frightened than hurt, and when he at last rose, under the impression that every hone in his body was fractured, he saw Old Nick standing quietly by, apparently unconscious of the mischief he had done. But he could not remain in this state, remount he must; but he found it to be a feat far from easy of accomplishment, for Old Nick resisted every attempt that was made to invade his back. At length, after much commendable perseverance, Stepney succeeded; and, by dint of inquiry, found his way to the meet, and arrived there in a most deplorable condition, capless and covered with mud.

The company condoled with him on his misfortune, and some bantered him; but the little pluck he ever possessed had completely deserted him, and he could only sit on his horse and personify the image of hopeless despair. At length the fox was found, the tallyho was given, reynard stole away, and Old Nick became so excited, that our hero's utmost en-

deavours to restrain him proved unavailing.

This reminds us of a circumstance which once occurred with the Queen's Hounds. A well-known London confectioner, who was a great sportsman, was one day out with the Queen's Hounds, on a very spirited horse, which he found great difficulty in restraining. At the commencement of the chase, as he was pulling vigorously at his horse, he came up with a nobleman, Lord A—— (distinguished for his ready wit), and said,

"Lord A-, this horse is so hot I can scarcely hold him."

"Ice him, then," replied the nobleman.

To return to our hero. He felt like another Mazeppa tied to his wild horse. The horse literally flew over the soil, and there seemed every chance of his coming in at the death; but that enemy fear predominated, to the exclusion of every other feeling; and, with his hands grasping the horse's mane, he screamed—absolutely screamed in his agony of terror. In this position he found himself, for the first time, taken over a formidable hedge, and then safely deposited in a ditch; when Old Nick, as if tired with his exertions, stood stock-still, gazing carelessly at the victim of his tricks, who, with his head three parts in the mud and his heels in the air, presented a study for a Royal Academician. He was extricated from his unenviable position by a peasant-boy, who happened to be passing. He tried to regain his steed; but that sagacious animal, true to his nature, giving him a parting glance, galloped off after the hounds, and kept his place in the field, as a hunter should do.

Our hero was not sorry for this; and feeling disinclined to return to Gothepace Hall, to endure the jokes and covert sarcasms of the guests—a penalty which he knew full well he should have to pay—walked to the railway station, about two miles distant, and borrowing a hat from the railway clerk, he jumped into a first-class carriage, the train, by great good-luck, being just due when he arrived. He reached London about dusk, tired and misanthropical, vowing never again to trust his neck to a spirited horse, nor, in fact, ever to make a second attempt to follow the

hounds.

pinel orer las head

THE HAUNTED WELL was a first the first transfer of the state of the st

BY MARGARET CASSON.

IX.

It was the night of a brilliant ball; sweet and joyful pealed forth the merry dance-music, lightly moved the forms of the dancers—the gayest, the loveliest of all, Kathleen. Who, to look on that fair face, would dream of the lurking poison beneath, corroding that young spirit? An eager group around her—the ever-admired and favourite one—who so charming, or so fascinating? Suddenly she pauses—her colour pales—her hand trembles; another moment, and she stands by the side of Isabel.

"Will you believe me now?"—the voice was so calm and hushed, Isabella started, she knew not why, at its still sound—"will you believe me now, it was not a dream?—now, when he is there before you, he, my first fate, my spectre-bridegroom?"

"Before me, where? Which do you mean?"

"The one dancing with that fair-haired girl in blue."
"Kathleen, I hoped time had quelled that wild delusion."

"Did you," rejoined she, sadly. "It being no delusion, it is not so easily quelled."

"Yet you have seemed so happy, so like your own dear self of late, I trusted it was so."

"Ah! this hollow, false life, has it deceived you, too? Nature intended me for better things than this. And have you yet to learn, Isa, that the deeper the feelings the less they appear on the surface? Still, I am glad you thought me gay and happy. I wished to be thought so; but there is my fate. I suppose I ought to be very gay and happy now?"

but there is my fate, I suppose I ought to be very gay and happy now?"
"To convince you under what a delusion you labour, Kathleen, the gentleman you allude to is Mr. Vernon, and he is engaged to Miss Melville, the very young lady with whom he is now dancing."

"Nevertheless, it is my fate."

"But you would not play so cruel, so treacherous a part, as to strive to win him, and that at the expense of another's happiness?" said Miss Graham.

"I strive to win him! I strive not. I have no wish to win him; nevertheless, he will be mine—not willingly, Heaven knows, Isabel. Maybe it is also my fate to draw down misery on others as well as upon myself. It would hardly be a punishment worthy of my crime, were my misery purely selfish," replied Miss O'Brien, despondingly.

"May I introduce my friend, Mr. Vernon, to you, Miss O'Brien?" said a voice near the girl; "he is very anxious to make your acquaintance."

A few moments more, and Kathleen was amid the crowd of dancers; her partner, Mr. Vernon! That night Mr. Vernon went home madly, desperately in love. Kathleen's fatal beauty had done its work; his former vows and promises, his plighted love, all forgotten; ruthlessly did her infatuated admirer sacrifice at her shrine poor Ida Melville's broken heart; and but a short time elapsed from their first meeting, ere Kathleen had consented to be his wife, and knelt at the altar—a bride! But,

"even as she turned, the curse had fallen," and bitterly were poor Ida's wrongs avenged. The remembrance of the gay wedding, of the fair pale bride, had hardly ceased to be a subject of discussion, the flowers that strewed her path were scarce withered, the recollection of the sound of her bridal bells scarce died away from her imagination, when Kathleen stood, pale, mute, heart-stricken, by the corpse of her dead husband! A devoted follower of the chase, and a daring rider, he had met his death whilst engaged in his favourite pursuit.

X.

A YEAR has gone by since Kathleen's widowhood, and once more is she beneath Sir John Dalrymple's roof; but not at Balinaslough—there she could not go. As yet, never again had Captain Cunninghame crossed her path, and now she began to breathe freely once more; the overwhelming dread which the remembrance of the second fatal union foreshadowed to her ever threw around her, removing itself from her mind. But her remorseless destiny was even then encircling her. She had raised the storm; she must abide its fury.

It was a morning in springtime, and Kathleen was quietly working by Lady Dalrymple's side, feeling her happiest—but it seemed poor Kathleen's doom, that joy should to her be ever the prophet of sorrow—when

Sir John entered the room.

"I have just learnt, my dear," said he to his wife, "that Cunninghame is in the neighbourhood. I have ordered my horse, to ride over to him, and ask him here."

Poor Kathleen! where are your fairy visions of happiness now?—crushed, abandoned! To the solitude of her chamber went Kathleen; for one moment she stood pressing her trembling hand on her wildly-fluttering heart, to still its beatings; the next, and from its resting-place she drew the fatal relic, and, as usual, it exerts over her its strange influence. As she gazed, rapidly passed before her the midnight vision—the agony—the unchangeable destiny! and her better feelings sank beneath the power of the spell. It was a strange character; so reckless in its daring, and yet so brave a heart to meet its doom. The worst had come now; the dread of the anticipation ceased with the reality, and in this spirit she met him—emotionless and resigned. "Could she bear all?" as she once had asked, shrinking appalled from the fate before her. Yes, even with a courage worthy of a better cause.

He came—to admire her, far more than in the days of her girlish beauty—to love her, as much as his heart was capable of loving—to woo, and to win her. And again did Kathleen stand before the altar, desecrating the holy place with the false vows she uttered, as she promised to love and honour one whom she did not honour, whom she could not love. It was a wretched union; no one single interest or sympathy had the ill-assorted pair between them: unamiable, narrow-minded, inferior to Kathleen in every respect, Captain Cunninghame speedily became jealous

of the superior intellect of his unhappy wife.

There is nothing so galling to an ungenerous nature as a constant association with its opposite; it provokes almost to madness; and although never even to themselves do the owners thereof confess its existence, there it lies deep in the recesses of the heart, stinging and driving with

its involuntary comparison, and goading them on to make the unfortunate object of their jealousy bitterly feel the small tyranny, the meanness of which such a mind is capable of inflicting. And though there were moments yet when Captain Cunninghame felt proud of his lovely wife, still, now she was his own, her beauty failed to exert the power which once it swayed over his heart, and Kathleen was daily and hourly the object of the peevish quarrelling of an ill-tempered man, the victim of his capricious temperament; her finer mind turned away from him, disgusted. Yet was she culpable, too, in her way; she made no attempt to conceal the contempt her husband's conduct called up; with a pride and a scorn she met it, and sought in a round of senseless gaiety the peace her own home denied her; whilst he also went on his own way, and in the desperate excitement of his favourite pursuits, the dice-box and the race-course, he tried to drown care.

The death of her father, about this time, removed almost the only comfort she possessed from the poor wife; and this restraint away, her husband's conduct became only the more reckless; his fortune, too, began to suffer severely from the heavy calls of his extravagance upon it. And this for Kathleen to endure!—she, brought up in luxury and indolence—to be borne for a man she hated, and by one with whom duty had never

been the Polar-star to guide her actions.

They were living in a small town by the sea-side, Kathleen daily becoming more objectless, more dispiritless. One evening in particular, she felt the burden intolerable—the solitude of her own home so oppressive, she could not remain within doors; in the great face of nature must she seek for comfort; in the pure air of heaven, relief. And it was such a lovely evening of cloud and shadow, with now and then a gleam of sunshine breaking through the shade, to relieve and animate the scene. Mrs. Cunninghame bent her steps to a favourite spot on the cliffs, whose beetling brow overhung the vast sea, which dashed unceasingly with its heavy moaning against its base. It was a lonely spot, but it accorded well with her cheerless depression, and she sat there listening to the wild cry of the sea-birds and the throb of the wave, abandoning herself entirely to the sorrow of her heart. She felt so strangely sad that evening, and "silence's impassioned breathings round seemed wandering into sound," recalling days long gone by-her girlhood's joys, her buoyant hours of youth—days she hardly ever could bear to think on now. from amid the wild unconnected thoughts which thronged her memory, soon stood forth one, separating itself, clear and distinct, from the confusion. She seemed, in her imagination, again to be at Balinasloughagain to be with him; again they wended their way, that laughing group, along the terrace, up the hill—again she listened to the words of love, breathed by the only voice she had ever truly loved. Back flew her thoughts, until the present seemed merged into the past; the very greeting of earth and ocean, as she listened to its sound, seemed to her excited sense typical of her own destiny. Had not they met, but to part? and that by the impetuous nature of the one, the hard resistance of the other. And as she, the wife of another, thus allowed her mind to wander at will, unchecked, unreproved, she bowed her head upon her hand, and her heart sank within her. Ah! Kathleen, has not experience yet taught you to resist at the beginning the first insidious whisper of

the Tempter? Once allow that an entrance, and avoidance is not so easy. When she raised her head, Douglas himself was standing before her.

"Mr. Osmond!" exclaimed she, as, terrified and amazed, she sprang to

her feet.

"At length we meet again," said he, the first greetings over, in his calm, passionless voice, seating himself as he spoke by her side, as composedly as if they had parted but yesterday, and with no remembrance attached to their parting.

"Yes, at length. Did you know I was here?"

"No," replied he, "the meeting was quite accidental. I am become a sad wanderer over the face of the earth, seeking for happiness, and finding it not; and I have but lately returned from abroad. I arrived here last night, and, attracted by the beauty of the place, determined to remain a few days. I was, I confess, surprised to see before me one whom I believed was far away; but you were so lost in thought you perceived me not. What was the subject of your deep meditation, will you not tell me?" She answered not, but sat motionless, like a beautiful statue, gazing steadfastly before her on the sea. "It is a long time since you and I were thus together," said he, at length, somewhat harshly. am not mistaken, the last time we were so was on the summit of a hill." Still no reply; Kathleen was nervously plucking the little flowers which grew near her. "Are you gathering those flowers for me," continued he, "to persuade me again to prove for your edification that the spirit of chivalry is not yet extinct? Pardon me repeating your own words to you," and he fixed his eyes upon her for the first time, watching her varying countenance.

"You are very cruel," Mr. Osmond.

"Am I? And who made me so, Kathleen? Who, when my naturally hard nature was becoming softened and humanised under her gentle influence, drove me back upon myself, to become twenty, aye, a hundred-fold harder than before, destroying for ever any better feelings which, amid my many faults, I might possess?" said he, more kindly.

Mrs. Cunninghame shuddered, and her fingers played hurriedly with

the flowers she yet held.

"You were very cruel, very inexorable even then," said she in a low voice, at last, so low he could scarcely hear the words; "yes, very cruel was the severity with which you visited my one rash trial of power."

"Your one rash trial, Kathleen; did you afterwards evince any sorrow for what you had done? Could I deem you anything but the heartless coquette, when, after all that had passed, I beheld you happy, gay, and laughing, lavishing on others the smiles once all my own, the centre of the brilliant circle, the first in every fresh amusement, and apparently totally indifferent to me and our relations to one another?"

"I was but following out my doom, meeting my fate," said she, still

so mournfully.

"Doom! fate!" exclaimed Osmond, impatiently; "all weak people talk of doom and fate: they allow their impulses to drift them down the stream at the current's will, and then, as an excuse for their errors, say it was destiny and fate. There are no such things as destiny and fate, believe me, save such as a man's own strong arm hews out for him-

self. Forgive me, Kathleen, I did not mean to apply such harsh terms to you; but it provokes me to hear such words from your lips."

Again a silence.

"Have you heard from the Dalrymples lately?" asked he, breaking through it; for it began to be oppressive, and he felt he must say something.

"No; I believe they are now in Ireland."

"At Balinaslough castle?"

" Yes."

"How is Mr. O'Brien?"

"My father?" faltered Kathleen, glancing at her mourning dress. "I am an orphan now."

"Forgive me, indeed I knew it not. I heard," said Osmond, "of Mrs. O'Brien's death, but not of this. Then, with whom are you here?"

"With my husband," said Kathleen, in surprise.

"Your husband!" exclaimed he. "I am unfortunate in my mistakes to-day. I thought—I understood that Mr. Vernon, too, had died."

"Yes," said Kathleen; "but I-I am married again."

"You, Kathleen! married! A second time false to your first faith," muttered he between his (set teeth.) "And who, may I ask, is your husband now?"

Kathleen's delicate form shook convulsively, as bending low her head,

she told him, "Captain Cunninghame."

"Cunninghame!" exclaimed he. "Oh, woman, woman!" to himself; then aloud—"And I presume, Kathleen, you were 'following out your destiny,"—'meeting your fate,' in that marriage also?"

"Yes, even so," answered she listlessly, "mock me as you will."

"Ah!" said he, as he rose and walked a few paces hurriedly along the cliff. "And," added he, suddenly returning, "where is Captain Cunninghame this evening? how is it he allows his fair wife to wander alone and unattended thus? I should have thought Cunninghame had been the very person for a sea-side ramble, with 'a soul to comprehend its majesty,' and so forth."

"My husband," said Kathleen, with a slight stress on the term, her broken heart writhing beneath every word Douglas uttered, "is gone

to the --- races, but returns to-night."

"Oh! matrimony, then, has not made the gallant captain cease to love such-like pastimes! I suppose he rarely frequents such scenes now however, and has quite given up play; in short, become a domestic character in his capacity of married man?"

Kathleen replied not, but, oh! those deep-speaking eyes, what a tale

they told!

"Poor child!" said he, half-compassionately, "you have suffered much since we met; but it has not altered you, Kathleen; sorrow has spared

to engrave its characters on your cheek."

And it was even as he said: it seemed to be a portion of her fatal dower to retain her loveliness; the bloom was on her cheek, the light in her eye, the form had not lost a single grace, nor the step its lightness; there was no outward wreck visible, the whited sepulchre which entombed that aching spirit was very fair to look upon.

"I must go home," said she, when they had sat there some time longer, with scarcely a word spoken; "it is late, I must not stay now."

"Good-bye, then," said Douglas, rising, without one effort to detain

her; "I may come and see you sometimes, may I not?"

"Yes, certainly; will you not come now?"

"No. not this evening, thank you; I must pursue my walk."

But he did not pursue his walk, but stood watching her retreating figure down the path; and then he sat there, as she had done before him, with his face buried in his hands, the big tears raining down the cheeks of the stern cold man, as from the eyes of a little child—the first and last outward trace of emotion Douglas Osmond ever betrayed.

XI.

AND Kathleen sought her home, and her husband has come, and with him some friends; and she has gone through the weary dinner, and now she sits alone, her solitude uninterrupted but by the occasional sounds of loud laughter from the revellers beneath. And as she thinks, her thoughts are maddening; despair and anguish seem alone her portion! Yet why blame your fate, Kathleen: did you not invoke the demon to your aid? when he replied not to your call, did you not renew your entreaties? And now that he has come, why murmur, now that you know your fate? Oh! the contrast of those men to Douglas! And yet she hates herself for the comparison. And the days speed on, and Douglas still lingers; and he is with her, near her constantly, and still the same restless, pining dreariness of spirit, "the charm of life undone." And Douglas felt his power, and triumphed in the knowledge; it pleased him, this revengeto make her know how she had made him suffer-to see her feel her As he told her, adversity had but hardened him; the world had been to him a harsh nursing-mother; and the only gleam of sunshine which had fallen athwart his path, had but made the darkness greatermore visible. He would not willingly have harmed Kathleen, even in thought; nay more, he had a code of right and wrong he sternly followed; but the high-souled principle, to "know the right, and do it," the deep love, in all the beauty of its unselfishness, which teaches to sacrifice all, to immolate even love itself, when the welfare of the loved requires it, was not his. Unconsciously to himself, the clouds were gathering around him; yet he felt not their shadow, he marked not the darkening sky. He, too, trusted in his own strength. Poor mortal! so strong in your weakness, so impotent in your power! And thus they were, the tempter and the tempted!

XII.

How the sea is roaring! How the surging billows lash the shore! The green waves crested with white foam, "the pulses of the great ocean"—they are rising and falling so rapidly. The sea-bird's wings glance white and spirit-like in the gathering darkness, and the howl of the wind, the lowering sky, all betoken the coming storm. And all day long there has been that oppressive stillness, which holds such magnetic sway over the heart of man. How strange it is, the dead calm which always precedes a storm, whether in life or in nature—that still, emotion-

less quiet, as the voice of God, pleading with his people, ere he smite them in His wrath! And heed we that warning, and so meeting the coming storm, mayhap it will pass over, or we may avoid its fury? Alas! like the prophet of old, in the whirlwind, the earthquake, and the fire, we look for the Deity, rather than in "the still small voice," speaking so gently to our ear, as it asks, "What doest thou here?" heed it not, "tout pour le present, rien pour l'avenir;" our fears are lulled to rest, and we sit beneath our vines and fig-trees, indolently reclining, in idle dreaming enervating our hearts. And then the storm breaks, and our pleasant sunshine-bowers afford us no shelter from its fury, but perish before it; and we recal but too late, the still small warning voice we slighted before; but it has ceased, we can hear its sound no longer! And so in nature; for are not the elements typical, and signs to man? would he but learn the lessons they strive to teach him! But wilfully he turns away; having eyes, he will not see; and ears, he will not hear; he cultivates the earthly and material, he ceases to mark and to cherish his connexion with the external world; and the calm and the storm succeed each other, the sunshine and the shade; but in the pride of our hearts we refuse to listen, we despise our instructor, because it is a little child which is set in the midst of us!

How the sea is roaring! and the hearts of those whose dear ones go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business on the great waters, sink within them. In that little seaside place, all must be thinking of the night, and fearing the coming storm. No; there are some who, in the conflict which is raging in their own hearts, heed not the warfare of the elements around them; a fiercer strife is warring within. Captain Cunninghame—he, as usual, is away from home; more and more forgotten is his wife. The society of a refined womanly mind was very oppressive to him now. His own associates—the billiard-table—the race-course—are far more congenial; Kathleen sees but little of him. He is desperate to-night; there he sits, his countenance so haggard, so fearfully excited. He has been betting heavily—he is losing terribly—he seems driven on to madness and despair; aye, let the storm go on; it is

fitting music for his work.

And Kathleen. What is that letter which she holds so tightly in her small trembling hands? and why, as she reads it, bows she her head so low, the deepening colour suffusing cheek, neck, and brow? and why sits she alone in that cheerless room? does she too not heed the night? And where is Douglas? Mr. Osmond is in a very different scene, at a gay party, but a few doors removed from where Kathleen sits in her loneliness. He seems calm as usual; there is no emotion to be read on his brow; apparently nothing agitating his heart; and yet the letter Mrs. Cunninghame is reading is in his hand-writing, and she received it but a short time past. Is this, too, the calm before the storm? At length Kathleen rose; it seemed before, as if she were fixed, spell-bound, turned to stone. She walked to the window, opened it, and stood on the little balcony; wildly sweeps the moaning blast around her, and through the voice of the gale she hears the heavy sough of the wave breaking on the shore. Is there nothing typical of your fate before you now, Kathleen? Are not earth and ocean still striving to meet, and still a stronger power than they forbids the meeting? There is no comfort there; her heart is "failing her for fear;" she turns away. She is

again gazing at the letter: her spirit is weeping bitterly; but no outward trace is there of the inward sorrow; the sweet relief of tears is denied to poor Kathleen. From the day when, in utter abandonment. she wept so passionately for him that was bereft her, the day succeeding her awful vision, Kathleen has shed no tears; when, in the desert of life, parched, she came to the fountain, behold, it was dry. "You must decide, Kathleen," said the letter; "I can endure this no longer." Ah, poor child! you did, indeed, give yourself up to the Evil One, when, in the daring of your spirit, you invoked his aid, since the object for whom you sacrificed all, is chosen for your tempter; and time is gliding on, and the minutes becoming hours, and the hour is approaching when her answer must decide her future. "By twelve o'clock let your answer await me; but remember, whichever way, your words must be irrevocable;" and the hands of the little clock are drawing near the hour; and she cowers low, and shuddering for one moment, though there is no one near her; she has seized a pen; she is pausing no longer. Kathleen!

XIII.

"Nor there—hush! or you will alarm Mrs. Cunninghame. Let me go to her, and break it gently." But even ere the speaker's words have ceased, her excited sense has caught the sound; she has started from her seat; she has opened the door, to behold before her her husband, supported in the arms of his friends, apparently a lifeless corpse. But it was not so; life was not extinct; and as she watched by the sick-bed all that long night, and listened to the voice of the storm (for she hears it now), bitter were the thoughts which thronged before her. How did the remembrance of her own conduct smite her!—the memory of her dead parents—of the love they had borne for their now repentant child—the vows she had once uttered—they rose like reproachful ghosts before her. And then came the thought of Douglas, sweeping in its overwhelming passion all else before it; but she drove it relentlessly back: their paths in life were separate for ever; this was no place to think of Douglas now. It was so awful to see him there, who had left her such a short time before in the strength of life; it was so terrible to be called away in the midst of his mad folly; and, deep as the dying one had wronged her, had his faults equalled her own? Though neglecting, he had been true to her; and she, though sinning not in the letter, had she not erred culpably in the spirit?

Ah! unhappy one, fearful as is the sight before you, awful as was the means of your salvation, kneeling there, low, low, thank Heaven that it came in time to save you from the temptation which beset you, to save you from yourself. And when, still later, in piteous tones, he prayed for her forgiveness, for all he had made her suffer, for his cruelty, his neglect, Kathleen felt the full measure of her guilt, and laying her head by his side, on the death-bed of her husband, once more she wept; and, oh! the bliss of those tears; the hardness of her heart, its pride, and its sinfulness, seemed to leave her as they flowed; and, bitterly repenting, Kathleen now did all that was in her power, in the little time that was left to her, to atone for the past to the dying man who lay before her; for recovery she knew was hopeless; they had told her so. It was the old story of a gambler's fate; all that evening had there been a run of ill-luck against him; he had left his own house in no very amiable mood; his play became desperate;

he drank deeply, but still to lose: excited beyond endurance, he dared Fortune more and more; higher and higher yet were the sums he staked upon the cards, but the fickle goddess was not to be won by storm; still he lost; and irritated to madness by his ill-luck, Captain Cunninghame risked even a larger sum than before, but only to lose again. One moment he stood before them, gazing wildly around, as in a dream; the next he was prostrate on the ground; the vehemence of his own passions had been his destruction. They raised him up, in terror, believing that life was extinct; he rallied, as we have seen; but the strong man was stricken by

the hand of death: with the morning light all was over.

About a month after Captain Cunninghame's death, Kathleen read the announcement of Douglas Osmond's marriage in the papers. During her sad vigil by her husband's side, once, and once only, had she left her post, and then it was to take the letter (the letter on which she had pondered once so long and earnestly), and without even a glance and with an unfaltering hand to enclose it to Douglas, without one kind word accompanying it. "I have decided. K. C.," was all she wrote. And now he, too, was another's, and she thanked Heaven that it was so; she could better meet her fate, for still did the retention of the belief in her prefigured destiny chillingly rest upon poor Kathleen's heart, and restlessly did she long for its final accomplishment. It came at last; and in her third union, Kathleen was linked to one in the contemplation of whose meek and holy nature her fiery spirit found repose. He was (as in her vision) sad and grave; for even when they met, on Gerard Maitland's frame had the baneful nand of consumption laid its grasp; and when he told to her his love, it was with no hope of making her his own, for he knew that death was waiting in his path; and she, also, told to him all, all that she had never breathed to any, save to Isabel-all her sin and sorrow, her weird doom, the shadow that darkened her young life. tenderly he smiled upon the poor erring, desolate child of earth, and laid its aching head to rest so lovingly on his own warm heart; and in her magic beauty he forgot all, and whilst life was spared to him, beneath his gentle influence Kathleen felt her own nature elevated, yet subdued.

But when the grave claimed its own, when she stood once more alone, her destiny accomplished, the demon-vision fulfilled, she felt appalled. Vainly did she strive to grope her way through the chaos of light and dark The strong mind was failing her; she had "lived which was around her. through that which had been death to many;" the strain had been too great, the tension could not last for ever. She had given herself to a hard taskmaster; not yet would the fiend abandon its victim. The peace had been but deceptive—the calm before the storm once more. Amid the wrecks of the past she stood. The guardian angel had left her; and when she turned to seek the path through which she had wandered by his side, she saw but the flaming swords of the cherubims guarding its approach. The mortal who had dared to penetrate the future quailed before her own daring, and sunk back, powerless! and once more the dreadful horror passed before her, the spectre-forms, the wailing cry! And as her own act rose in judgment against her, reason forsook its throne, "the mind had wandered from its tenement!" and her terrified attendants shrunk from her side as so wildly she raved. Now she was pursued by fiends, surrounded by them, in their hands, tortured, agonised, tormented! Now she was at the Well, going through the mystic

spell, calling upon the Evil One in frantic terms to appear before her; and then she said "he had come, and it was so dreadful, and he would not leave her." And then she would call upon Douglas "to come and save her; it was for him, for his love, she had braved it all, perilling her earthly happiness, her soul's salvation, and it was so cruel to leave her thus." And then her voice would alter from its wild, piercing tones, and soft and low she would talk to her dead husband; but "he would not stay with her," she said; "the fiend was coming—was with her—

near her again-oh, save me! save me!"

And Isabel hastened to the sufferer's side; Isabel, now a happy wife, still preserving her buoyant gaiety, her sweet serenity of spirit, "winning her way with extreme gentleness," came to strive to calm the wandering mind, and lull to rest the frenzy that consumed her poor loved Kathleen. And as she watched by the sufferer's side, and listened to her heartrending cries for help and mercy, and beheld her, whom she remembered as the very impersonation of joy, writhing in torture before her, oh! earnestly did she pray that a little rest might be given to the anguished one even here below. And her prayer was heard—the evil spirit departed from her: she had sinned deeply, she had suffered much—she is sleeping now!

XIV.

And Douglas Osmond? It is not the world's fault if Douglas is not happy. In his own neighbourhood people look up to him, nay, respect him; he is leading there a life useful to his generation; they scarcely like him, they are afraid of him; but it is not in Osmond's nature to care for popular favour, he goes on, cold and calm as ever, in his own stern, unbending course, leaning on himself alone. His all-powerful, "Ego," it is sufficient for him! His young wife loves him, but not with the perfect love which casteth out fear. His children love him, too; but he awes them: and who says Douglas is not happy? If there be a cankerworm at his heart it preys unheeded—he complains not. If there be an unhealed wound, there is no outward trace, it bleeds inwardly. His Past is known but to himself. He stands in his humanity a far sadder object for pity to view than the poor Kathleen in her lowly grave—surrounded by household ties, yet a lonely man—an abstraction apart from his kind; and it is not good for man thus to stand.

And Kathleen sleeps in the silent churchyard—her "long day's work is done"—she rests peacefully in the tranquil grave. She, the beloved and the beautiful one, so richly endowed by nature, yet with her own hand so ruthlessly marring the fair creation. Of what avail the struggle and the strife, the effort and the will? they failed to avert the doom. She is very quiet now—the weary one has found the rest she so vainly sought before, but not where she looked to find it. Her peace is the peace of

the happy dead!

And darker falls the shadow upon the "Haunted Well," and the mystic tradition still clings to the spot; but now with it is mingled, dreamily and confused, the tale of Kathleen's blighted hopes and early doom. And when in the eventide the wind roars and moans through the ravine, the superstitious peasantry shun the place, or trembling with affright, pass it with averted face, making the holy sign of the cross; for then, they say, the figure of the lady kneels on the old grey stone,

dipping her handkerchief in the well, and evoking the Evil One; whilst circling round her move three shadowy forms, and amid the mournful sobs of the wind may be heard the laughter of the mocking voices of the demon spirits of the place, whilst dim and indistinct in the gathering darkness stand "calling shapes and beck'ning shadows dire." Yes, in the park of Balinaslough still stands the "Haunted Well," changeless amid the world of change around it; its silent waters heavy, dark, and cold; the yew-tree yet hanging over them, deepening the gloom and the mournful sadness of the scene; and even the stranger, unknowing or incredulous of the fatal mystery which shrouds the place, turns with an involuntary feeling of relief from the dreary spot; for, "with a power and a sign" is the dark curse impressed upon the "Haunted Well."

Oh! ye who with eager eyes, carrying your vision into the future. would impatiently penetrate its unrevealed secrets, pause and think, is it wise thus to seek to read life's problem at a glance, rather than patiently to solve it? Slight, indeed, is the barrier which separates the visible world from the suprasensible, yet sacred and unprofaned should it remain, even as the veil which, in the Temple of old, divided the outer court (where stayed the worshippers) from "the holy place." Become not the blind instrument of your own destruction; strive not to lift the curtain of the future; but rather, like those worshippers, wait, kneeling and patient, in the outer court, and, in its own good time, the veil will be rent

asunder,

Thy guardian angel will speak out From that high place, and tell thee all.

THE RACE OF LIFE.

A SKETCH TAKEN FROM A NEW POINT OF VIEW IN THE NEW FOREST.

On! on with thy race in the woodland chase With the man that hath promised to love thee! And enjoy thy ride in thine hour of pride, While the sun shines so brightly above thee! And let not a thought with a sorrow fraught Cast a shade on the path now before thee; For what should'st thou know of sorrow or woe With the man that hath vowed to adore thee? On! on! leave thy mother, and sister, and brother; For the voice of the bridegroom doth call thee. Go! and let not a fear check thine onward career, Or a vision of what may befal thee. Brief, brief is the hour when a woman hath power To make choice of her pathway in life-It is taken away on that perilous day When the maiden becomes a wife. May thy path prove as true when the goal comes in view, And as smooth as it promises now! No pitfall now hidden, nor stranger unbidden, Make thee wish to repent of thy vow! Then on! with thy race in life's stirring chase With the man that hath promised to love thee! At its close may the light on thy path prove as bright As the cloudless sky is above thee! G. B. N.

SKETCHES OF FOREST LIFE.-No. II.

A FOREST PIC-NIC, AND FEEDING THE DEER.

A GLORIOUS day! We are looking languidly out over the calm, still ocean sleeping in the sunshine, and watching the listless motion with which the waves creep inwards, and lave with idle caresses the golden sand. A vision of the forest comes before us, rich in its fairy bowers and deep cool shadows, and with eager haste we prepare ourselves for our long-planned forest pic-nic. Our rendezvous is to be at Burley, on the skirts of the forest, and from thence we propose advancing inwards by the old forest track, the traces of which are still as visible over the wild and desolate moor-land, as amidst those ancient oaks which have stood for centuries rooted knee-deep in fern, and may, for all we know, have re-echoed the march of the Conqueror. A curious assemblage we form at Burley, with our waggon piled with baskets of provisions, and decorated with flowers and thick boughs of laurel, and knots of ribbon fastened to the horses' heads, and the town coach from Christchurch laden inside and out with passengers, whose gay dresses and happy faces afford a favourable relief when contrasted with the deep green of the surrounding clumps of holly trees. Burley is in itself quite a forest village. The cottages, scattered at intervals, or peeping gaily out from the clusters of foliage that surround them, seem the very abodes of peace and happiness. A stream of the purest crystal water flows gaily along, glancing in the sunshine; herds of geese, driven by some sunburnt child with white hair and laughing blue eyes, pass us by; and the high Maypole, planted on the green, is still hung with garlands of withered flowers, although the warm blush of summer has since succeeded to the sweet faint smile of spring. But we must not linger here, though the neat little church, bearing aloft its cross, the symbol of our hope, and lovely with its wreathed ivy and beds of flowers, would with bright windows and open portal fain invite entrance. We pass onwards, therefore, following the open road, and branching off across the wild gorzeland, till the old track of the ancient Britons comes clear before us, winding amongst the noble trees, whose lofty branches close over our heads like a leafy aisle. And now we are indeed in the very forest sanctuary. How gracefully the beech sweeps her light foliage to the ground!—how vivid the green of the moss that encircles her!—how faithfully the bright and glossy holly remains planted by the side of the oak, finding now her shelter where first she stood a sentinel! for in the good old times each oak seedling was thus protected by a prickly friend, placed there as a kind of fence against the hungry ravages of the deer. But it is time to think of dinner; we will spread our table-cloth under this large shady chestnut, and hang up our bonnets upon its branches. The carriages, gigs, and carts are standing, a motley assemblage, in the shady distance. servants are lounging idly amongst them, the litter of straw and empty hampers making a good background to our laughing group in front. One sunbeam after another comes dancing up the pathway, lighting up the white dresses of the girls, and throwing broad dashes of quivering light upon the ground. How busily they are employed !- those two girls are cutting up a cucumber into slices of genteel proportion, while their

attendant beau is busy seasoning it. Here, mid merry laugh and joke, a large bowl of salad is being made for the centre of the table, while numerous hands are arranging the position of the dishes, and the equilibrium of the table-cloth itself. A couple are missing: they have strolled slowly out of sight to where the shadows lie deeper and thicker in the dense solitude of the underwood, and there where

The beating of their own hearts Was all the sound they heard,

they have plighted words of love and affection, which will long find a haunting echo through the old solitudes. But the dinner is ready, and gaily is it partaken of. Old traditions of the spot, forest legends and quaint romances, are curiously blended with jest and mirth, and the light flirtations of the hour; good-humour and pleasantry abound everywhere; toasts are given and responded to, and at length a manly voice breaks out into a song. The ladies rise, and stroll through the long forest glades, and one by one are joined by their dinner companions. It is resolved to pay a visit to the twelve Apostles. Magnificent trees they must have been in their days of glory, though now, with hollow trunks through which the wind sweeps moaningly, and long bare arms extended to the skies, their trembling limbs seem scarcely able to support their tottering frames; apart, as though he mourned in sullen state his fallen greatness, stands a fine old patriarchal oak, well known in the forest by the name of Judas Iscariot; and further on, in one of those sweet retreats that seem to haunt a poet's dream in their exceeding loveliness, is placed a keeper's lodge. Just as we are ascending the rise towards it, we see the keeper advance, and placing himself on an eminence that commands a view of the surrounding country for miles, he takes a horn from his pocket, and plays a long clear musical recal upon it. Directly we see his aim. There, bounding from the heights of Boldre wood, fleeting like antelopes over the dry sandy loam of the hill-bottom, breaking, crashing from the underwood, from every distant point or near and hidden retreat, the herds of deer are seen fast gathering in. Ashen boughs are heaped richly and thickly over the hill-side, and these, as the deer advance, are thrown profusely to them. It is their evening ashen meal. How gracefully they feed! how spirited their attitudes! how eager their rapt attention, the large and wistful eye! Fearlessly they confront us as they strip the delicate foliage off their ashen boughs, and with distended nostril and small, quick hoof, pat impatiently the ground, just glancing upwards, and then, their meal finished, bound back again, like a herd of wild gazelles, into their forest retreats. So pass they on into the gathering shades of evening, and dissolve like a beautiful pageant before our eyes.

THE STAG-HUNT.

"The Blood Hounds meet on Saturday, at Viney Ridge, at twelve o'clock."

Or late years these have succeeded the Queen's Hounds, which used regularly to conclude their season by migrating from the shades of Windsor to the nobler sport of forest stag-hunting. Their ardour, however, was destined to be damped as they came to make acquaintance with the forester's country. Great in top-boots and resplendent in hunting-suits, the slender horses with their dainty riders were little fit

for roughing it over forest ground. Out of a field of perhaps four or five hundred horsemen, but a mere handful would ever be up at the conclusion of the sport. Some, in fear and trembling of the unfathomable bogs, of which they had heard most exaggerated accounts, kept hanging off upon the heights, where at least they thought themselves sure of safe ground. Others-men from Leicestershire-and those who had been accustomed to "crack packs" and "close country," would dash recklessly along, despising in their inward hearts "this savage country, without a fence in it," till, lured by some level greensward, or nicely carpeted bottom, they would find themselves and horses foundering in "some Others again, in technical sporting phrase, "came to over some of the deep ruts hidden by heather and gorze, which abound in the forest, or had their hats knocked off by the boughs, and their faces spoilt by the wild briars. At length, as if by mutual consent, the visit to the forest became a dead letter, though the foresters, unwilling to give up their favourite sport of stag-hunting, organised a subscription pack of blood-hounds amongst themselves, which, kept in training during the winter months, had their education completed sufficiently by April to secure sport to their followers. We purpose, therefore, joining their meet at Viney Ridge, on Saturday, at twelve o'clock.

It is a beautiful morning, clear, cold, and bright. The frost, which has been spread like a silver veil upon the ground, has yielded to the genial influence of the sunshine, and the laughing primrose and wildwood anenome are peeping out like stars from amongst the dead leaves. Stragglers are seen dotting the high road that leads direct from Christchurch to Lyndhurst, passing by Markaway Bridge (another meet of the hounds), and winding up the hill, clothed with its noble beeches, to our stag meet. One by one they drop in, rank and fashion, happy faces, and laughs ringing out musically into the clear cold air. What an assemblage of gay carriages, dog-carts, and gigs! What a variety of horses, from the splendid-shaped hunters of our "crack men" to the scarcely inferior animals bestrode as second horses by their grooms, who are revelling in the idea of "doing a little sport for themselves;" descending again to the half-blood, and from thence to the rough, unbroken, forest colt. It is a noble expanse of country we are gazing upon. Do you see that wild track leading over the heather that crowns the top of that opposite hill? How black it is, and what a strong smell of burnt ashes is swept towards us by the breeze. This is the spirit of King Mob! Wrath waxed his soul and sore, at the vision of the enclosed furze-ground, of faggots bought instead of cut, of kine penned in, and pigs driven from their paradise of beech-mast. If these privileges are not allowed King Mob, who is to profit by them? The lords and rulers? And the people are to stand tamely by and see their rights taken from them! Valiant King Mob! down with the oppressor and the tyrant. Set fire, as you have done, in the dead, dark night, with the breeze sweeping bravely over the hills, to the large tracks of heather and gorse land, and glory in your liberty, as it writes its name in tongues of fire upon the black scorched ground. But we are wandering from our subject, though we see eager faces crowning the ridge, and gazing downwards in the direction of Lyndhurst. A little late, truly, for the frost has delayed the master's coming; and now there is a buzz of voices, and horses and hounds are seen ascending the rise towards us.

Onward they come, with the gay scarlet glistening in the sunshine; the music of the horn, and the shrill, sharp cracking of whips. How the hounds' joyous whine makes eager answer to the master's call! And now we are all assembled; ten minutes' grace, whilst the hounds are called over, the horses girthed tighter, the lady occupants of the carriages conversed with, and then the master leads forward, by the broad track down the hill to a piece of low hanging underwood, at a little distance, where the stag is supposed to be harboured. The blood-hounds are thrown in, and experienced horsemen place themselves round the enclosure, in places where they think it most likely the stag will break cover, or where the

line of country lies plainest before them.

There is a crash in the underwood nearest to us, and stealing slowly out-trotting a few yards, and then turning to look back mournfullya noble buck makes his appearance. At once the hounds are laid upon At first he distances them but slightly, keeping only just a-head, and ever and anon glancing back upon his pursuers. At last, as though frightened by the hot speed of the hounds, the huntsman's halloo, and the loud resounding of the horn, he puts more speed into his limbs, and bounds nobly forward, skimming the low bog ground and straining up the heights. And now the racing becomes desperate: riders, bowed almost to their horses' manes, seem to skim the ground like birds as they tear past us-heather and bog-land, stony moor-ground, and deep sandy loam, all passing with equal swiftness of motion beneath their horses' feet. Now and then, some sudden jerk forward marks a streamlet cleared or rough bank topped; but once again they are on level ground, and the speed is now furious, so that the horses seem to lay themselves almost level with the earth.

Do you see the Diana of our forest, as, with light hand, graceful figure, and beautiful seat, she flies past us, taking almost the lead of the field? But there is a check for an instant. The stag has crossed the bog at the bottom, and one or two of the foremost horsemen have floundered into it whilst following him; the rest are defiling round the hill. See how he stands at bay, confronting us with noble front and branching antlers; but his enemies are again upon him, and with one

gasp he strains, sobbing, up the hills.

Poor fellow! he has fled through many miles of forest-ground; he has felt the burden and the heat of the day; and now trot, weary, dusty, and oppressed, he bethinks him of the pure waters of the stream that is sleeping down at the bottom of Boldre Wood, beneath the shade of the hollies and the cool shelter of her beech-trees. Yes! here at last he is captured, standing, seemingly calm and quiet, knee-deep in water, in the gravelly bottom of the purling brook, but with large drops, as of agony, wrung out on his lordly front, and a fire and determination in his eye that looks as if he were yet speculating charging his pursuers, and dashing through their ranks. But no time is allowed him One clever blood-hound has already pinioned him by the ear, and the master, dismounting, has ably and safely secured him. No harm, however, is destined to their noble prey. The hounds are called off and put on a fresh scent, and the stag, still safely secured, is led onwards to some place of shelter, where he is turned loose, to recover the fatigues of the day and to afford sport at some future period.

CROSS PURPOSES.

On a day, a beautiful day toward the fall of the year, with the sun so warm and the sky so blue that but for the russet tints upon the leaves, and the ripe fruits upon the boughs, all was so bright and fair you might have thought it summer;—upon so fine a day, half-sitting, half-sleeping between the real and the ideal, dreamland and the world, I was aroused by the sound of voices. They were young and female voices, and fell pleasantly upon the ear; the one, light and laughing, as of joy and life, the other more full, more tender, but, alas! less happy. Yes, it was a lazy hour, and I was in that mood when to look at others is the next pleasure to being with them; so, raising myself and opening my eyes, I turned in the direction of the sounds, which came from the open window of a rustic cottage, half covered by the branches of a noble vine, whose leafy festoons and graceful tendrils, hanging round and over the casement, formed a pleasing setting to the picture that met my view.

There were three figures: and the third, whose voice I had not heard, a young man standing rather in the background, and about whose personal appearance I am not at all inclined to enlarge; suffice he was good-looking and gentlemanly. But for the other two! I had not slept, or had I, and waking thus, I should undoubtedly have dreamed in my wakefulness that here was Mahomet's paradise, and they were Houris.

So beautiful, and yet so different in their beauty. The younger—fair, with blue eyes and rich chestnut hair, that when the sun touched shone as a glory; and then her smile—but there was a ha! ha! between the cottage garden and the mount whereon I lay, and for that fellow—I beg his pardon, the gentleman in waiting—I don't know I could have been so silent, or sat so still. She was of the middle height, and slender figure, as befitting youth, while graceful as a—What? Gazelle? No.

I have never seen the beast that poets tell of, so must content me with a flower I know—the fuschia. And yet I do not care to liken her unto that, for being scentless, it is like others, however graceful, yet wanting perfume, better likeness to some beautiful but heartless wanton. And she was none; for if ever eyes be windows to the soul, her soul looked out of those deep blue orbs. Her companion—they were not sisters—with her sad dark eyes, and rich black hair, thrown back from the pale face, and falling in undulations, not curls, upon the shoulders, was of a taller and more formed figure, and though sorrow had softened, of a somewhat haughty look and bearing.

There are features bearing the imprint of a grief which time does never alter; in sunshine or in shade, or circumstance or place, 'tis there—'tis there: some great or early sorrow, some blight, some shock, though

past, has left its traces, like the lightning's, that sears for ever.

Though the sun should go down with a tear, He may rise in the morn with a smile; And his light to our eyes be more dear, For the darkness upon us the while. But when Hope sets on life not again,
Shall she lighten our hearts as the sun;
For the past is a memory of pain,
And the future a grief is to come.

Blame me not if I watched them, for I was interested—a word by which you may seek to hide curiosity, or worse. Thus, if caught with your ear to a keyhole, or eye to a chink—you were interested; if unsealing a letter, interested; your hand in another's pocket, interested, and so on to the end of the chapter. Nevertheless, I was interested! Nor had I crept up the hedge, nor hid under the tree to peer down into the window; but I forget that no one accuses me, and I am defending myself; so, if people judge me on that account guilty, why let them.

The spot was too far off to steal upon a confidence, and whether I would or no is matter for myself; but when the fair-haired beauty sung, though the distance lost me the words, the air acquired a charm that would have bound me listening for ever and a day. I could not help

repeating:

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoil.
The motions of his spirit are as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted.

Now, there are some, but I am not of them, who think Shakspeare to have carried this panegyric upon music too far, and cite admirers and prefessors of music as being often knaves or fools. Yet such is no proof that the man "without music in himself," "when found," as Captain Cuttle (of Dickens) says, be not "made note of" to trust so far as you see him.

But speaking of Shakspeare reminds me I once assisted at an amateur representation of the "Merchant of Venice." And what character did I take?—Lotharic, perhaps? The poet-lover of the Jewess found an embodiment in the person of a fat young man, with "a little music in" his throat. Oh, then, 'twas Launcelot Gobbo! The gentleman who was to have played the fool had gone and got drunk—how frequently low comedians get drunk, on and off the stage!—and consequently did not come; and consequently I kindly undertook the part on the shortest notice, eh? No, I did not; for the simple reason, if no more, that nobody asked me. We—that is, the amateurs—I had nothing to do with them but for that night—played the "Merchant of Venice" without Launcelot Gobbo, and the audience were none the wiser; although a patron of the company, at the supper afterwards, spoke very largely upon "the bard of all ages," and the humanising effect of a knowledge of his works; concluding a long harangue with the performances of that evening had been as a lesson to the humbler, and a treat to the higher class."

I wonder if that was Shakspeare's idea of humanisation!

But to our guesses. I enacted a senator—a super; but, laugh not: however easy to say nothing—the super's usual business—'tis not so easy to sit upon nothing; and that was somewhat of the unusual duty

VOL. XXII.

myself and two other gentlemen found ourselves expected to perform, upon nobly undertaking to represent the whole aristocracy of Venice. With a cap—and what a cap!—upon our heads, a short, a very short robe, which the wind that swept the stage at every moment had blown round our necks, it was so light and flimsy, and exposed the boots and trousers, but for the precaution of treading upon its hem; thus, unable to stand upright for the shortness of the dress, and unable to sit down for a form that could not stand of itself, and would not balance to three, with each a different notion of equilibrium, our position was neither so pleasant nor so perfect, and much resembled an infant's first walk—a

succession of escapes from falling.

I was then ignorant of all stage business, know little of it now, and care less: it is true, I did not quite believe in the kings and queens who strut their hour, nor had faith in the dragon virtues of the heroines of domestic tragedy, nor put trust in the honour of heroes of high or low degree, nor had I an easy confidence in the honesty of the Poor Gentleman; but I had some sort of an idea that a stage-whisper was a whisper upon the stage. With this faith, I shall not easily forget my astonishment—a surprise that nearly upset my discretion, and pretty nigh capsized my, for the nonce, brother-senators upon the Duke—by-the-by, a mock Duke, after all; the real Duke had been looking after or doing after Launcelot Gobbo, and the obese Lothario doubled—save the mark!—for impromptu Duke—so the Duke, desiring "some five or six"—'tis three or four in the text, to bring in Balthazar, alias Portia, Gratiano answered—'tis not at all in the text—" Why, you ass, you'll clear the stage."

There was one thing in common with the amateurs, and I say it more in sorrow than in anger—but, from the Jew, to the Gaoler who walks with Antonio, each and all had entered the theatre with the speech of the Prince of Arragon in his heart, "I will assume desert;" and to follow out the incident of the Prince's choice, I should like to know how many of them, then or since, have not found the truth of the motto, and moral of the silver casket, "Who chooses me, shall get as much as he

deserves."

This was my first appearance upon any stage, and I think it likely to be the last; for in the dirt, discomfort, labour and vexation, I had seen enough to cause me to exclaim, "Who would be an actor!"

When I came out of the reverie the song had thrown me, the dark girl was leaning through the casement, and gazing vacantly across the garden, with the youth at her side looking tenderly upon her. But he might as well have looked at the moon, for any return of warmth his looks had infused. The fair lady sat, pretty and pouting, half astonished and half alarmed at the want of attention to her charms. She was as evidently taken by the neglectful youth as he was by the abstracted maiden; and it being a truism "that lookers-on see more of the game than the players," so did I, from my lair, witness how blindly was this man following a losing suit, who had only to turn where all was won. Ah! I could not help envying him; but, the grapes being sour, like the knights of old consoled myself in the reflection that the adventure was not for me.

Oh, pleasant times! oh, happy times of knight-errantry!—when, every day of the year, with the bridle upon the charger's neck, one roamed through the world with only the uncertainty of the ride ending at a palace or in a pit; when princesses took off the armour of the gallant, and fair damsels waited on him at the bath; where——— I must leave the errant knight, and turn my erring thoughts to the whereabouts I have strayed from.

A traveller arriving where four roads meet, may be in some uncertainty as to his route when no direction-post gives notice of the way, and milestones are wanting in the country; nor will his perplexity be lessened at meeting some shock-headed urchin with a drove of swine, who, to all inquiries touching the roads, answers with an everlasting "Doant knoaw."

"Well, my lad, to what town or village does the road you have come take one?"

"Doant knoaw, zur."

" No! Where does that?" pointing to the right.

" Doant knoaw."

"Or that?" to the left. "Sure I donnt knoaw."

It is a desperate case, and the traveller, looking at the threatening sky and thinking of the coming night, turns wildly in the direction his own feet had measured—a long length of dusty road, with turnings innumerable, and never a house—and, pointing down the darkness, cries, "Then do you know where that leads?"

A ray of intelligence lights up the stolid face of the innocent, and with a smartness of reply that proves a confidence in its correctness, "Ees, I do; that leads whoam."

And now in the position of the traveller do I find myself. I would fain get to the end of this article, but have started without chart or inquiry, and, coming to a cross-road, know not how to turn; so meeting my own ignorance in place of the country-boy's, unlike the traveller, feel assured the way back to be my best way "whoam."

When I rose from my seat on the grass the sun was setting, and his rays falling upon the cottage, lighting up the faces of the girls and shining in their hair with a last long lingering look. It was as good as a hint to go; so breathing out my *interest* in the maidens, with a sigh to the brunette and a hope for the blonde, I philosophically walked down the hill.

"I wonder what the strange gentleman would have said, could he know how we've been looking at him?" spoke the dark beauty.

"And what we said of him?" laughed the fair one, as I passed under the window.

has a release or a new Landa to come an inform our box showing a

Sound hatrand a 's average are applications from

count state engle the proper first carry

OLD JACK.

BY JOHN STEDMAN, B.A.

I.

IT was in the summer of 1846 that, with my wife and only daughter, a delicate girl of seventeen, scarcely recovered from the effects of a low fever she had suffered under two months before, I left my house in Lancashire and sought the delightful scenery and refreshing breezes of Whitby. We had secured a beautiful little retreat about two miles from the town, and within a few hundred yards of the sea. There was only one other house near it, and that one, with its bare walls and desolate aspect, formed a gloomy contrast to the creeper-clad exterior of our sunny It was a large and straggling edifice, with massive walls and narrow windows, to which shutters, perpetually closed, imparted the most dismal appearance. What had once been an extensive flower-garden, enclosed by low walls, surrounded it, but no flowers grew there now; I forgot, there was one small border, separated by a well-kept margin of box from the weedy waste around, in which the moss-rose reared its rough green branches over a nest of violets, isolated, but not forgotten, like an angel-guarded innocent in the midst of an erring world. This little plot, and one window unclosed in the adjacent building, alone suggested the idea of inhabitant. It can hardly be supposed that a grim château like this, hard by a barren cliff, on the verge of the desert wave, could fail of acquiring a sinister fame and ghostly reputation among the sailor-occupants of the neighbourhood. We soon discovered, on putting any questions to the rude fishermen of the coast, their views respecting it: a shake of the head, and a look of empty mysteriousness, was all that we could elicit from that taciturn and superstitious race. Mystery is the best whetstone of inquiry, and the less we could discover, the more inquisitive we became. We learnt, indeed, that the property belonged to a captain, whose Christian name was Jack, but about "Old Jack," as maritime nomenclature designated him, hung as deep a mystery as veiled the old house itself. "Old Jack" might have been a veritable Wehr-wolf for anything we could learn to the contrary from our obliging informers, who always spoke of him with the same icy looks, and in the same dark language they would have applied to an Afrit or a Goul.

The house was situated between us and the town, so that we had to pass it, though at a little distance, in our journeys backwards and forwards. I was returning at a late hour one evening from dining with a gentleman whose acquaintance I had recently formed, and was enjoying the common effects of a substantial repast and a few glasses of crusted port, in a considerable increase of the heroical faculties, and a more than wonted inclination to enterprise. The dreary mansion occupied my thoughts: how more than grey would it stand forth in the gloom of a moonlit night! Why should I not take a nearer view of the dark scene? Yes, I would turn on to the common, among the heather and the fern, and contemplate the charms of a haunted house. My curiosity was increased, and my resolution somewhat abated, when, on reaching that point of the road where the house first came in sight, or where, more

properly speaking, I came in sight of the house, I perceived one of the windows faintly illumined by a cold, dim light, in true keeping with the usual formulæ of spectre-smitten domains. I felt half inclined to forego the pleasure I had cut out for myself, but, thinking how it would interest my dear invalid to carry her some news of the interesting spot, I buckled up my courage, and kicked my way through the prickly wilderness to within a few yards of the gloomy structure. There I stood, with the most approved feelings of awe wriggling through my frame, and all the goblin stories I had ever heard, from the hour of leaving the cradle to the proud moment of assuming my first tail-coat, coursing confusedly through I had been gazing up at the eclipsed windows for several minutes, when, on lowering my eyes to objects more on my own level, I perceived, with a thrill and a start, that, as I was gazing, so was I being Within the precincts of that crumbling wall, which separated the weeds within from the wild without, stood a being, whom my fears at once pronounced to be the beau-ideal of "Old Jack" himself. That being was a man considerably above the average height, dressed in a rough pilot-coat and sailor's straw hat, which gave an uncouth expression to a face not uncouth in itself, but of a corpse-like pallor, from which looked two eyes of the most melancholy meaning I ever beheld, and such as it was impossible to meet without looking again. Over one was a ghastly scar, which extended partly down the side of his face, and brought to mind a mutilated warrior risen from the field of death. His arms were folded, and, though his eyes appeared fixed on me, he seemed at the same time lost in such dark imaginings as befit a contemplative goblin. Perhaps there are few circumstances more startling, or which consign you more completely to the dominions of fear, than suddenly to meet another's steady gaze when you have thought yourself in utter solitude, amid all the enhancing influences of pale moon and moonshine mysteries. My first impulse was to cry out, my second to fall down, my third to run away; here, third thoughts seemed best, so, with the alacrity of genuine fear, I took to my heels till they were taken from under me by tripping over and into a furze-bush, from which I extricated myself not without considerable damage to my evening costume. However, I had escaped the withering vicinity of Old Jack.

On returning home, I communicated the occurrence to my wife and Emily, who, with the brave ideas we usually enjoy in a snug room with friends around us, and a bright lamp burning on the table, did not so much appreciate my fortitude in courting the adventure, as they murmured at my pusillanimity in its abrupt termination. My partial discoveries rather formed the ground of future surmises than a solution of past ones. Considering my courage as a country-gentleman at stake, I promised to make another attempt to learn the secret of the place by personal application; and, in good sooth, my precipitate retreat had been the result rather of surprise than of a firm conviction that the awful form

I beheld was other than human.

The next night was too stormy for out-door experiments. The rain fell in torrents, such as even a ghost might repudiate; and the lightning flashed too furiously to be trifled with. However, ere darkness again veiled mother earth, every turbulent symptom among the elements had vanished, and pale Phœbe again showed her face in sea-side splendour. Long before the witching hour, I sallied forth with every firm resolve to

see what was to be seen. With firm step, albeit with palpitating heart, I ventured even to enter the precincts of that dreary garden; but neither Jack nor his agents were abroad; silence and desolation ruled on all sides. I walked round the building unmolested; I returned to the gate where I had entered—ha! there was Old Jack again! I hardly started this time, and was positively going to walk to him when he walked up to me.

"Excuse me, sir," I said, addressing myself as to a material creature,

" for intruding on your premises."

The figure slightly bowed. He didn't look so terrific after all. Surely, a man may be melancholy without being a brownie, and a scar on the face is undoubtedly consistent with corporeal construction. Perhaps I showed my thoughts in my countenance, for the gloomy visage relaxed, and a voice actually issued from the ashy lips:

"Ah, you have heard the common reports?"

The tone savoured more of soliloquy than of conversation, but it banished all my remaining timidity, and, feeling an interest in the sad being before me, I said:

"I have, indeed, sir, heard mysterious legends; but my curiosity has, I fear, exceeded the bounds of propriety. My excuse must be total

ignorance that this house was occupied."

"True," he replied, with a sigh, "there are little signs of life here." A short silence ensued, and he added, "But you seem interested in these old walls; perhaps you would like to enter them? You need fear no imaginary terrors connected with them. Alas, would they were!" And

his brow became as dark and sorrowful as ever.

I assured him that I should feel a deep interest in accompanying him in; and without further parley, he walked slowly to the door, opened it with a key, and, requesting me to wait an instant, entered alone and returned with a light; when he ushered me into a moderate-sized room on the ground-floor, which was evidently the one I had seen illuminated two nights ago. It was well furnished, but wore a neglected aspect, and I especially noticed that on a little marquetrie-table lay a thimble, among other trifles, and a small pair of scissors. "Ah," thought I, "a lady in the case!"

The melancholy man motioned me to a seat, and, taking one himself,

began in a plaintive and gentlemanly voice:

"It is strange—not one save myself has entered this house for many a year. I do not know why I have brought you here, but, methinks, you are attracted to the spot. Your voice made me feel—what I have not felt for many a livelong day—that the voice of a fellow-being has yet some power to lessen the gnawings of grief." He paused; but his accents, so full of melancholy, quite touched my sympathies. I made no reply, and he continued: "Your very coming here seems to show you can appreciate the finer feelings of sorrow; for nothing but sorrow, the most subtle and refined, has approached here since——"

He shuddered, and left the sentence unfinished.

"And why not leave a scene which only distresses?" said I. "My cottage is not far off. If you will deem it worthy of a visit, my wife and daughter will be—"

"You are kind," he replied; "you have mentioned relations who alone could banish my bitterness. It is long, very long, since I entered into

society, or talked with other than my own immediate dependents; but I value your sympathy, and, if a spirit like mine will not cast a cloud over

your happy faces, I will accept your friendly offer."

In a short time we were on the common, walking towards my little residence, where the arrival of Old Jack-for it could be no other-seemed to astonish my little Emily; but she and her mother welcomed him with their kind smiles, just as they would have done to any other visitor. could see the sight of their happy faces affected him deeply. He seemed with difficulty to repress some violent emotions, and then resumed his wonted melancholy, but gradually became conversable, and kindly answered our inquiries respecting the old mansion. We all took an equal interest in the captain; he had evidently suffered so much. By his own account, he had long banished himself from the world around him, and yet, notwithstanding his exile and his sorrows, he was as gentlemanly and polite as the most caressed favourite of the drawing-room. He seemed to eye my daughter with peculiar regard; whether on her own account, or for the sake of some fond association, I could not tell. No doubt her sweet face and engaging cheerfulness helped to drown the galling thoughts which he had so long nourished within. Whatever may have been the attraction our little circle afforded, poor Jack promised to pay us another visit at no very distant period, and faithfully kept the engagement; for, before three nights had elapsed, he was again seated in our comfortable room.

This time his costume was less rough, and his appearance proportionably improved. His features were good, and, but for the extreme gloom which chilled them, and that disfiguring scar, he might have been positively handsome: with such strangely different eyes do we view a man beneath the threatening pile of a haunted house and in the smile-lit bosom of our family. It was now that we followed up a resolution we had come to since his first visit. Emily spoke on our behalf; and after a rather dismal silence of several minutes, during which he seemed to be struggling between the pain of past recollections and a wish to comply with our urgent request, the captain commenced the recital of his

own history.

You may be sure (he began) that nothing but the sincere sympathy you have shown with my unhappiness, and the strange feeling of friendship, so long dead, I experience towards you, my hospitable friends, could induce me to renew the agonies I have suffered for the last eight years, by tracing up the source from which they sprung. My narration will, I fear, present little to engage your attention beyond its truth, and its tone will necessarily be devoid of spirit or liveliness. If I view everything in almost a morbid light, the result of many a sad hour, you will doubtless make due allowance for me, and judge my faults with leniency. Having warned you what to expect, I will comply at once with your desire.

The old house, which now stands so desolate, was the seat of our family for several generations. To it my father, after thirty years' military service in nearly every country, during which he had attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel, returned from India. I had not seen him since I was five years old, for my mother, who was very delicate, had been unable to accompany her husband in his campaigns for the last

fifteen years, having suffered severely from the eastern climate shortly after their marriage. It was very singular; the feelings with which I anticipated my father's return were not those of love. We may talk about absolutely intuitive affection towards a parent; nature has, indeed, implanted a feeling of dependence in the breast of a child; so it has in the vine which clings to the trellis, but both the one and the other must be allowed those advantages which nature intended. Subsequent events have proved me to be far from deficient in the social propensities, and my fondness for my mother was of the deepest description. The last reminiscence which remained of my father before he left home, was a severe thrashing which he inflicted upon me for some juvenile delinquency; what it was I scarcely recollect; and whenever my dear mother mentioned him in his absence, it was with a certain degree of restraint, almost awe, which scarcely tended to warm my affections towards him.

Well, to return to our first meeting, when I was twenty years of age. If my love was not very active, I took a decided interest in the event, and respect I could not but feel when I saw that venerable grey head, and the manly countenance which had faced so many dangers. He met me kindly; but it appeared more like the kindness of a commanding officer towards a young ensign than of a father to his own son. No doubt manner had a great deal to do with it; and I have little hesitation in affirming that his heart was much warmer than his greeting. He seemed to view the old house with considerable regard, and, shortly after his arrival, expressed the intention of never again quitting it. Every day confirmed me in the estimation in which I had previously held him. He was my colonel, firm as adamant, not to be trifled with; his affection towards me as an only son was shown by the strictest note of all my actions. If I were out an hour beyond my usual time, I felt like an officer infringing upon his leave; as for being unpunctual at meals, it was impossible. My father, rightly indeed, never waited; and if the hour of dinner was passed by, so were the attractions it brought.

He had not been home many months when, for some reason or other, he desired me one morning to repair to his private sitting-room at a certain hour. I felt that something awful might be expected, and not without apprehension was the command obeyed.

"John," he said, as I entered the room, "I have been for some time thinking you are too old to be idle (you may sit down), and I have just accepted for you a commission in an infantry regiment, on the point of proceeding to the West Indies. Appointments are scarcer than they were, and you may be thankful for having obtained one so easily. You will sail in a few weeks."

"Sir!" I replied energetically, for once overcoming the awe I usually experienced in his presence, "the thing is impossible! I—I—am engaged to——"

"Well, sir?"

"I am engaged to-Miss Villiers." Nothing but the urgency of the case could have drawn from me this declaration.

"And why have you not informed me of your engagement?" said my father, in a far less severe tone than I should have expected.

I could not reply; circumstances had involved me in an attachment for Caroline Villiers; fear of opposition had prevented me from disclosing it to any one; here, nothing could justify such a course.

"Very well, sir," continued my father; "follow your own counsels. By this conduct you have thwarted my every wish on your behalf. You little know the fondness with which I have hitherto watched over your interests. Miss Villiers is not the young lady for whom I had destined you. I never expected this blow, and I know not how long I may survive it. Your undutifulness is as bitter to me as it is unexpected.

You may leave me, sir!"

It was anything but a triumph for me; the apparently stern and apathetic father had displayed emotions I had little anticipated: I had forfeited a confidence the very moment I first became aware of its having My father was ever a man of few words; but from this existed at all. time he scarcely ever addressed me; my spirits became depressed, and nothing but the presence of my mother, whose kindness towards me increased in proportion to my father's coldness, would have enlivened the now gloomy hall sufficiently to keep me there any longer. Often did I meditate leaving a home which was daily becoming less attractive; but when I thought of the blow such a step would inevitably prove to that dear parent, who had rarely used an unkind word, the idea vanished. Still it would at intervals recur, and circumstances, which only modify the plans of the Christian, but are the blind guides of the weak in principle, brought it to maturity. I was in a very desponding mood one dull day, when I received a letter from Caroline Villiers, who had been staying at Southampton for the last two months, and whom I had not seen since the private interview with my father. In it she told me, with the greatest sorrow, that her father had received a formal notice from Colonel ---, to the effect that my proposal to her had been wholly without his knowledge or approval, and that if our union took place it would be contrary to his protest. Mr. Villiers, she said, was surprised at the communication, and offended at its tone, and declared that his daughter should never have anything more to do with the family of the She assured me that her affection was unaltered and unaltercolonel. able, and that although she entertained no hopes of weakening her father's resolution (who, in truth, could do nothing should the colonel maintain his opposition), still she could never forget the mutual vows we had pledged, with a great many other professions, which convinced me that I might have my own way without the consent of parents on either side.

My resolution was instantly formed. I told my mother of my determination to run away, and, notwithstanding every dissuasive argument and entreaty on her part, so obstinate did I feel, that in a couple of days I had reached Southampton, overcome Miss Villiers's scruples by representing the utter impossibility of ever gaining my father's consent, and, as I was just of age, and she was four months older than myself, we eloped to the Isle of Wight, and were married with as little delay as possible. The lady with whom Caroline was staying had a daughter, who materially assisted our enterprise, though her mother never discovered the circumstance. I wrote from Ryde the evening of our marriage to inform my mother of the event, and the next day set sail for Italy. My wife's resources were all we had to depend upon, for my own property would not revert to me till the death of my father. He, happily, had no power to cut off the entail, or it would never have come to me at all. Wishing to increase our means, which were none too large,

after a tour of several months I entered the Austrian service, in which I

eventually attained the rank of captain.

We had been some time abroad, when a letter from my mother, who had written frequently to me, but, singularly enough, without any allusion to my departure from home, or any subsequent step, urged me to repair to the hall without a moment's delay, or I might not again see my father alive. I was much affected by the intelligence. This was not the first occasion on which remorseful feelings would press themselves upon me; I could not disguise from my own conscience the fact that I had indeed behaved to both my parents in a very undutiful manner. With all the haste of one who would fain hear words of forgiveness from a dying father, I embarked with my wife and infant daughter on board a packet, and in an incredibly short space of time was driving rapidly up to the gates of my old home. My mother received me at the door with all the affection she had ever shown, but I could not help noticing her haggard looks and wan complexion, which told too plainly of sorrow and illness.

She led me directly to my father's apartment; he was propped up on the bed; his eyes were bloodshot, and almost starting from their sockets; and the look with which he eyed me as I approached him will never be absent from my mind. I knelt down by the bedside, and in a voice hoarse with emotion entreated his forgiveness. Oh, who can tell the sickness of a heart yearning after the dying blessing of an injured parent? That was one of the most solemn moments of my life, and I could almost count my palpitations during the silent suspense in which I hung those interminable minutes. At last the words, which have sometimes stood before me in letters of fire, burst steadily and witheringly from the tongue of death.

"Forgiveness! it rests not with me. The disobedience of a son may bring a curse upon his house, which the parent cannot stay! Yes—yes, I see it," he murmured—and those glaring eyeballs grew filmy, and the prophetic voice became softened and unearthly—"there—a mother's tears—they fall on the blighted floor! Bless!—no—no blessing!—there lies a curse——"The voice had ceased. The breath of my father departed

with that condemning word.

Then, with the wild energy of remorse, I tried to prevail upon death itself to bless me yet. The silent chamber resounded with my frantic cries to extort one saving word while yet the spirit was wending its journey from the fast-freezing clay. But I cannot dwell longer on that unblest hour; truly had my father discerned a ban resting upon me; from that hour my dear mother sickened; she had heard the dreadful words fall on her still beloved son, and a frame already worn out by repining, and for my sake—but enough; she died within a fortnight; nor were those lips permitted to utter the blessing they would fain have pronounced.

Long was it before I could bear to enter the unhallowed roof; but at length the affectionate attentions of my wife and the soothing prattle of my innocent babe cooled down the scorching madness even of my grief. The infant child of a despairing parent is like to fresh green suckers on a blighted stump; when I looked on that dear little one, memory yielded to hope, and hope whispered that life had yet a charm. Your daughter's name reminded me of her; can you wonder at my sudden attraction to your family circle?

THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

[On the night of the 12th of September, 1759, General Wolfe, at the head of his troops, performed the very difficult task of ascending the rocky eminence above Quebec; he then drew up his little army on the plain of Abraham, and gave battle to the French, who advanced in force from the city, at that time in their possession.]

Not of disease, slow wasting life's pale fire—
Not of old age, that brings its dark decay—
In victory's arms young Valour would expire,
And 'midst the roar of battle pass away.
Thou hadst thy wish, brave Wolfe! if such were thine,
And never from this world, to realms of day,
Did soul more noble mount, a star to shine
In honour's heaven, with pure and quenchless ray.
E'en now, while musing on thy bright career
And early doom, warmed Pity drops a tear.

Waving the sword to those who toil behind,
We see thee scale yon steep at dead of night;
Britannia's lion-banner flaunts the wind;
The foe awakes—he comes with boastful might;
His charging bands would sweep you in the wave
That glows beneath, as breaks the morning light;
Boom his loud-rolling guns, till cliff and cave
Seem 'live with echoes—forward to the fight!
Thy sword, thy look, thy voice, were magic then—
Electric fire that thrilled the hearts of men.

More rapid than the rapid tide below

Dash on thy squadrons, deadly bayonets gleaming,
And, like a river, pours the maddening foe;

The human torrents meet—thy blood is streaming;
No matter—full of fire, thou battlest yet,
Feeling no pain, of victory only dreaming;
Save England's honour, all thou dost forget;
But dimmer now thine eagle eye is beaming;
Thy failing hand no more the sword can sway—
Oh! for an hour the stroke of death to stay!

We mark thee leaning on the veteran near,
Striving poor Nature's anguish to control.
Hot still the conflict; ah! will victory cheer,
Before it mounts from earth, thy ardent soul?
Gaul's eagle wavers—England's banner flies,
Though red with gore; her volleying thunders roll;
"They yield! they yield!"*—a light illumes thine eyes;
Now welcome, death! high hope has won the goal;
No longer clinging to the suffering clay,
Borne on that shout, thy spirit wings away.

^{*} Wolfe, mortally wounded while advancing at the head of the grenadiers, and leaning on a soldier, heard a voice cry, "They run!" "Who run?" he asked, faintly. The French, he was informed. "I die then happy!" were the last words of this young and brave commander.

THE BRIDGE OF BENDEARG.

A SCOTTISH LEGEND.

By MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

I.

SITUATED between Sandwich Bay and the Parph Forest, in Sunderlandshire, stands the remote and almost unknown valley of Bendearg. Surrounded by trackless and barren deserts, or bleak and inaccessible mountains, abounding with wild deer, it is rarely trodden save by the foot of the adventurous hunter, to whom its solitary grandeur and dangerous impediments afford a greater stimulus to enterprise, a more glorious reward to success.

In the very heart of these northern highlands there is a narrow pass, which at a short distance has the appearance of an immense artificial bridge thrown over a tremendous chasm, but which on a nearer approach is seen to be a wall of Nature's own masonry, formed of vast and rugged bodies of solid rock, piled on each other as if the giant sport of the architect.

Its sides in some places are covered with trees of a considerable size, and the traveller who pauses to contemplate the savage sublimities of the scene may, if sufficiently courageous to gaze from the dizzy heights into the depths below, behold the eyries of birds of prey midway between him and the bottom of the awful and precipitous declivity. The path over is so fearfully circumscribed that it cannot admit of two persons passing each other, yet it sometimes happens that a couple of wayfarers meet in the middle, owing to the curve formed by the pass preventing a view across from either side, and when that is the case, one is obliged to lie

down while the other crawls over his body.

In the barbarous ages of feudalism, when man nurtured the fiercest animosity against man—when lawless and unrestrained passion was dominant in the undisciplined bosom—when revenge was considered noble, treachery honourable—when the blood of a rival, however basely shed, dimmed not the lustre of an otherwise untarnished name—and when, in fact, clan leagued against clan with the fury and vindictiveness of more than foreign foes, and laird and vassal were blood-bound in one common bond of enmity and extermination to ruin and destroy the offending neighbour—there raged a deadly and inveterate quarrel between the Macpherson of Bendearg and the Grant of Cairn—the two most important families in the district; and which, notwithstanding the earnest intervention of mutual friends, could only be partially stifled, and which burst forth with renewed violence on every seemingly aggressive opportunity, like the smouldering embers of a destructive fire when fanned to flame by the rising gale.

Angus Macpherson, the unwedded possessor of the vast domains of Bendearg, was naturally of a brooding and morose disposition, which was seriously increased by the retired and unsocial life which he led; passing months entire, with scarcely an interruption, alone in the inhospitable fastnesses of his rude home—climbing its steep mountains—wandering over its arid plains—listening to the hoarse murmur of its

roaring cataracts—breasting its indomitable tempests—penetrating its gloomy glens—and finding a congenial sympathy in all the uncultivated horrors around.

To a well-organised mind, and to a reverentially reflective spirit, the voiceless solitudes of the unfrequented ravine—the majesty of the towering mountain, from whose lofty brow the lordly eagle soars away even to the far-off skies above—speak, as with the eloquence of departed prophets, to inspire the thoughts with the holiest meditations—to precipitate the alloy of mere humanity—to leave behind only the pure gold of sublime and chastening contemplation—to elevate the soul to Him, who, breathing the breath of life into it, made man immortal—and to show that the Power which created such stupendous magnificence out of nought for earth, hath also the ability and the WILL to form and fashion yet greater marvels in heaven for him who, sacrificing his passions and conquering his animosities, BELIEVES that he can but be forgiven as he himself forgives.

On the morbid mind of Angus Macpherson, however, these aweawakening scenes produced no such salutary and improving effect; rather, on the contrary, augmenting his sullen melancholy, and begetting a deeper distrust of his kind, as if, in his cheerless wanderings, he held communion with the fell Anarch of Evil, who fomented the discord of his bosom, and who encouraged the implacability of his heart and the merci-

lessness of his feelings.

To prove, however, that he was not absolutely inhuman, there was one who could win a sunny look from those sombre eyes, a gorgeous and glowing smile from those compressed lips, a dear and earnest blessing from that anathematising tongue, and a pressure ardent, yet gentle as a mother's, to that cold contracted bosom; and that one was his bright, his beautiful, his only sister,—she, who had been bequeathed to him as the most costly legacy of death,—she, in whom he trusted for an heir to that property which had never bestowed on him either pride or pleasure,—she, to whom he confided every hope, every affection, every prospect;—she, who had fled from all, overthrown all, vanishing from his view like the last rays of that sun whose setting he had so often marked and adored.

How dark then became his home, how dark his heart! How desolate became his days, and how torturing his nights! How odious then

became his existence—how welcome the idea of the grave!

Search was in vain; not a trace of the fugitive could be discovered; she

had gone, none knew whither—gone, apparently, for ever!

How did he rack his brain to find the cause of her absence! How was he ready to tear his disappointed heart out of his throbbing breast, to learn if by any chance it had ever been unkind to the fair and precious creature, who was, indeed, the light—the sole light—of his obscured life!

Ellen had left no one sign behind her to betray her destination—to point suspicion as to the occasion of her flight, or to whom she had flown,

or with whom, in fact, she had undertaken such a perilous step.

More than a year of poignant and wearing anxiety elapsed before the wretched brother could persuade himself that she would not be found—would not return—or, at least, send to relieve his anguish by explaining her truly mysterious conduct. But at length this hope forsook him, the fondest and the last; and relaxing his eager and vain inquiries after one

evidently lost to him in this world, he gradually resumed his old habitsgradually re-sought his old haunts-gradually pursued his old wild rambles in the forest and in the glen; and endeavoured to school himself to believe that the remembrance of his sister was only as the brilliant dream of imagination, which fancy lent to give a glory and a warmth to the dull and frigid reality surrounding him!

ONE day a stalwart Highlander was fearlessly walking along the dreaded pass, sometimes bending over to watch the flight of the wild birds that built below, and sometimes detaching a fragment from the top to see it dashed against the uneven sides, and bounding from rock to rock, its rebound echoing the while like a human voice, and dying in faint and hollow murmurs at the bottom, and which resemblance to the accents of mortal misery seemed to awaken a sentiment of horrid exultation in the man who was listening to it, for he laughed aloud with a discordant and repelling glee. When he had attained the most elevated part of the arch, he observed another person advancing on the opposite side, and, being himself of the patrician order, called out to him, in a haughty and dictatorial tone, to halt and lie down, as was customary on all such occasions.

The man in question, however, either did not hear, or did not regard this peremptory command, and still continued to approach, until the Highlanders met face to face, on the very crown of the narrow and appalling summit. They were Macpherson of Bendearg and Grant of Cairn! The two hereditary enemies—the two most mortal foes, who, whenever they were supposed to meet would have rejoiced in murderous strife, who were known to have mutually panted for years for this rencontre. Now they were met, and what would be the result?

Turning deadly pale with concentrated hatred, malignant rage, and

the hope of satiated vengeance, Macpherson exclaimed,

"I was the first at the top, and gave the word to let me pass in peace. Had I known it was you, Grant, I would have substituted another phrase, and ordered you to lie down to be trampled on by the spurning foot of a Macpherson.

"There was a time," replied the other, with a flushing face and quivering lip-" there was a time, when, for a Grant to prostrate himself before a Macpherson, it was necessary that a claymore be driven through

his body. But-

"But what!" cried Macpherson, his flendish courage augmenting n proportion to the visible disinclination of his adversary to engage in hostile measures-"but what!" he repeated, while his whole frame shook

with the dread of baffled revenge.

"I, a Grant, will turn back, that the path may not be obstructed for a Macpherson." Saying which, with evidently a most painful struggle with his feelings, the young Scot began to retrace his steps; but Macpherson, wrought up to the highest pitch of fury, and sure of victory over his detested and dastardly foe, sprang after him, and fixing his inveterate fingers deeply in the flesh of Grant's shoulder with the grip of an eagle's talons, he hissed between his clenched teeth,

"Coward! think not to escape me thus."

"Coward yourself! base, ungenerous, implacable coward! O God! O God! is this to be endured? See, Macpherson, see whether I refuse thy challenge from cowardice." And he snatched the bonnet off his rival's head, and whirled it contemptuously over the bridge. In an instant it was followed by his own; and then these two exasperated foes advanced with slow and savage determination towards each other, until they both again stood face to face in the centre of the bridge, when, stretching their limbs like men preparing for a desperate combat, they planted their feet firmly on the ground, compressed their lips, knit their brows, and fixing fierce and watchful eyes on each other, stood thus ready for the onset. They both grappled at the same time, but, being equally powerful, were unable to shift each other's position; so, with suppressed breath, and muscles strained almost to heart-bursting, they paused for one single instant on the apex of that awful rock; and then Grant cried, with a voice of bitter agony,

"Macpherson, you, and you alone, provoked this quarrel. Heaven is

my witness, how anxiously I would have shunned it with you!"

Macpherson deigned no reply, but suddenly removed his right foot, so as to give him greater purchase, stooped his body, and bent his antagonist down with him by main strength, till they both leaned over the

precipice, looking down into the terrible abyss.

The contest was as yet doubtful, for Grant also had placed his foot more securely on an elevation at the brink, and had equal command of his foe; and as the struggle was literally now for life, independent of any other considerations, any other regrets, it was most furious, and most uncertain which of the two would be victorious; but at this moment Macpherson sunk, as if from exhaustion, on his knee, and while the unsuspecting Grant stooped down, with an emotion of divine commiseration, to assist him to rise, the treacherous villain suddenly seized him in his powerful arms, and, with a yell of triumph, hurled him over his head into the yawning gulf, he himself falling backward, his body hanging partly over the rock, a fragment of which giving way, let him sink further down; but with an incredible effort he caught at the solid stone, and stood once more on that bridge, alone, in safety.

Grant, in falling, had seized on a projecting branch of a tree, on to which, with that instinctive love of life which bestows superhuman strength, he had seated himself, with a hope of being rescued even by the monster who had attempted his foul assassination. Clinging to his frail support with desperate tenacity, he raised his imploring eyes above; and when he caught sight of the ghastly countenance of Macpherson bending over the terrific chasm, as if to gloat on his work of destruction—as if to still more satiate his hellish vengeance by the assurance of the lingering death awaiting his hapless victim—he turned upon him a look of despairing horror, exclaiming, in a tone of unutterable anguish,

"Macpherson, if you will not strive to save me yet—if you are resolved on my death—let me implore you, as the first, the last, the only favour you could ever render me, to break the news gently to my wife. Say it was accident—swear that you did all you could to snatch me from danger—swear it, Angus Macpherson, for she will never pardon the murderer of her husband, although that murderer is her own and only brother."

"You, the husband of my sister? You, Grant—you? Oh! stay, in the name of Heaven, stay, until I endeavour to reach you. Do not stir,

for the love of mercy."

"Mercy!" thrillingly repeated the doomed man, with a loud and harrowing shriek; but whether it was in supplication to the Almighty in his own behalf, or whether an appeal in favour of his murderer, or only the sarcastic repetition of that scorn which knows but too well how merciless is the bosom from whence the term of mockery sprang, remains in the mystery of death, for the branch gave way with a hideous crash, and, spinning over and over, and dashing from side to side, the handsome and manly form of the Grant of Cairn at last fell to the bottom, a mangled and bloody mass.

There was a hush as profound as when the universal waters closed over the ancient world, and then a groan of such heartrending agony as told but too well that it burst, indeed, from a surcharged bosom, which

yet was not relieved by it.

Macpherson at length started from the paralysing lethargy into which the sudden announcement of his sister's marriage with the man whose life he had just taken threw him, and arousing himself to the full horror of his situation, in consequence of that awful act of guilt, his first and most natural consideration was, how best to secure his own actual safety—how best to conceal the knowledge of his crime—how best to avert suspicion of his having committed such an atrocity, especially from her who was most deeply and irreparably injured by it. Still was he enjoined by her dying husband to impart the fatal intelligence to the widowed wife—to the sister of his own fondest and purest affection.

Oh! that he had but known of that union before! what a bond of reconciliation it might have been! what anguish it might have spared, and what remorse! How could he be so blind as never to suspect it? But if he had, should he have felt so placable, so forgiving, as now? Did not his conscience render his soul merciful?—did not the certainty of his enemy's death soften his obdurate nature? Alas! yes; and were Grant of Cairn still alive, although known to be the idolised husband of his sister Ellen, to him, to Macpherson of Bendearg, he would only be a most mortal and obnoxious foe. Then, then, to bury all in oblivion! Shall superstition make him own his villany—his bloodthirstiness? No. Let the secret rest with the dead, and let the fear-extorted promise die with himself.

After assuring himself, then, by one intense glance of rivetted and harrowing inspection, that the shapeless form of his late antagonist lay inert and senseless at the bottom of the chasm, he looked around, with a slow and stealthy gaze, to learn if one human eye had been witness to that murderous fight—that fateful struggle; but not a thing bearing life and motion was visible to testify against the triumphant assassin: he was alone, quite alone, with death and silence. Still, to be more thoroughly certain, he shouted aloud, as if for help in some imminent danger; but the surrounding rocks reverberated back the echoes of his own voice to him, without one other response.

No one, then, could accuse him of murder, for no one had been privy to it. Nothing could lead to detection; the surging waters, swollen by the mountain-torrent, would soon flow over that corse—soon bear it on-

ward to rot, to decay, in some unconsecrated cave; the few tattered remnants of tartan still clinging to the points of the rocks the next night's winds would waft away, or the next night's rains so bleach them, that none could discover in those faded rags the once proud plaid of the Grant of Cairn. He had, then, only to return to his home as heretofore. to seat himself in its lofty halls, and to suppress, by his own taciturnity, the obtrusive conjectures of his obsequious followers. But he recoiled from that home—he shrunk from its loneliness—he shuddered at its unbroken How could he for ever endure its gloom, so almost intolerable before-now, with the addition of his own reflections, for ever accompanied by the remembrance of the grim countenance on which he had just looked? To that home he could not return! It was not that he dreaded the pursuing retribution of the God whom he had so offended, seeking him there; he did not, in that moment of concentrated torture, even think of his God: it was of his sister that he alone thought then-of her defencelessness, her heart-wearing suspense, her despair, her frenzy, her desperation, when the beloved of her soul came no more to gladden her eyes, delight her heart, and allay her fears-when nothing told his fatewhen she knew not whether death or infidelity had estranged him from her arms.

From the depths of that sepulchral gulf arose the wild heart-wail of that stricken sister smiting reproachfully upon his ear—upon his soul. To her, then, would he go, and at once. "Better to know the worst measure of her woe's bitterness, than writhe beneath the racking torment of this self-accusation." Such a journey as his required no preparation. A stout stick, cut from the nearest tree, was all that was necessary to assist him up the steep mountains, and to serve him as a leaping-pole over their deep rents and gushing streams.

Towards Cairn, then, he immediately bent his steps, stopping occasionally to take breath, or quench his feverish thirst at the clear brooks flowing on his way; and literally without giving rest to the soles of his feet, slumber to his eyelids, or repose to his weary and worn-down frame, he continued his toilsome pilgrimage, without food and without intermission, until, with a palpitating heart and troubled mind, he stood beneath the roof of his ancient enemy—of his sister's husband—of his brother—his murdered, basely murdered brother.

III.

HAVING ascertained from the scowling domestic where his sister was to be found, without allowing himself to be announced to her, Macpherson went, with a noiseless step, immediately towards her apartment; on reaching which he paused in order to subdue his emotion, and, if possible, collect his thoughts.

The door of the room being partially open, he was enabled to scan the whole of its interior; and what a sight presented itself to his view! Ellen was seated on a low ottoman, by the side of a sofa, on which lay, in a profound slumber, what appeared almost a new-born babe, fair and lovely in its innocent rest as a cherub of glory. The young mother was completely absorbed in the contemplation of her treasure, so that he had

VOL. XXII.

full leisure to examine her deliberately, and he saw, with a feeling of agonising contrition, that she was still most beautiful, more beautiful than formerly, for she was now embellished with the grace and dignity of maternity; and in that conviction the wretched man drank in the overwhelming certainty of her entire wedded bliss—bliss which he had for ever destroyed, for ever dissipated.

"Ellen," he at length said, in a tremulous voice, darkening the door-

way with his portentous shadow-" Ellen, my sister-"

"Oh, Angus!" she exclaimed, starting up in alarm, "you have then found me at last. Do not, do not, for the love of mercy, tear me from this roof. Do not separate me from my husband; he pines, Angus, he pines to be reconciled to you, he yearns to call you brother. Let this child—let his child plead for its father; let its speechless endearments touch your relentless heart; fold him to your bosom—oh! fold him closely to your bosom, my brother, for you do not know how healing to a wounded spirit is the embrace of artless infancy. Take him, Angus, take him! Do not refuse to receive the son of your sister—of your once loved sister Ellen."

And she snatched up the half-awakened child, and absolutely forced him into the passive arms of the unresisting Macpherson, who, with an inward shudder, averted his face from the sweet unconscious boy, as he looked up smilingly into his, unaware that he was gazing on the monster

who had just made him an orphan, his mother a widow.

"Oh, would that Donald were here!" cried the proud and delighted Ellen, "to see you clasping his boy in those dear, those long-estranged arms! Oh, would that he were! How would he rejoice at the blessed sight, as I am doing! To think! to think!" she continued, with the volubility of joyous and excessive excitement, "that we have met—that you have learnt to whom I fled from your kind and tender shelter—that you have learnt to whom it indeed was, and yet not one word of reproach from your lips—not one frown of discouragement on your brow—not one upbraiding glance from your eye—after all the dread which I have so long had of this interview! Oh! to find you so placable, so gentle, so like the dear, affectionate Angus of old, is more felicity than I am prepared for, and I am bewildered by it, as by a delicious dream."

"Ellen, the only real happiness of this life is but such a dream—a dream from which, alas! all too, too soon must be awakened. Yet, woe to him to whom the task is assigned of breaking the roseate bonds of such illusion! Hate, anger, detestation, repugnance, and horror, will assuredly be his sole portion for it. Hitherto, my sister, you have been dreaming that enamouring dream; lulled by the soft murmurs of love, you thought not of the dark and dismal dawn which might succeed the slumbers of its tranquil and enchanting night. You thought not of the Azrael of Doom, who was to cry 'Awake!' Absorbed in selfish felicity——"

"Oh, no! not selfish, my brother! Far and wide were the sun-rays

of my happiness diffused."

"They never penetrated to me, Ellen; they never illumined the desolation of my soul."

"I have often thought of you, often wished for you, but-"

"But what?—but as the serpent, who was to glide into this Paradise, to rob it of its peace, its beauty, its delight. Oh, Ellen, Ellen! if you

had but put those thoughts into execution—if you had but fulfilled those wishes!"

"But it is not too late."

"There is a too late, my sister, in every human creature's destiny."

"But this is not mine—Angus, this is not mine. You are here—Providence has sent you here; for under the guidance of Providence could you alone come, so kind, so gentle, and so brotherly. Donald will shortly be here, too; nay, the hour is past for his promised return; and he never fails in his word to me, for he knows that I reckon the moments by the quickened pulses of my heart. He may be already arrived—I will go in quest of him; such a meeting as yours should not be delayed an instant." And she moved towards the door.

"Ellen, my sister, my still most precious sister!" he exclaimed, detaining her, "how can I know—how can I conceive the strength of your fortitude—how imagine the submission with which you can receive the

very saddest announcement?"

"How? what? what can be sad to me? Do you not stand before me? Are you not clasping my child to your breast? Will not his father—will not my husband soon have the inexpressible ecstasy of reciprocating your brotherly forgiveness, your brotherly affection? Talk not, then, to me of sadness and sorrow; the full heart cannot comprehend the distant and improbable evil, which may afflict, in present and certain good. When patience is to be tested—when submission is to be evinced, I trust I shall not be found deficient in those Christian attributes; but wait, at least, until a cruel necessity forces their display."

"Now, my sister, now is that stern necessity trying you; how, how

will you wrestle with it?"

"Angus, if you are the harbinger of ill, tell it at once; subterfuge cannot mitigate the pang. But, with all I love beneath you shining sun, alive——"

"Alive! are all alive?"

"What can you, what do you mean?"

"That life is so uncertain——"
"Who can be dead but Donald?"

"Oh, fatal! oh, prophetic guess!"

"Wretch! monster! fiend! have you then murdered him? Give me back my child; your touch will cling like leprosy to it! Oh! I thought your presence here boded misfortune! My Donald dead!"

"He fell, my poor, distracted sister, over the Bridge of Bendearg."

"Angus, answer me one question, as you hope for the pardon of your God! Did you meet on that bridge? oh, if you both met there, too well, too well do I know the bloody contest that would follow. Too well, too well do I know the long and deeply-nursed rancour of your heart, to believe that my husband fell by accident over that accursed chasm!"

"How! do you accuse me of his death? Dare you accuse me of it? Do I look like a murderer? Should I be here, think you—could I be here, with such a crime upon my soul? Do you suppose," he continued, with increased vehemence, "that if he had died through my violence, that he would have revealed your retreat to me?—would have admitted the tiger into the sheepfold—the eagle into the dovecote?

I am here at his request; 'Go,' said he, 'and break this to my Ellen—break it to her gently, as gently as words can breathe such a calamity.'
These were almost his dying words."

"Almost! Oh! what were quite, quite his dying words, my brother? Perhaps, a blessing for his boy—perhaps, a blessing for me. Oh! can you not remember them, Angus?"

"His very latest word was, 'Mercy!"

"Ah! then he most surely called upon the Almighty to forgive some one."

"Did he need no mercy for himself?"

"True! true! yet was he faultless in my eyes."

"Are you satisfied now, my sister, that Grant of Cairn fell over the

Bridge of Bendearg?"

"Oh, yes; how can I doubt it now? Forgive me that I ever entertained a more injurious suspicion. It will be long before my own heart acquits me of doing you such a wrong; but, oh, my brother! grief will still be unjust. I thank God, however, that in death he was reconciled to you. Now I see, indeed, that there is a too late in every one's destiny. Little did I think to learn that so soon and so fearfully. Angus, we must no more separate; you will now be my sole consolation; he sent you to console me; respect and obey the injunctions of the dead."

The poor bereaved widow had not perceived the sophistry concealed under the apparently candid explanation of her husband's unexpected and awful death. She did not perceive the demoniacal hand which precipitated his idolised form over that tremendous gulf; she did not behold the glaring eyes of his murderer starting from their bloody sockets in horror and compunction, as they followed that bruised and battered form, until it reached its destined grave, in the bed of the raging river.

Oh, no! oh, no! she only saw before her a meek and sympathising man, shedding tear for tear with her; vowing to devote his whole life to her; imploring her to consider him in the light of that lost and most deplored husband—in the light of a father to his child; for such would

he be to both, so long as his days continued on this earth.

All these professions were sincere—all these professions were atoning; but, whilst they mitigated the anguish of the innocent sister, did they, could they appearse the more corroding agony of the guilty brother?

THE CONFEDERATES; OR, THE DAYS OF MARGARET OF PARMA.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LII.

Wearied in body and mind, and not daring to seek openly his own home, Van Diest, when he found himself once more within the fortifications, knew not which way to turn. Martin, seeing his embarrassment, and having already provided lodging at his own house for his friend, with a frank though rather rough courtesy extended his hospitality to the two other fugitives. But instead of permitting his guests to seek the repose they so much needed, he abruptly thrust them into the presence of a few dozen men who were impatiently awaiting his return, and to these they were compelled to give a detailed account of the day. This being the first distinct news that had yet penetrated into the city, it soon spread throughout the neighbourhood like wildfire, and the people besieged Martin's door in crowds, to gain intelligence at the fountain-head.

The wounded man, totally exhausted, was laid at full length on a bench, and could only corroborate by signs the statements of his companion, who, in his turn, beginning to feel fatigue and his wounds, was soon obliged to give in, when Van Diest was stormed on all sides to continue the narrative. And although the audience was of a kind he was not much accustomed to—and, under ordinary circumstances, no man could be more prudent than himself—yet he was on this occasion carried away, not only by his indignation at the events of which he had been witness, but by that strange, mysterious effervescence of the mind which even the calmest are subject to in times of political commotions, when, like a straw cast on the surface of rapid waters, they are borne away on the stream.

Thus he not only described in vivid colours the cruelty of Beauvoir and the wretched end of his victims, but he unfolded to them the more hidden sources of this misfortune, unveiling the real character and dealings of the spy who had hitherto walked among them unsuspected and unnoticed.

Van Diest, had he scrupulously examined his own heart whilst telling his tale, would perhaps have found lurking in its inmost recesses a dim consciousness that he might thereby prove the means of bringing punishment on the head of the guilty man, and was thus obeying a secret instinct of revenge as well as of justice. If so, he but followed the blind impulse of nature; he did not coolly meditate harm even to the only man he ever hated. As little did he reflect on the greater error of exciting the passions of those untutored in the art of restraining them, and who in their folly and ignorance more often convert them into deadly weapons against themselves and the community, than apply them as levers to great and useful purposes.

But Van Diest quailed before the effect of his revelations on those stern, violent natures. They stormed, they raved, and his host but added fuel to the fire by his own uncontrollable fury. Himself a stanch lover of liberty, a hater of the Inquisition, a devoted adherent of the elder Van Meeren and Thoulouse, under whose banner his brother had that very day perished, whilst, foremost among the rioters, he was madly exerting himself to effect a timely sally in favour of the Gueux,—this man now addressed his mates in a strain of rude but impassioned eloquence, that went home to all hearts, and fired every brain. Nor was his task difficult. There were few among his auditors who had not a son, a brother, or a friend to deplore; and with them to deplore was to avenge.

Van Diest's alarm increased as the number, as well as the rage, of the mutinous augmented. He attempted, indeed, to reason; but the momentary importance with which his news had invested him had so com-

pletely faded away, that he could attract no further attention.

Thus the better part of the night wore away. With early dawn the streets and squares were again thronged; again were the cannons drawn out and the gates menaced; and the more thoughtful part of the community trembled at seeing the insurgents gather in such strength, lest their imprudence should lay the town open to the rapacity of Beauvoir's

murderous troops.

But this menacing aspect of affairs could not induce Chievosa to relinquish his design. He informed Mistress van Meeren that the chapel was already decorated, and that the priest who was to perform the ceremony, and those who were to witness it, were at hand; and whatever that day happened, he would suffer nothing to interfere with his arrangements; but the marriage once solemnised, they would remove to Brussels, whence, having procured Cornelius's liberation, the whole party would instantly depart for France, he having urgent business in that country, which would not admit of further delay.

Margaret had spent a sleepless night in a state of the most harassing suspense; now fancying that nothing could be easier for an ingenious man than to execute some stratagem in order to get beyond the walls, and then reflecting that it would be next to impossible, should the gates still remain closed, for the most resolute to effect it; and again, tormenting herself with doubts, not as to Lamoral's keeping faith with her, but as to the efficacy or promptitude of the means he might

employ.

So passive and desponding did the poor girl look on the following morning, that Chievosa entertained no suspicion of further resistance. Nor had he much time to watch her usually speaking countenance; for the disturbances were gaining such head, that he was continually running

to the street to ascertain the course they might take.

Hours flew by without bringing any change to Margaret, who could almost count the minutes by the throbbing of her own heart. Their early meal, of which, though from different causes, neither mother nor daughter could partake, would have passed away in unbroken silence had not Chievosa filled up the blank by the intelligence he brought from time to time. The Catholics, the foreign merchants, and the burgher guard, mustered strong around the Prince of Orange; but the people showed a bold front. At any rate, things would speedily come to a crisis, one way or the other; but, happen what would, the ladies, he assured them, stood in no peril, as he had ingress and egress to and from the town at his pleasure, and should take care to remove them the moment the ceremony was over.

But whereas the sacking of the city by Beauvoir's soldiery was the acme of the mother's terror, what cared Margaret how that evening closed, if it brought not the succour she had entreated? The only relief she felt was when Chievosa left them to themselves, which, after these

consolatory assurances, he did to see how matters sped.

When he left the room, Mistress van Meeren hastened to her own apartment to pour out the whole anguish of her soul in solitary prayer. Scarcely had she retired when the door again opened, and Margaret's old nurse crept stealthily up to her young mistress, and whispered that the man who had carried her letter to Brussels was returned with a message from the person to whom it was addressed. Margaret closed her eyes and leant back in her chair, quite overcome with this intelligence. seemed as if her fibres relaxed like a bow unbent. The nurse thought she had fainted, and gently chafed the palms of her hands; but when she saw a delicate tinge return to her cheek, and her large hazel eyes turn towards her with the soft, caressing expression peculiar to them in happier times, and the smile of those days, as peculiar for the same kind of winning, tender grace return to her lip, it seemed to her as if her beloved mistress were once more that sweet youthful being she had never hoped to behold in her again. Yet she responded not to that confident look with one of congratulation or gladness, nor to the happy smile with a reciprocating one; on the contrary, tears came fast into the faithful creature's eyes.

To Margaret's eager inquiries after the bearer of this, to her, blessed message, the old woman shook her head, and said he would not even tarry for his promised guerdon, saying he had received more than enough for his trouble at Brussels; that he must join his friends, who accused him of having shirked his share of the row from cowardice. He had not forgotten, however, to deliver the message, useless as it was under the present circumstances, the gates being closed: "Margaret would find a person at the apothecary's garden, who would inform her of the rest, and

fulfil her desires."

As Margaret listened, she turned deadly pale. Her new-born hope was crushed at its very birth, and the seal of fatality seemed to be set upon her destiny. As she again fell back speechless into her chair, her nurse attempted in her own way to soothe her anguish; but her not very fertile brain soon exhausted the limited stock of comfort she could think of, and driven to extremity by the obvious sufferings of her foster-child, although in her heart she detested Chievosa as much as her young mistress did, she began to show cause why the marriage, after all, might not be so very dreadful. Lopez Chievosa was so handsome-there was no one else, she heard the people say, so handsome as he—though she could not judge, her sight being so dim with age. Then he was some great person or other in disguise-at least so Mistress van Meeren said, and she ought to know. Unwittingly, the old woman touched the right chord. As she thus ambiguously eulogised the merits of the bridegroom, Margaret sprang to her feet, and catching up her faille, threw it over her pretty head and shoulders with an air of desperate resolution.

Amazement at the young girl's movements kept her aged companion speechless, and it was not until she saw her about to step forth into the street that a notion of her design glimmered upon her; when, deeming that sorrow had affected her reason, she entreated her, with tears in her

eyes, to desist from so mad an attempt.

"I myself," said she, "have been ordered by your husband that is to be to carry a letter for him only as far as the corner of Our Lady's, there to remit it to the person I should find waiting for it; yet I rather risk to draw down his displeasure upon me by my disobedience than venture forth to-day."

"Give me the letter," said Margaret, struck with the sudden thought that by carrying it herself she might extract some useful information about Chievosa; "I will deliver it."

Vain was all further expostulation. Margaret, recommending her nurse to conceal, if possible, her absence from her mother, or, if she could not succeed in this, at least not to mention the object or direction on which she was bent, prepared to depart.

"But," still urged the old woman, "where will you go, my poor child? There is no getting beyond the walls. What is it you would do?"

"Look out from the bastions into the garden," answered Margaret, "and if there really be any one there awaiting me, surely he can find some means of letting me know, were it but by signs, what he would have But perhaps a resolute, intelligent emissary may do more, especially one coming from that quarter; it is not impossible that he may have the means of entering the city; besides," she continued, hurriedly, "from one hour to the next the gates may be forced."

" For the Virgin's sake!" The words died away on the old nurse's lips as she saw the light figure of Margaret gliding down the street, where

she was soon lost to view.

Margaret's state of mind was such, that for a time she was scarce conscious of the scenes through which she passed. She was bent on giving herself one more chance; and should this desperate effort have no result, she was resolved it should be her last. One means of escaping Chievosaone safe refuge from every peril—was still open to her; and could she but have persuaded her mother to seek with her the safe asylum of a cloister, she would not have hesitated in her next step; but, as it was, nothing remained but to return and share the worst with her, and for her.

Nerved by despair, heedless of the many eyes that followed her in amazement as she forced her way through groups of noisy rabble, Margaret proceeded, unconscious of everything on earth besides her object. Luckily there was no lack of women in the streets. Some, having lost their kinsmen at Ousterweel, were exciting the men to avenge them; some, urging them to a resolute sortie, to save those who might still be in danger; and others, storming at their lords and masters for exposing themselves to blows for what they chose to say concerned them not.

In attempting to pass St. John's gate to reach Notre Dame her progress was intercepted by a large body of horsemen winding through it, and joining others already drawn up, whose rapidly-increasing numbers gradually filled the square. As it was impossible to proceed in this direction, Margaret was fain to relinquish the idea of seeking out Chievosa's messenger and, altering her course, she made for the Kuypdorpt-street.

Not an individual was to be seen throughout its long extent, and there was something in the silence that contrasted strangely with the tumult and disorder of the other parts of the town. The houses were hermetically closed, with the scarce exception of, here and there, a window-shutter suffered to remain ajar for the admission of a streak of light. In this street of palaces, the abode, a few short months before, of wealth and splendour the most unbounded, all looked black and cheerless; and Margaret felt more awed by this stillness than by the uproar she had left behind.

On drawing near the gate at the further extremity, the first glance showed her, what she had feared, that it was strongly manned by a detachment of the burgher guard. She was about to diverge up one of the rampart streets, which appeared as deserted as that she was leaving, when, suddenly, the great bell of Notre Dame again tolled its peal of alarm, to which the minor churches responded. As Margaret listened to these boding sounds, whose import she but too well understood, the distant discharge of fire-arms reached her ear, and almost at the same moment a considerable body of soldiery, emerging from a side-street on to that of the bastions, came marching down upon the gate, obviously with a view to reinforce it.

As file after file turned the angle and advanced towards her with the promptitude and regularity of one body, their arquebuses unslung for action, and their broad lines extending across the street, leaving no space by which she could hope to pass by them, Margaret cast a bewildered look behind her; but down the broad street she had just left, as well as that opposite to the soldiery, the rioters were now pouring in irresistible masses, shouting as they rushed on to the attack. She heard the word given "to halt and make ready," but, rendered incapable of movement by the excess of her terror, she still stood rooted to the spot, when a strong hold was laid upon her arm, and she felt herself dragged rather than led beneath the gateway, just as a general discharge of arquebuses proved that had she lingered a moment longer mortal aid could not have availed her.

"Jesu! Maria! Josepha!" exclaimed a friendly voice in the broad native accent, "I am not mistaken—it is the daughter of old Van Meeren of the Meerbrugge. I' God's name, how came you here, silly child?" he continued, a touch of fatherly reproof accompanying the fatherly look he cast at the young girl. "But fool that I am to ask questions at such a time, when I should be foremost at the gate!—in such a place, too, shots raining about us like hailstones! Come away, my poor child—but even in the guard-room," hurriedly communing with himself, "amid the ammunition, the spirit-flasks, and the wounded, to say nothing of the seditious, who, if they carry the point—no, no, there's no safety there!"

"Oh!" cried Margaret, "do but let me out-I have friends on the other side."

"Impossible!" said the captain of the guard, who, however, as he pronounced the word, remembered that, for the time being at least, he was commander of the station, and could let her out if he wished it. To what conclusion he would finally have arrived, and how long it would have taken him to arrive at any, is uncertain; but a volley of shots rattling in and thinning the ranks of the soldiers, and some of his own

men at the same moment running up for orders, somewhat hurried the

phlegmatic Fleming's habitual process of thought and action.

"Return the fire, to be sure," said he; "I'm with you in a giffy;—besides, the regulars must bear the brunt of this affair—they have their officers; let them tell 'em what to do." Then turning to Margaret, and speaking somewhat thicker, from the unusual rapidity with which he strove to give utterance, "As for you, young maiden, I'll let you leave the town, but can't stand good that what you'll meet without won't be worse than what you have to fear within—but you say you have friends there." And he produced a ponderous key.

"Oh! yes, yes-sure friends!" pleaded Margaret, eagerly.

"Well," he said, carefully unclosing a small wicket, "if it be so, then are you safer there than here; so hurry on, and lose no time in talking."

Margaret, thanking her kind townsman with an eloquent look, darted through the opening. Scarcely had she done so, when the key grated in the lock, and the sound of desperate conflict warned her of the peril

from which that protecting gate divided her.

When she reached the garden, breathless with haste and anxiety, she sunk down on a rustic seat, where she had often sat with her uncle and discussed the probability of those misfortunes which had actually over-taken them. The remembrance of her heavy and recent bereavement came fraught with double bitterness at such a time and place. But apprehensions of every kind pressed on her mind. Upon the chances of this hour everything depended; and if it brought not aid, what would become of her and hers? She looked around in vain for any trace of that aid, or for the smallest assurance that the hope which had led her forward through so much danger and difficulty was not illusory. She questioned the gardener; but he had scarce seen anybody, he said, for a fortnight and more: in these bad times no one thought of visiting the garden. Father Eustace had warned her, it was true, of the folly of thus relying upon the support of one from whom duty bade her shrink; but what feeling now animated her bosom?-merely a desire that he who professed friendship would extend a helping hand in her utmost need. She had applied to him only when all other human means had failed; and gradually, as the conviction sank upon her heart that even that measure was fruitless—that last hope fallacious—she gave herself up for lost.

The attack upon the gate, which had at first been so hot, now relaxed; and the sounds of conflict becoming fainter and fainter, and at last dying away altogether, told Margaret that the assailants had been driven back. The tocsin still tolled; but she could perceive no other symptom of disturbance, when again the silence was broken by a strange hubbub, the cause of which she could not divine, though its nature was sufficiently threatening.

On the terrace we have elsewhere described stood a slight wooden pavilion in the form of a tower, high enough to overlook the ramparts and the streets adjoining, though not of sufficient importance to infringe the laws of the town which prohibited the raising of any solid edifice within two miles of the walls. Margaret now flew towards it, and availing herself of a small balcony protruding from a window at the summit,

she bent eagerly forward to ascertain the cause of the tumult, and soon her attention became rivetted on the scene enacting beneath her.

Along the street, the whole length of which she commanded, came a rushing multitude, and before them, considerably in advance, pale as death, without cloak or barret, with dishevelled hair streaming wildly on the wind, fled a man at his utmost speed; and it soon became obvious that those who followed on his track with whoop and hallon could not compete with him in the race. So rapid, indeed, was his flight, that he would without difficulty have distanced his enemies, had not some of them, with cruel sagacity, run up by-lanes; and thus the fugitive found himself encountered in front, whilst on his rear pressed his pursuers. In vain the young man sought some open door, some dark alley that might afford him a chance of escape; in the midst of the splendid dwellings of a populous and civilised city, he seemed as lost as if he had been in the deserts of Arabia, at the mercy of the wild wanderers of those desolate regions.

As an exhibition of the physical powers of man, this solitary being, contriving to baffle the strenuous exertions of hundreds by the display of nature's gifts, aided by nature's strongest instinct—self-preservation—afforded an imposing spectacle; and Margaret felt her whole heart bound up in the issue. What though she knew not that man—what though he might be guilty—she could not understand how Christians could thus hunt down, like a beast of prey, a being formed in God's own image. Had she but been behind one of those doors so sternly closed, how gladly she would have opened it at every risk! Her breath went and came with painful rapidity; her heart beat audibly; and her ears seemed filled with the sound of rushing waters. All else forgotten, she saw nothing but that stranger, doubling and shifting before his fierce assailants, like a hare turned by the greyhounds, whose singular powers

of agility defied their utmost efforts.

His strength seemed inexhaustible, while that of his opponents was evidently on the wane. Availing himself, suddenly, of a gap accidentally formed in the ranks of those fronting him, he glided through it with the subtlety of a serpent, and had already left them far behind, when three men emerging from a by-street resolutey barred his passage. They were of athletic build; while the tall and slight figure of the fugitive appeared rather formed for feats of activity than for deeds of strength. Already had they laid hold of him, and Margaret gave him up for lost, when, quick as thought, he thrust his hand into his bosom, and when he drew it forth, Margaret perceived something gleam for a moment like a flash of lightning; he struck two blows right and left in rapid succession, and two of his assailants fell. Apparently his weapon had become entangled in the dress of the latter; for, with an incredible exertion of strength, he seized the third by the waist, and raising him from the ground, on which his heavy form seemed rooted, dashed him to the earth with stunning violence, and having thus opened once more a clear way before him, recommenced his headlong career.

The whole had been little more than the work of a moment, and the mob were at first too much astounded at his escape to continue the chase; when they did so, he had shot far ahead, and turned up the rampart, and Margaret breathed more freely as she saw him rapidly distancing his ad-

versaries. When he drew nearer, she recognised in the object of her sympathy him who had so long and unceasingly persecuted her; but though she had that morning fled from him as from her mortal enemy, her heart was too womanly to remember it at such an hour. She perceived with gladness that the shouts and halloas were fainter, that the pursuit had slackened, and she thought escape was certain. So deemed Chievosa,

for a smile of triumph hovered on his scornful lip.

On reaching the point opposite to that above which Margaret stood, the cause of the momentary respite became obvious; again his enemies had had recourse to their former policy, and had doubled him by throwing themselves into by-lanes, from whence they now emerged on the bastions, enveloping him in front and rear. For a moment he paused, and took a keen, steady gaze forward, then glanced back, and ascertained that retreat or advance was equally cut off; but his cheek did not blanch—he stood like the Arabian courser checked in his fleet career, with limbs quivering from his late exertions, but with head erect, proudly glancing eye and expanded nostril, every muscle nerved to action, the

heaving chest betraying impatience rather than fatigue.

Near this spot extended across the moat what in military parlance is called a pont dormant, whose drawbridge was for the present removed. Chievosa's eagle glance seemed to measure the empty space; it was a fearful leap, and one that few men would have dared to contemplate; but Margaret felt assured, when she marked the contemptuous look he cast at his rapidly approaching adversaries, that he would attempt it, and she internally muttered a prayer that he might be successful. Accordingly, instead of turning towards either of the advancing parties, with a few light, panther-like bounds he gained the angle of the bastion, deep beneath which lay the moat, and bending his body to the spring, was about to perform his meditated feat, when the report of a firelock was heard, and he fell prostrate on the very edge of the fosse. He endeavoured to spring again to his feet, but his efforts were useless—a limb was fractured.

Unspeakable rage flashed from his dark eyes; but no expression of pain mingled with it. His enemies now gathered around him with fiend-like shouts; to their execrations and blows he opposed a stern silence; neither a cry for mercy, nor a groan of anguish, escaped his lips. Shouts of "Cut down the spy!" "Drown the spy!" "It is he who caused the defeat at Ousterweel, and sold us to the king's troops!" resounded on all sides; and desperate were the efforts of some to despatch their victim on the spot, and the counteracting endeavours of others to preserve him for more examplary punishment. His raven locks were clotted with blood—the ashy hue of death was fast spreading over his face; but unconquered even in death, he glared around him with the ferocity of a wounded tiger.

At last a stalwart man, no other than Martin himself, the chief mover of, and actor in, this popular outbreak, forced his way through the throng, and, seizing Chievosa by the collar, attempted to drag him forward. Lopez, even at that moment, thought but upon revenge; again he sought the place where his poniard usually hung, and vented his anger in a deep, though feebly muttered oath, when his hand encountered but the empty sheath. His opponent, marking the action without being aware of its in-

It will soon unavoidably be the theatre of civil war, of whose horrors

noxiousness, drew back; and Chievosa, profiting of the moment, with a last effort, threw himself into the moat.

Wounded, disabled as he was, for a few moments he supported himself on the surface of the water, and raised his livid countenance in seeming stern defiance to the skies; the next instant nothing marked the place where the unbeliever had struggled in his agony but a small circle of deep-

red blood, which soon mingled with the waters of the moat.

Margaret would have fallen had not a powerful arm upheld her; and as she leant helplessly within its encircling support, she gazed up in nameless terror, for she could not bring her mind to the conviction that all was over—that he who had resisted so long and so manfully had fallen to rise no more; but instead of the dark, fierce glance of the Spaniard, Count Lamoral's mild blue eyes met hers. She tried to speak, but in vain. He drew, or rather bore her gently from the balcony, and depositing her on a bench, again folded her in his arms and endeavoured to soothe her emotion. He himself had been a shuddering witness of the closing scene of a bad man's life, whose unworthiness was no excuse for the savage deed by which he perished. His natural generosity revolted at the cowardice with which hundreds had set upon one man, whom, had fair play been allowed him, it would have been out of their power to overcome. Unhesitatingly as he would himself have punished the base treachery of the crafty Spaniard, yet this mode of punishment awakened as much horror in his ingenuous bosom as in that of Margaret.

But his words of sympathy allayed not her agitation. Regardless of all external circumstances, too shaken by the rapidity with which events and sensations so far beyond the ordinary routine of existence had succeeded each other to regard the world's cold conventionalities, Margaret leant her head upon Lamoral's bosom, and sobbed as though her heart were breaking. After having exhausted every topic likely to soothe or rouse her spirits, infected with the weakness of her own mood, Lamoral promised a protection, and avowed a love, in broken, unpremeditated accents, the secret of which he had determined should have died with him. But Margaret seemed not to hear, far less to dwell on, his unguarded effusions; one thought alone preoccupied her mind, to which at last she

gave vent in words.

"Oh! had he but died a Christian! But to perish thus in his pride an unclaimed, a hardened sinner—this is dreadful to think upon! Oh, that horrid sight!—the fearful conviction that he is lost to all eternity!"

"Calm yourself, my beloved; turn your thoughts to other and more pressing subjects. You are now safe; you are not friendless and alone in the world, as you described yourself in your letter, for I, Margaret, will watch over you like an unseen but guardian spirit."

"My Uncle Paul," said the poor girl, struggling for utterance—"my

Uncle Paul perished yesterday at Ousterweel.'

This intelligence deeply affected Lamoral. He had not only admired the partisan in the elder Van Meeren, but he had loved him as a friend, and his regrets were too sincere and too deep to be framed in words.

"And your mother?" inquired he, after the lapse of some minutes.

This simple phrase recalled Margaret to herself, and her companion soon extracted from her a clear statement of the last few days' events.

"Antwerp is no longer," he said, "a fitting sojourn for you, even though personal persecution has been put an end to by this catastrophe. It will soon unavoidably be the theatre of civil war, of whose horrors

yesterday and to-day may have given you a foretaste. I repeat, Antwerp is no place for unprotected females. Brussels, if ever made the scene of strife, will be so the last of any town in the Netherlands; thither you must repair, and there, too, I shall be better able to watch over you." And, finding that Margaret was sufficiently recovered, he left her to go in quest of his own people, who waited without the garden, and give them directions concerning their further movements.

It was now his object to gain for his squire, in whom he could wholly confide, an entrance into the town, that he might ascertain what had befallen Mistress van Meeren; and, if possible, bring her to the garden. He would not himself venture within the walls; for, if he were recognised, such a circumstance, at a crisis so critical, might be attended with

evil consequences to himself and his family.

After the departure of his messenger, whom he had amply furnished with means and instructions, two anxious hours elapsed, during which Lamoral exerted himself to the uttermost to reassure his trembling companion, and grew every moment more interested in his task. At last, the return of his faithful emissary put an end to his more painful surmises. He went out to meet him, in order to gain time, should he prove the bearer of bad news, to reflect upon the best manner of breaking them to

poor Margaret.

His mind was not a little relieved by the tidings his squire brought. He had with great difficulty gained an entrance into the town, and succeeded in finding the house of Mistress van Meeren, who was quite beside herself at the protracted absence of her daughter and the Spaniard at such The town was in a ferment, and he had the greatest difficulty in obtaining egress for himself and his charge, who, on hearing of her daughter's situation, insisted on being immediately conducted to her. Thus were mother and child again clasped in each other's embrace. few words the latter related Chievosa's fearful end, carefully abstaining from its more revolting details, and from mentioning the frame of mind in which it had overtaken him; for she could not at that moment dwell, even in thought, on the faults of one, the manner of whose death seemed, at least to mortal eyes, an atonement. She had no trouble to persuade Mistress van Meeren, who had listened to her recital with feelings of unmitigated horror, to avail herself of Lamoral's assistance to remove instantly to Brussels. No other choice, indeed, seemed left them, as to re-enter the gates was now impossible: nor had they much cause to regret it; for, independently of the uncertain state of the town whose dangers, now that they were re-united, neither had any motive for incurring, Antwerp, the scene of so much suffering, had become odious to them, and Brussels, where Chievosa had that very morning solemnly assured them Cornelius was confined, had in consequence become the bourne of their wishes.

Some of Lamoral's servants now appeared with a couple of palfreys, which they had procured from a neighbouring village, and nothing remained but to mount and set forward. Lamoral charged his esquire with the care of the party; and after cautioning his followers to maintain the strictest silence as to this day's adventure, rode off at a brisk pace on his way to Brussels by a circuitous road, which the position of Beauvoir's troops rendered necessary, leaving the ladies and their escort to follow more leisurely.

VELTHINAS; OR, THE ORDEAL OF SACRIFICE.

A BIOGRAPHY.

The Tomb.

CHAPTER VI.

GIUDITTA was still the guide of my children. She deemed that, in educating them in the principles of their mother, she accomplished her latter destiny. The signs of insanity had left her, and the exercise of her heart in the work she loved best kept her mind in health. No subject but religion had a charm left for her; but, with the aid of Ippolito, a current

The village, secluded as it was, afforded all the resources which domestic life had occasion to invoke. Among these, the podere attached to the household was prominent, tenanted by one whose ancestors had lived there for generations untold. This was no other than Anselmo, among whose sons there was one of Orazio's age, named Costanzo. He was remarkable for elevation of character, and for the decided influence he exercised over all about him, though he was but twelve years old. He and Orazio were inseparable friends; they not only pursued their walks and studies together, but lived always under the same roof, either at the castle or the farm. I indulged them in their friendship, because I knew, from painful remembrance, the importance of a happy childhood, and that nothing but mutual benefit could result from such an intercourse. The complexion of Costanzo was fair for the climate, and his look serious, except when he smiled; then his whole countenance burst into dimples, and expressed a joyous sweetness.

Orazio differed in character from his companion to a degree which made the contrast striking. His face was attractive from the sadness it expressed and the sickly look it wore. They differed also in temperament. While Costanzo devoured the very looks of nature, and danced with the elements, Orazio had scarcely a spark of affection for the world. His father, sister, friend, were dear to him—most dear; Giuditta he adored; but through the mist of his attachments floated the form of

heaven, the prospect of love afar.

Costanzo's notions were larger; he worshipped the Father of All as a parent mysterious and remote, and looked to the enjoyment of a future as too blessed an inheritance to be thus acquired in the selfsame epoch—almost in the very hour in which the new instinct of existence revealed it; for he was happy on earth, where he had seen no evil—where no sense of bodily weakness had greeted his tender years with unwelcome.

They walked, rode, studied, in affectionate union, Giuditta their guide. She taught them the habit of describing their thoughts and actions, an account of which, and of her zealous admonitions to them, she daily transmitted to me. This habit became so natural to the little ones, that

they would relate their most secret thoughts without hypocrisy, and submit them to the correction they required; and they would, with few exceptions, act upon the improvements suggested with nearly the same ease as they had in adopting the amendments made in the lessons they had written.

We had all agreed one evening, when the children should have ended their ramble through the fields, to meet at the podere, and sit down at the board of Anselmo, a man whose worth I knew not fully until thus late in life; and for ever would it have been concealed from me, had I not been thrown upon my own resources by the irremediable worthlessness of those who occupied my own sphere. As I approached the meadows, I saw the children at an open gate, looking on in childish wonder while a beggar passed. His rags gave a shaggy outline to his figure; his face seemed hardened into sorrow; his looks were cheerless, though gilded by the declining sun. The children thrust their hands into their pockets, and ran after him with all their money, holding it forth with a gesture which might have led one to surmise that he had dropped it from his tattered coat, rather than that it was an offering. The beggar bowed the lowly head to his little friends, and hurried on. Poor looked he in spirit, but he was to be blessed hereafter.

In the farm-house a cheerful activity everywhere prevailed. The youths had returned from the field. The allotted task of that day was exactly done, not more nor less—neither with indifference nor enthusiasm, but duty.

The sheep with their lambs were penned; a watchful shepherd tended them. The cows were well fed, with their calves beside them; the oxen were stalled; the horses stood in their littered stables, their mangers filled; the pigs were eagerly revelling in well-charged troughs; the chicks were gone to roost.

The duty of the day was done.

The table was set out for supper; the good Anselmo sat down with his wife and children, and I joined them. On one side of the patriarch was Costanzo, Orazio was on the other. A large brown loaf, with small cheeses, butter, eggs, and milk, added to which was a flask of Chianti, formed the substance of our repast.

"Holy is the name of Him who has given us strength to obtain, and health to enjoy, these good things!" said Anselmo; while by look and gesture all assented to this thanksgiving.

Scarcely was the bread broken when the beggar appeared at the

Anselmo signified to him that he might enter, and even bade him sit, while his daughter got up and placed a chair for him at the table. Costanzo and Orazio made him signs of recognition.

"You have met before?" said the old man, inquiringly; pleased at the unreserve with which the children saluted the beggar, and they hastened to explain.

Famished man, I knew him! he looked, indeed, forlorn, yet was there one feature not yet starved! I mean not the beard, which lives on little, sometimes grows after death; but that which drinks deep at the well of sorrow, and lives on that—the eye! There was a languor in that fea-

ture, but the vigour of no common soul spoke through its feverish gaze.

Orazio shuddered and turned pale at the beggar's looks.

"I am consumptive," said the mendicant, in the well-known voice of complaint; "I am worse than ever! All night I cough, and toss about, and still cough on until I am worked up into rage, and then I could tear my bedclothes to shreds, or get up and dash my head against the floor. Oh, it is so hard! why do I not die!"

It was the ill-requited printer! I was appalled; my blood ran cold; yes it was he, the wanderer,—he of the ever-conscious, yet ever-dying, hope. He had entered my house when I was last threatened with afflic-

tion: with whose fate was the consumptive coupled now?

My eyes were rivetted on him intently; he sometimes seemed to

dwindle into miniature, then to vanish and reappear.

"But I can eat when there is anything nice," said the beggar, with an eager, greedy look. He began, and was voracious. No one else could eat; it was like a repast at which the healthy were made sick, while the one who was sick could eat. I still watched the large half-naked eyes, eyes which seemed at times almost to vanish from their sockets, the hollow face to show its bony proportions beneath, and the whole form to vanish, while the room revolved. Again would the figure return, as before, devouring still.

He rose to depart, and with forced humility thanked the charitable Anselmo. As he crossed the yard, the dog, a large and powerful creature, but generally very tame, rushed violently against him with mingled bark and howl. The man, instead of flinching, patted its head, and looked with death into its eye. The animal dropped the rags from its mouth, and slunk back with continuous moan into the

kennel.

The broad, red disc of the sun was setting; the beggar disappeared in

the twilight.

I mused on this event: the printer did not remember me; had he forgotten the castle where he had been refreshed so many years before? Would he visit me there, would he ask for her? I hurried home to see, and again to speak with the not yet dead.

When I got into the avenue, I heard a voice; it was that of the printer

soliloquising as of old.

"Ye authors," he said, in that melancholy and unmodulated tone peculiar to deaf persons, "accursed be the hour when ye first arose! To print your works have I wandered all these years, death nestled within my breast; but still made to live, to survive the power to earn my bread. In your service the printer got the first seeds of his malady; when thirty years ago he printed the book of that author, whose works have haunted his steps and been his bane, he received due notice of what must be his fate. The hot air melted him; the cold blasts froze him; and then did cough first trouble him; ever since has it clung to him, and been his master. Cough is still his language, his interpreter; his noisy neighbour all the night long; a spy upon his life, following him wherever he goes.

"After my former visit here I was better, and remained so for a time. I imbibed new life at the sight of that beautiful lady at the castle; but

my first employment in the towns after that was upon the prince's works, and from first to last wherever they were to be printed have my wanderings called me, and always to get worse. And I feel better now since I feasted my eyes on that pretty boy, whose cheek blanched under my gaze. "Tis said that the old draw life out of the young: am I not more than old? Hereabouts lives the mighty prince, the happiest of mankind; while I, the printer, am the most miserable; the little content I once possessed soured by the thoughts which issued out of his leisure hours. Some of us can fix the type without thinking; I cannot, my sensibility was great from a child; and what language he uses!

"How can I call at the castle, ragged as I am, and a beggar to all outward seeming? It is not my fault; I gave my mother all my earnings while she lived, and sickness, which is the forerunner of penury, has completed my ruin. Next to that is certain to come want, and last of all

destitution.

"My poor mother did not know it would come to this; and she is now better off."

CHAPTER VII.

What I had heard from the printer's lips did not embitter my mind; I was in the hands of a power above, and prepared to submit to divine dispensations. The trials imposed upon me were mild compared with those to which I had formerly subjected myself. Think how blessed was Adora's end; who could have desired her to remain below, with a heart weaned from this world, and a spirit prepared to meet the welcome of another?

Her influence has not departed.

I had for a long time past entertained apprehensions about my son. But how kindly was the way prepared; with life itself were sown the seeds of immortality, and they sprang up early, highly favoured in their atmosphere and soil. Orazio's malady was one which often leads to an early grave; it was that from which the exile suffers, nostalgy, the longing after home. The soldier led to quit his mountains and follow the fortunes of war, pines incessantly to return, and deserts at the sound of a native air. Orazio was like the mountaineer, but the home he longed to reach was that of which the prophets spoke, and every hymn that awoke his soul to a sense of endless joys was as a native air to his ear.

I should have been thankful could he have lived, and made himself happy: he was my only son, the heritor of ancient honours. I should have been thankful for him to have survived me even, and to have become the minister and interpreter of the religion he so fondly loved. But his adoration of God consumed him; he could wait no longer on

earth!

It was a strange conjuncture, but on the evening of the printer's arrival Orazio fell sick. Volta was sent for, and came; he had hope of my son, but of the wanderer who rested at the castle, his view was fatal; he was surprised to find that so dilapidated a frame should be alive.

The child did not grow worse; at times, indeed, he improved, so wonderful were the results of science. Costanzo lived in the bedroom of his friend, and almost persuaded him into the love of life; when, however, Orazio remembered his mother, his ties in heaven were strengthened.

She had left him her portrait, a miniature on which his eyes would dwell until the expression of the picture seemed to speak,—to utter the words

which were printed beneath-"Not lost, but gone before."

How merciful was this towards me! Had I still been vainly attached to the pursuits of life, had my child been vigorous, possessing a keen enjoyment of the world, how could I have borne my trial? I loved him better than myself, and for him would have suffered death; but it was to be otherwise, and I was to feel through his departure how valueless was the life which survived.

His last desire was to sleep in the room where his mother died. We could refuse him nothing, and he was carried into that deserted chamber;

there he was happy.

I sat by his bed that night, and talked much with him on Providence and life to come, until exhaustion came over him, and he dropped asleep. I stayed with him, watching his living form with a sad pleasure, and thinking with wonder of his unwillingness to live. After a time he woke up, and said, "Papa, is the candle nearly out?" I told him it was not; and he replied, "It is not so long as it was, is it?" After an interval, he added, "I have been dreaming, dear papa, that I picked you some

flowers; but they all grew dead, so I did not bring them."

In the morning, when the sun had scarce risen, unable to sleep, I arose; and, having looked at Orazio, who was in a quiet slumber upon the same pillow I had so often seen Her sleep on whose lesser image now lay there, I went into the morning air, and walked across the heath, to the lake into which the torrent pours its waters. The wind was chilly; and feeling my mind wretched, I was about to return to the castle, when I was struck as by the sight of a well-known figure, which stood like a form of mist on the verge of the lake. It brought back to memory my first visit to that spot after my father's death; when, walking forth at dawn, I saw Orazio, then my sister's lover, at the water's edge. It is the same Orazio now, not impassioned as he then was, but sombre, like a shade on the banks of Acheron.

Broken-hearted, I saw that another sacrifice was finished, and hastened

home to receive the last breath and blessing of my little one.

He smiled, but not at me; he had asked for me before he went; he had left me that smile.

My lips quivered—

CHAPTER VIII.

This separation was heartrending, yet I bore it in a manner worthy of the faith I professed. My trouble was calm though deep: I found a consolation in clinging the more closely to Angelina, now almost the only

On the day of this mournful event, I wrote to Abarbanel, out of respect to Adora's memory, for I hardly knew whether or not he heeded the concerns of life; he had visited my castle once only, and then had vanished as suddenly as he came. He had again, I heard, reached his monastic home, and had ceased for awhile to exceed its bounds in his night rambles.

The printer had left in the middle of the night preceding Orazio's

death, taking leave of none, destined never more to set up type, or give technical reality to glorious and undying thought; but with consumptive aspect and ragged habiliments to go on repining—to reproach, in daily soliloquy, the art which most exalts mankind—to lament, with untiring cough, the misery of an individual's doom—to tell the world that wretchedness still is, to be himself its unreconciled example.

Giuditta continued during the day in the deserted chamber; she neither spoke nor moved, but sat like Prayer, emaciated by feeding on religious thoughts alone, and from whose enfeebled lips had fled the gift of

Costanzo, too, remained in the room to mourn over his lost friend; he could not be persuaded to quit the place of weeping, but remained there until twilight sank softly over all, and confused the living with the dead.

And deep was the sorrow at the podere; old Anselmo's eye kindled the big tear, but through it he saw hope as in the rainbow.

I proceeded to the village churchyard myself that day, to visit Adora's grave, to commune with her—to tell her about her child. I had, a few years before, selected the spot where she lay, still dreading the suffocative vault below; adoring that above—the open sky. Had it been for my own resting-place I had marked out a spot of earth over which the setting sun was wont to shed his departing rays; I was near the evening of life, and felt that a mild sunset would most appropriately bathe my memory in its temperate beams. But for the sainted Adora, and now for her holy child, I chose a younger site, one where day was early—the cheerful, sacred east—bright and burning when daylight first glows, but while yet it persists, suddenly overtaken, like themselves, by the dark shadow.

In my trouble, I found that none of the faculties or sentiments of the soul are lost in religious life. The glorious self-assurance of genius which is the consciousness of highest faculties in exercise, is not sacrifice; even pride itself has its religious use-under its influence may be felt a sense of exaltation not experienced in worldly concerns. If human pride could have tempted me at any time, it was when Orazio died. I had then recently discovered that the Etruscan tombs beneath the foundations of my ancient castle were most numerous; that there was a passage from one into another in long and wide succession. Amid cinerary and monumental urns and vases, and figures wrought in bronze of warrior with helmet, shield, and sword-amid these, within chambers painted with forgotten history, the horse and chariot race, and the music of the flute and lyre, and the feast of olden wine, were there sarcophagi in numbers, all inscribed with the name of Aula Velthinas, all tenanted by the sacred ashes of my ancestors. There had a noble house lived for half the years of the world, and there shortly would the last of their race sleep. Oh! had I felt pride, how should I have mourned my only son! Born to inherit an antiquity of blood unique on earth, the fate of Atresthe overshadowed him: he died, and left no heir. My pride was great when I discovered the above particulars, the reality of which it could have been the lot of few to sympathise in; but I quickly subdued the sentiment, and rejoiced that Orazio, released from so mighty a burden of glory on earth, had mingled with the nobility of heaven.

I had a daughter still, the heiress of Aula; but she could not transmit these distinctions, and the adoption of the name, though by a descendant, perpetuates the memory only of an heroic line, and not the race. And of her safety among us dreary doubts were whispered in our ears, at which the blood crept, and the spirit shuddered. Poor Giuditta was afflicted with omens through the medium of her dreams; and she gave them in writing to me, interspersed with earnest prayers that Angelina might take the veil, fatally forfeited by her mother, and so escape the fate that else awaited her. Such prayers I resisted firmly, prepared rather to lose my child than see her sacrificed at the blighting shrine of superstition.

In after years, Angelina became tenderly attached to Costanzo, her brother's friend. His humble yet not ignoble parentage recommended him strongly to my affection, for it made his mind and manners purer, fresher, from the common source of oldest and newest names. Angelina resembled me; her face, her mind, were those of my own childhood and youth: she was what I might have been had my parents checked the evil, and fostered the good of my nature.

Her religious feelings were deep; she had been well instructed; but her spirit, as mine had beep, was high, and she had a power, a health, a joy within her to embrace everything that was pleasant to youth. Her beauty was uncommon; eyes large, quick, yet abstracted; brow full, and symmetrical; mouth arched, in one moment almost tragical, in the next the seat of merriest laughter. Her attachment to me was what might have been expected in such a character; and never would she have encouraged Costanzo's passion, which was not less vivid than her own, had I not done so too, for the blood of Aula breathed through her. That she loved him I knew well; and to spare both him and her the first agonies of doubt, I betrothed them.

The tower had remained a heap of ruins until that time, when, glad at the happy prospects of my child, I issued commands for it to be rebuilt from its foundation. The architecture of the old structure was preserved, but the interior I ordered to be decorated in accordance with the improved taste and accommodation of the times; nor was this in violation of art in a castle like mine, encrusted with the successive styles of almost three thousand years.

The decorations were of a kind to give encouragement to numerous arts, among them fresco-painting, carving, and sculpture; all important where taste is studied, and well worthy to be cultivated, that the young may enjoy what the vigour of their senses enables them to appreciate and desire; that if the vulgar may have cause to envy, they may thence aspire also to the possession of true beauty.

When all was prepared, and the apartments were fitted up with the most perfect judgment and a costly taste, it was agreed that Ippolito should be summoned to inspect the improvements, and at the same time to prepare and assist in arranging the preliminaries of the marriage. He came in an attire different from what he had of late years appeared in; in fact, he wore the habit of a bishop, and he gratified our hearts by the sight: he was appointed to the episcopal see of Volterra.

With this happy news, and these glad arrangements, there had been no actual circumstances to distress us. I might have glanced at the future of myself and of my own with distrust; but it was unnecessary to appeal to the ideal for a balance to our worldly hopes. Among other causes of pain, Thanatos had disappeared, and no tidings of him reached us. And Giuditta, impressed with the hollowness of that joy which possessed us, had returned to her convent.

The wedding-day was fixed, but no guests were invited, except the good Anselmo, the father of the bridegroom. The villagers, however, were present in the church, dressed out for a holiday, and bedecked with jewellery, and, after the ceremony, they partook of a feast spread out for them under a large tent on the lawn. They danced all day to the music of their own band, in the shade of the avenue, which, from tree to

tree, was hung with festoons of flowers.

The weather was mild, as it usually proves at the commencement of May. The morning was passed in merry-making, and the games were pursued until sunset.

The destination of the bridal-party was Florence. On the evening after their departure, I received a special messenger to acquaint me of

their safe arrival at the Aula Palace.

It may easily be conceived how great my inquietude was during the preparations for my daughter's marriage, and during twenty-four hours after its consummation. A presentiment that she would never be permitted to repose her head upon the bridal pillow had possessed me. I had lived in constant dread, for all my hopes on earth were now centred in that one child. Why these fears? I knew too well, alas! Yet the bride was in fullest health, and every circumstance tended to assure me that she had the prospect of a long life before her. When I heard that she was safe, I was calmed; and to commemorate an event which promised to be productive of many blessings, I made a proposal to Ippolito that we should proceed to the Alps together, and with our own hands erect a cross among their highest peaks.

There would I offer up thanksgiving!

GREAT DINERS.

BY CHARLES ANTHONY.

Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner— Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire. This and my food are equals: there's no odds. Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Timon of Athens.

Some men, after money, regard the pleasures of the table as the next great thing in life. We have met with the species occasionally, and have gathered matter to reflect upon while we listened to their serious comments upon the dishes, and have watched their tender looks of anxiety as the different courses appeared. An abstemious man, observing from a distant part of the table the eloquent rapture depicted on the faces of two diners addressing each other, would naturally judge from their manner that a government matter, or a political question at the very least, was the subject of debate. As they became warmer, he would feel pretty certain their politics would very soon clash. How astonished would he be to hear their arguments were about the rich soup they had been so plentifully pouring into their capacious maws! Could he only draw near to them, he would hear a display of knowledge of the cuisine which would strike him with awe. Great diners are seldom pleased, however successful the dishes; their palled tastes require tickling. Should everything pass off harmoniously, they will even stick at the cheese. must be something a leetle not the thing. Now, we have heard men grow eloquent on cheese, as a white-headed old gourmand did the other day that we met at an hotel. Summoning the waiter, he pointed to the double-Gloucester, and with a puckered-up face, as though life and death were in the cause, cried,

"William, this cheese is full of globules, and as lean as charity. How

is it you bring us such a thing?"

Upon which the waiter cleared his voice and spoke, venturing to say, "Yes, sir, it has globules; but it's very fat, sir—very fat, and eats much better than it looks."

As the old gentleman had condemned before he had tasted, he seemed afterwards to agree with the waiter; for as he ate, he kept muttering in a nasal kind of growl, anything but pleasant,

"Yes, it certainly eats better than it looks."

Great diners, or, we should say, men who come into the world neither to advance its interests nor retard them, but for the express purpose of eating good dinners, will tell you, when they have arrived at this last stage of the business, that there is great difficulty in meeting with a fine cheese; that cheese may be too lean or too fat, not mellow enough, or stringy, to which important fact their whole soul seems fully alive; and we have really felt ashamed, when watching their goggle eyes sparkle, that we could not get up, out of mere politeness, the proper degree of sympathy and excitement. The great diner is inclined to be sociable in a room full of company, that is, if he is tolerably free from the usual twinges and shoots, both in stomach and body, through which he pays the penalty for years of luxurious indulgence. If it is otherwise, or if

the dining-hour has been protracted, he growls like a bear, pulling out his watch every moment, and scarcely giving civil answers to those who may chance to address him. At such a time the spirit of selfishness and contradiction is boiling within; to approach him is really dangerous, and we have thought he has looked, at this period, not unlike some of the

Some time back, a lady, a friend of ours, was introduced to a very fair specimen of a great diner. During a long conversation his manners were tolerably agreeable, but as the appointed hour wore away, and no summons to the dining-room, his answers became more abrupt, the spirit of his bearing fast changed, and the smile upon his features faded to a cold and crabbed look. No doubt, the cravings of his pampered stomach became both painful and troublesome, for his manners changed so rapidly from the insinuating to the disagreeable, that the lady soon relieved him of her presence. At a late part of the evening the gentlemen rejoined the ladies; among the rest this same great diner. The crabbed look had again given place to the smile, and he seemed completely melted by the good things he had enjoyed, for he sate down once more by our friend, and looking at her very seriously, exclaimed,

"The pleasures of the day are now all over; with your permission we

will resume our conversation of this morning."

How charming such a being's biography when he shuffles off this mortal coil, and what a delightful task for the biographer, the recording of a life and history of dinners! Who has not met with this class of heroes? Come, good reader, we will transport thee to one of the large halls of the north. A grand dinner is coming off, given by the directors to the shareholders of the Spuggledee Branch Railway Company. We have a half-guinea ticket, ourselves, presented to us by a friend, confined by an attack of the gout. As the reader is invisible, of course he will not require one.

We are now in the hall; observe the company assembling; you perceive they are all men about the middle age of life, and that they carry good corporations—many of them are in the corporation. There is a placid expression upon their faces, which clearly shows you that the cares of this world have long been strange to them; that, in fact, they have feathered their nests years ago. Observe that gentleman in the buff waistcoat, who is talking to the cross-looking old gentleman in blue:

"Fine weather, Villiers—cutting winds, though—some turtle-soup will go down well, a day like this."

"Humph! would it? All very well for boys like you; won't do for

an old man like me-won't do, sir, won't do."

See, he puts his hand to his stomach, and shakes his head very seriously. You perceive the old veteran in blue has reminiscences of those bright, happy days when he could swallow any quantity of the rich fluid. No doubt, his calling up past scenes again has caused the shaky tones of his voice. Listen! they change the subject, and are quoting the price of yarns; their stomachs first and business afterwards. Observe that gentleman with the very red face, whose eyes seem starting out of their sockets; he is a great man at the London Tavern dinners, and has come all the way from the city to dine here to-day; his crimson gills seem threatening to burn the dazzling white collars which stick up

against them. See, they are taking their seats. That bullet-headed man, with the purple blossom on his nose, seated next to the London gentleman, is Jonathan Robinson, the spinner. He is in the town council. He got up one day and suggested that all the streets leading out of St. George's-road should be macadum'd! They say he makes fearful havoc of Murray when he addresses the council; but you see he knows how to eat, as the rich things rapidly disappearing from his plate clearly proves. He is worth thousands a year, and puts his name down to every public

charity; in fact, it always heads the list.

You perceive that, since the pains of an empty stomach have left many of them, the cloud which hovered on their brow has faded away as night before Aurora's beams, and their glossy faces, like rows of brass pans, shine out in all their ruddy brightness. The returns for the year have been duly given out. The chairman, in a neat oration, has clearly shown the prosperous condition of the company, and the probability of this increasing with succeeding years. This had met with the usual cheering, the largest shareholders making the greatest noise. The chairman has again risen, and begged to state a fact, which had previously escaped him, that a further payment would be made by the treasurer, from a fund derived from cheap trips, not included in the general yearly return. This intelligence has brought down thunders of applause; and now comes in the cream of the evening—the speech-making—the lauding of

each other to the gods.

The wine has circulated pretty freely, and eyes lacking lustre early in the evening, which told not of a soul within, now twinkle merrily. Worldly feelings are oozing out at the fingers' ends as wine goes in at the mouth, and we feel very certain the predominant feelings will pretty soon be, as the wine gains the ascendancy, brotherly love and charity. Nay, so closely shut out seem the petty strifes of the world, so utopian and sunny seems the scene, that we really believe the Protestant gentleman at the top of the table, whose usual cold-bloodedness seems completely to have left him, could be easily prevailed upon to shake hands with the fat Catholic gentleman (who lives a few doors below him); nay, to embrace his neighbour, and promise for the future to let him go in the way of his forefathers, without any more contempt or molestation. In vino veritas; yea, verily, for the fumes of the grape steal like madness o'er the yielding brain, and deprive the creature man of his worldly armourof that cautious, cold reserve which forms his veritable second self, leaving him a glorious child of humanity, ready to exclaim with overflowing heart, even to the beggar in the street, "Thou art a man and a brother." But hark! the gentleman in the white waistcoat has got up to make a speech. Listen! He says he is overpowered. Good Heavens, what a confession! Oh! we beg his pardon—he says, by his feelings. How they are cheering him, though he has said nothing yet! Listen to the jingling of glasses. The cries of "Chair, chair," have subdued them, and he attempts to go on. Hark! he says it is the proudest day of his life. He said the very same thing in this very room this day last year; but listen !- "to see surrounding him the bright luminaries of the manufacturing world. But there was one among that noble band who sate around that table, of whom he could not speak too highly, and whose merits were ever with him a glorious and an untiring theme. When a

late political cloud had temporarily threatened their liberal sun, he had seen him nail his colours to the mast, and incite his fellow-labourers in the cause to a noble demonstration, by placing thousands to his name." (Great excitement, mingled with some slight confusion at the lower end of the table, which the "vice" eventually puts down. Supposed to have originated in a young man with turn-down collar, who has come with his father's ticket, and who, at every pause the speaker makes, has been vociferating with stentorian lungs, "Hear, hear, hear!") Listen! the speaker is going on again. "But he had known him in early days also, as one of the small body who first dared to raise as a theory that which, despite all opposition and derision, had now grown into a great practical factthat which had raised England still higher in the scale, had brought increased prosperity to her commerce, both at home and abroad, and had changed refractory and complaining millions into a thankful and loyal people. Need he say Free-trade!" (Renewed cheering, in the midst of which is heard occasionally the "Hear, hear!" of the gentleman in the turndown collar, who, becoming very obstreperous, is at last taken out of the room, and the speaker proceeds once more. "But he had known the friend he alluded to 'mid other scenes; he had seen him in the bosom of his family, with his youngest-born upon his knee. He had known him as a merchant, as a beloved friend, and as a benefactor to his employed. As he thought of that man's qualities, tumultuous feelings rose from his heart which deprived his tongue of utterance." At this interesting point we will leave him, for he is getting far too affectionate for us, though, very likely, not for the gentleman for whom it is all intended, who will get up in due course to return thanks with, of course, the usual explanations that he was quite unprepared for the very splendid burst of eloquence, &c., &c. The waiters have lit up the roomhow brilliant it looks! The painted Chinamen upon the suspended lamps seem smiling, as though they wished to let themselves down and mingle in the festival; the glasses sparkle like diamonds; and the gas glitters upon the grapes which lay in rich profusion upon the table; tears are starting from more than one diner's eyes, and several old boys have begun to rub their spectacles. No doubt it is all from their tumultuous feelings, though, as we close the curtain, we beg to say that we have had suspicions floating in our mind that it is not altogether from their tumultuous feeling those tears arise, but from the strength of the wine in No. 24 bin. The air is loaded with the smell of good things; the steam from the hot breath is running down the windows; the speakers have become more unintelligible; the mist through which the chairman's bald head looms occasionally begins to be oppressive; and we gladly seek the open air, to breathe once more a purer atmosphere.

THE EARLY DEAD.

BY E. E. M. K.

"Taken away from before the face of evil."

Isaiah, lvii.

O LIFE in youth, fair offspring of the sky! Almost we gaze and dream such should not die. Stoop hoary age! aye, stoop, thy doom is known; The grave awaits thee, earth but asks her own ; Nor gentle love, nor tender pity may Thy fated footstep on the journey stay; Swiftly for thee the harvest reaper nears, Death claims the ripeness of thy mortal years. But youth, glad youth! not thus we part with thee! Hope's holy rainbow spans thy destiny. Albeit the roses from thy soft cheek fade, Albeit the shadow on thy brow be laid, 'Tis but the mist that shrouds the mountain's crown, 'Tis but the shower that weighs the blossom down. When o'er the roses of our May-day spring Swept the chill winter with despoiling wing? When, 'mid the blushes of the early morn, Of sultry day, was sudden midnight born? When the green wheat with harvest sickles fell'd? The flower-prankt rill in icy bondage held? Yet ah! too oft, while summer blooms around, Death's wintry frost-work at our hearth is found; The same false breeze that rocks a ruffled flower, Oft blights our beautiful in youth's strong hour; The same false ray that tints the bud with bloom, May crowd our hearth with shadows of the tomb. Not so with us as with the bearded grain, One measured sum of heat, of light, of rain; Not so with us as with the vintage fruits, The ruddy ripeness mounting from the roots, One fated aspect for the final breath, One certain season for the certain death. Heaven's laws are wonders to our mortal ken-"Be ready always, for ye know not when." 'Tis not the surface that our fate bespeaks, Ripeness may lie in infant eyes and cheeks; Celestial hands, that gather for the skies, Wait not the coming of autumnal dyes, But oft will garner from the budding spring Sweet fruit and riper than late seasons bring; For, ah, alas! with man, the boon of time May breed a poison o'er his manhood's prime; "Time," that perfection to earth's produce brings, May steal the glory from an angel's wings.

FLORENCE HAMILTON.

By Miss Julia Addison,

AUTHOR OF "THE CURATE OF WILDMERE."

CHAPTER XLII.

"But dark is his brow, and tempests are in his soul."-Ossian.

HAPPILY unconscious of all Florence was suffering, Wentworth was still in Switzerland; growing every day more attached to his father.

Mr. L ---, having been detained at Geneva, did not pay the promised

visit to his patient until a week after the time proposed.

"What do you think of Mr. Stanley?" asked Wentworth of that gentleman, as they took a short stroll together after dinner. "He has nearly recovered from the effects of his wound, I think."

"Yes," was the answer, "but he still appears to me very far from

well."

"He says," observed Wentworth, "that he has now recovered his

usual state of health."

"Then his usual state of health is a very poor one," said the surgeon, gravely; "he seems to be in a sort of decline. Poor man, he will not be long-lived, I fear."

Wentworth sighed deeply.

"You are much interested in him," remarked Mr. L--.

"I am," was Wentworth's earnest reply.

"And he seems exceedingly attached to you. You should have heard the manner in which he spoke of you, when you were out of the room."

Wentworth sighed again.

"I cannot help thinking," said Mr. L——, after a short pause, "that he must have something on his mind. Have you remarked that expression of profound melancholy which his face frequently wears? What is your opinion?"

"I-I cannot tell," answered Wentworth, with some embarrassment;

"Mr. Stanley has not taken me into his confidence."

"All I meant to ask," rejoined his companion, "was, whether the thought had ever struck you as well as myself."

"Yes - no," said Wentworth, who was occupied with his own

thoughts; "I mean, I cannot tell."

The surgeon looked at him in surprise, and dropped the subject.

The following day Lord Elton and his son quitted the little inn, and continued their tour. The first few days' journey was performed in a carriage, after which they proceeded on horseback. Both the travellers were melancholy and dispirited; but while the beautiful scenes through which he passed in some measure dissipated Wentworth's sadness, they seemed to increase and deepen that of Lord Elton. The travellers were mutually glad of each other's society; and each perhaps liked the other better as a companion from being in a congenial mood.

"How soothing such scenes are to the mind and feelings!" remarked Wentworth one day, after they had ridden for a long time in silence.

"To such a mind and such feelings as yours," answered Lord Elton; but to me the sight of these scenes brings back the most bitter recollections. It was among them that when scarcely as old as you are now, Wentworth, I wandered with one whose love alone was sufficient to make earth a paradise. The little inn where you and I slept last night, is that at which we sought shelter from a violent storm, that overtook us when descending you mountain. In this very valley through which we are now passing, I remember that our carriage broke down, and she was alarmed because my forehead was cut by a piece of glass from one of the shattered windows."

He paused, and there was another silence, which lasted until an abrupt turn in the road showed a scene of singular but exquisite beauty.

Two bold, projecting masses of rock, whose grey sides were half covered with clustering Alpine plants, formed a sort of natural archway, through the centre of which to the extremity of the picture the eye followed the windings of a valley flanked on either side by ridges of wild fantastic hills, the irregular forms of those nearest the spectator showing in strong relief against the deep azure of the heavens, while the more distant summits were lost in cloud and mist. In the foreground, a foaming mountaintorrent dashed along close to the base of the archway, reflecting the sunlight in a thousand sparkles on its white bosom, and then plunged suddenly into a dark rocky cavern, whose sombre colouring contrasted with the light green foliage of the slender trees, which, springing from the clefts, bent their airy shapes over the deep black gulf, like sprites about to invade the mysterious haunt of some gnome or mountain-fiend.

After a prolonged gaze of admiration the travellers dismounted, and leaving their horses with the guide, walked along a steep romantic path towards the source of the stream, to see a magnificent waterfall.

"You have visited this spot before?" said Wentworth, hesitatingly, observing how familiar the various turns and objects around appeared to be to his companion.

"Yes," replied Lord Elton. "We halted at the place where our horses are now left, whilst my wife made a sketch of the scene; and a short distance further on I will show you the spot where we were both greatly alarmed by the sudden disappearance of our little boy, whom we had left with his nurse here at the foot of the waterfall, while we made our way up yonder crag to obtain a better view of the upper part of the fall. I shudder, even at this distant period, as I recal my feelings of horror, when, after a long and fruitless search, the dreadful conviction forced itself upon my mind that he had fallen into the raging torrent, when, supporting my agonised wife in my arms, I gazed wildly into the thundering abyss of waters, now, as I supposed, the grave of my child. Nor is the remembrance less vivid of the rapture with which, just as we were leaving the spot, distracted, I saw our boy standing up on an overhanging point of rock, high above our heads, to which it seemed impossible he could have climbed, holding out his arms with an imploring look, while his cries were lost amid the roar of the cataract. How the sweet little fellow trembled and clung round my neck when I had rescued him from his perilous situation, and how he wept and smiled by turns as I placed him on the bosom of his mother, who fainted with joy at his restoration! Forgive me, Wentworth," continued Lord Elton,

after a pause, "for saying so much on this subject; but you will, I am

sure, make allowance for my feelings."

Wentworth made no answer, but he turned away his face to hide his emotion. He now perfectly recollected the circumstance to which his father alluded, although he had previously forgotten even the fact of having visited Switzerland in his infancy. It was some time before he found voice to tell Lord Elton that he was interested in all that concerned him; and then, impelled by a strong desire to know whether his father's resentment towards himself was in any degree lessened, he asked in a low and ill-assured voice,

"Is your son still living, sir?"

The question appeared to give Lord Elton exquisite pain.

"No," he answered, "he is dead; and, O God! but for me he might at this moment have been alive, and a comfort, a blessing to his unhappy father. It is true, he was headstrong and wayward; but I should have made allowance for the impetuosity of youth—I should have remembered my own. And yet," he continued, more as if speaking to himself than as addressing Wentworth, "what else could I have done? From a very early age he began to dislike me, and that dislike increased and strengthened daily. Having learned that my presence was hateful to him, I avoided his as much as possible, in the hope that after a time, moved by the assurances of my affection and kind feeling, conveyed to him through a relation and mutual friend, as well as by the earnestness with which, through the same medium, I sought to gratify his every wish, and indulge even his fancies—he would learn to love me; but that time never arrived."

"What!" interrupted Wentworth, "do you say that your presence was hateful to your son? How—how did you discover that?—I mean," he added, quickly correcting himself, "how was it possible that he

could have entertained such an idea?"

"Alas! I know not," replied Lord Elton, with a sigh. "Yes, I understand your look; you cannot imagine how a son could detest a father who doted on him-but it was so. What grieved me most, was-I cannot use a softer word—his hypocrisy. In my presence, he would frequently appear gentle and submissive, almost affectionate, while from the expression of his beautiful face one would have judged him incapable of deceit; and yet to others he would speak of me in the most violent and disrespectful language, saying that hatred was not too strong a term for the feelings with which I inspired him. I bore with all this, vainly hoping for an alteration, until he was about sixteen, when I became possessed of proofs (which I then considered indisputable) of what I had long suspected—his mother's faithlessness and his illegitimacy. So great was my love for the boy, that I would still have kept him with me, but that, in answer to a letter which I wrote him while my heart was wrung by the bitterest agony for the death of my wife (for notwithstanding her guilt I still loved her deeply)—a letter filled with expressions of the tenderest affection, begging him to pardon me if I had ever been harsh to him, and-for he had left the house after his mother's death—to return to the place that always had been, and always should be, his home, -in answer to this, he wrote me a letter displaying the utmost heartlessness, spurning my affection

and offered kindness, expressing his unalterable determination never to come under my roof again, and charging me with breaking his mother's heart-with being her murderer. God forgive me, that was true enough -but-but-from him-from him! And yet, just Heaven! I deserved it all-I deserve more than I suffer, although it were scarcely possible to endure greater agony-and live!"

Almost choked with emotion, the unhappy man covered his face with

his hand, and leaned against a tree for support.
"Pardon me, sir," said Wentworth, who, his breast swelling with a variety of strong emotions, was scarcely, if at all, less agitated than his companion, "but my interest in you must excuse the question. said, I observed, 'what you then believed positive proofs;' did you

afterwards discover that-that-"

"That I was mistaken? I cannot say that I discovered this, but I felt it-in my heart, I felt a strong, an irresistible conviction that there was some error, some deception. I knew not-I know not to this dayhow or with whom the error or deception originated; but surely it is conceivable enough that some of the mean creatures who were aware of my dreadful disposition to jealousy, and my anxious desire for some decisive proof either of her guilt or innocence, should have forged the fatal letters, to which, fool-idiot-madman that I was, I gave implicit credence. Yes, anything, everything, is more conceivable than that she should have been false. Oh, Wentworth, if you would not bring upon yourself the most torturing sorrow and soul-consuming remorse, beware, beware of jealousy!"

Wentworth, who, pale, trembling, and breathless, had listened to every word with the most intense interest, was far too much moved to attempt an answer; and he was heartily glad that Lord Elton's agitation prevented him from observing his companion's. They had now regained the archway, and remounting, performed in silence the three or four miles that separated them from the village, where they were to halt for the night.

Very little was said during dinner, of which the travellers partook soon after their arrival; for each was occupied with the reflections called up by what had passed in the morning. Lord Elton's reveries seemed to be of the most painful and gloomy character, and the extreme paleness of his face, which, although now calm, still bore traces of the distress and agitation of the morning, alarmed Wentworth, to whom it was but too evident that remorse and grief were gradually but surely wearing out and destroying his once strong and vigorous constitution. Our hero's mind was busied in incessantly recalling the words used by his father, concerning his mother and himself. Sometimes he felt half inclined to think that it was all a dream, or that he had not heard aright, so strange and incredible did it appear that such words should really have fallen from Lord

"What," thought Wentworth, "does he-he who would not believe her innocence though it were proclaimed by a voice from the dead-does he believe that she has been wronged, and that on no evidence but the conviction of his own heart? And would he, thinking that I was not his son, still have kept me with him, and lavished affection and kindness upon me? Did he love me, and grieve because I loved him not? Oh, Heaven! how could this dreadful misunderstanding have arisen? I see it all; it is, it must be, that wretch Danvers. That my father was not deceiving me, I feel as confident as that I exist at this moment. There

was a fearful intensity of truth in his quivering lips, in his thrilling voice. and in the tears of agony that forced themselves from his eyes. Oh. Danvers! and is it you then, who, cruelly, deliberately, recklessly, worked the misery of three human beings, who, but for you, had been blest and happy? Is it you who estranged from the broken-hearted wife her scarcely less wretched husband; who divided the hearts of a father and son who would each have given worlds to possess the other's love; and who sought-though, God be praised! you failed there-to persuade that son that his mother was worthless, well knowing that there was not one more virtuous breathing? Yes, he must have known this; and it must have been he who forged those fatal letters, professing to be my mother's, as he only could have substituted the one of which my father spoke, so different from that I really wrote him, and suppressed that he wrote to me, sending in its place that dreadful one, my feelings on reading which I shall never forget to my dying day. I see it plainly -it is all part of one plan, to secure for himself the earldom."

It struck Wentworth that there was now no objection to his revealing himself to his father, except the possibility of the latter's not believing

him.

"And yet," he argued, "there is nothing so very improbable in my story; and he has expressed such a good opinion of me, both to myself and others, that he would scarcely believe me capable of fabricating such a tale. Besides, I convinced even Danvers, whose interest it was to disbelieve; while my father would rejoice to have it proved that his son was still alive. Besides, the likeness to my mother, which he remarked, would be all in favour of his giving credit to my statements."

Although Wentworth argued thus, he still shrunk from declaring himself to his father, and resolved, at least, to wait some time before he did so. There were certainly many things which tended to make the idea unpleasant. How was he to dispel all Lord Elton's erroneous impressions of himself?—how persuade him that he never wrote the letter—

that he never spoke disrespectfully of his father?

"Then the reproofs and punishments," thought Wentworth, "which he would sometimes inflict, so causelessly, so unjustly, as I then deemed, must have been bestowed in consequence of faults which Danvers had represented me as having committed. How am I to persuade him that I never committed those faults? And yet, perhaps, the task may not prove so difficult as I imagine. If he is once convinced that Danvers is the person with whom the calumnies against my mother originated, he might be led to see that Danvers, in pursuance of the same design, would not unnaturally seek to set us against each other."

Then the question presented itself—"Was he sure that the offender was Danvers?—could it be possible that he was accusing an innocent man?" The question was startling. How should he answer if asked,

"What are your proofs ?-why do you fix on him?"

"I should say," thought Wentworth, "because it could be no one else. I have no tangible proof; none, perhaps, that would avail in a court of law; but surely I have moral proof enough, and surely my father will be of the same opinion."

He continued firm in his determination to wait some time before he spoke to his father on the subject, but circumstances led him to make the

disclosure sooner than he had intended.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES;

A Romance of Pendle forest.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

воок ш.

CHAPTER VI.

HOGHTON TOWER.

ABOUT a month after the occurrence last described, and early on a fine morning in August, Nicholas Assheton and Richard Sherborne rode forth together from the proud town of Preston. Both were gaily attired in doublets and hose of yellow velvet, slashed with white silk, with mantles to match, the latter being somewhat conspicuously embroidered on the shoulder with a wild bull, worked in gold, and underneath it the motto, "Malgré le Tort." Followed at a respectful distance by four mounted attendants, the two gentlemen had crossed the bridge over the Ribble, and were wending their way along the banks of a tributary stream, the Darwen, within a short distance of the charming village of Walton-le-Dale, when they perceived a horseman advancing slowly towards them, whom they instantly hailed as Richard Assheton, and, pushing forward, were soon beside him. Both were much shocked by the young man's haggard looks, and inquired anxiously as to his health, but Richard bade them, with a melancholy smile, not be uneasy, for all would be well with him ere long.

"All will be over with you, lad, if you don't mind; and that's, perhaps, what you mean," replied Nicholas; "but as soon as the royal festivities at Hoghton are over, I'll set about your cure; and, what's more, I'll accomplish it, for I know where the seat of the disease lies better than Doctor Morphew, your family physician at Middleton. 'Tis near the heart, Dick—near the heart. Ha!—I see I have touched you, lad. But, beshrew me, you are very strangely attired, in a suit of sable velvet, with a black Spanish hat and feather, for a festival! You look as if going to a funeral. I am fearful his majesty may take it amiss.

Why not wear the livery of our house?"

"Nay, if it comes to that," rejoined Richard, "why do not you and Sherborne wear it, instead of flaunting like daws in borrowed plumage?

I scarce know you in your strange garb, and certainly should not take you for an Assheton, or aught pertaining to our family, from your gaudy colours and the strange badge on your shoulder."

"I don't wonder at it, Dick," said Nicholas; "I scarce know myself, and though the clothes I wear are well made enough, they seem to sit VOL. XXII.

awkwardly on me, and trouble me as much as the shirt of Nessus did Hercules of old. For the nonce I am Sir Richard Hoghton's retainer. I must own I was angry with myself when I saw Sir Ralph Assheton with his long train of gentlemen, all in murrey-coloured cloaks and doublets, at Myerscough Lodge, while I, his cousin, was habited like one of another house. And when I would have excused my apparent defection to Sir Ralph, he answered coldly, 'It was better as it was, for he could scarce have found room for me among his friends.'"

"Do not fret yourself, Nicholas," rejoined Sherborne; "Sir Ralph cannot reasonably take offence at a mere piece of good-nature on your part. But this does not explain why Richard affects a colour so

sombre."

"I am the retainer of one whose livery is sombre," replied the young man, with a ghastly smile. "But enough of this," he added, endeavouring to assume a livelier air; "I suppose you are on the way to Hoghton Tower. I thought to reach Preston before you were up, but I might have recollected you are no lag-a-bed, Nicholas, not even after hard-drinking overnight, as witness your feats at Whalley. To be frank with you, I feared being led into like excesses, and so preferred passing the night at the quiet little inn at Walton-le-Dale to coming on to you at the Castle at Preston, which I knew would be full of noisy roysterers."

"Full it was, even to overflowing," replied the squire, "but you should have come, Dick, for, by my troth! we had a right merry night of it. Stephen Hamerton, of Hellyfield Peel, with his wife, and her sister, sweet Mistress Doll Lister, supped with us; and we had music, dancing, and singing, and abundance of good cheer. Nouns! Dick, Doll Lister is a delightful lass, and if you can only get Alizon out of your head, would be just the wife for you. She sings like an angel, has the most captivating sigh-and-die-away manner, and the prettiest rounded figure ever bodice kept in. Were I in your place I should know where to choose. But you will see her at Hoghton to-day, for she is to be at the banquet and masque."

"Your description does not tempt me," said Richard; "I have no taste for sigh-and-die-away damsels. Dorothy Lister, however, is accounted fair enough, but were she fascinating as Venus herself, in my

present mood I should not regard her."

"I' faith, lad, I pity you, if such be the case," shrugging his shoulders,

more in contempt than compassion.

"Waste not your sympathy upon me," replied Richard; "but, tell

me, how went the show at Preston yesterday?"

"Excellently well, and much to his majesty's satisfaction," answered the squire. "Proud Preston never was so proud before, and never with such good reason, for if the people be poor, according to the proverb, they took good care to hide their poverty. Bombards were fired from the bridge, and the church bells rang loud enough to crack the steeple, and bring it down about the ears of the deafened lieges. The houses were hung with carpets and arras; the streets strewn ankle-deep with sand and sawdust; the cross in the market-place was bedecked with garlands of flowers like a maypole; and the conduit near it ran wine. At noon there was more firing, and, amidst flourishes of trumpets, rolling of drums, squeaking of fifes, and prodigious shouting, bonnie King

Jamie came to the cross, where a speech was made him by Master Breares, the recorder; after which the corporation presented his majesty with a huge silver bowl, in token of their love and loyalty. The king seemed highly pleased with the gift, and observed to the Duke of Buckingham, loud enough to be heard by the bystanders, who reported his speech to me, 'God's santie! it's a braw bicker, Steenie, and might serve for a christening-cup, if we had need of siccan a vessel, which, Heaven be praised, we ha'e na!' After this there was a grand banquet in the townhall; and when the heat of the day was over, the king left with his train for Hoghton Tower, visiting the alum mines on the way thither. We are bidden to breakfast by Sir Richard, so we must push on, Dick, for his majesty is an early riser, like myself. We are to have rare sport today. Hunting in the morning, a banquet, and, as I have already intimated, a masque at night, in which Sir George Goring and Sir John Finett will play, and in which I have been solicited to take the drolling part of Jem Tospot-nay, laugh not, Dick, Sherborne says I shall play it to the life—as well as to find some mirthful dame to enact the companion part of Doll Wango. I have spoken with two or three on the subject, and fancy one of them will oblige me. There is another matter on which I am engaged. I am to present a petition to his majesty from a great number of the lower orders in this county, praying they may be allowed to take their diversions, as of old accustomed, after divine service on Sundays; and though I am the last man to desire any violation of the Sabbath, being somewhat puritanically inclined, as they now phrase it, yet I cannot think any harm can ensue from lawful recreation and honest exercise. Still, I would any one were chosen to present the petition rather than myself."

"Have no misgivings on the subject," said Richard, "but urge the matter strongly; and if you need support, I will give you all I can, for I feel we are best observing the divine mandate by making the Sabbath a day of rest, and observing it cheerfully. And this, I apprehend, is the

substance of your petition?" "The whole sum and substance," replied Nicholas; "and I have reason to believe his majesty's wishes are in accordance with it."

"They are known to be so," said Sherborne.

"I am glad to hear it," cried Richard. "God save King James, the

friend of the people!"

"Ay, God save King James!" echoed Nicholas; "and if he grant this petition he will prove himself their friend, for he will have all the clergy against him, and will be preached against from half the pulpits in the kingdom."

"Little harm will ensue if it should be so," replied Richard; "for he will be cheered and protected by the prayers of a grateful and happy

people."

They then rode on for a few minutes in silence, after which Richard

inquired.

"You had brave doings at Myerscough Lodge, I suppose, Nicholas?"
"Ay, marry had we," answered the squire, "and the feasting must have cost Ned Tyldesley a pretty penny. Besides the king and his own particular attendants, there were some dozen noblemen and their followers, including the Duke of Buckingham, who moves about like a king himself, and I know not how many knights and gentlemen. Sherborne and I rode over from Dunnow, and reached the forest immediately after the king had entered it in his coach, so we took a short cut through the woods, and came up just in time to join Sir Richard Hoghton's train as he was riding up to his majesty. Fancy a wide glade, down which a great gilded coach is slowly moving, drawn by eight horses, and followed by a host of noblemen and gentlemen, in splendid apparel, their esquires and pages equally richly arrayed, and equally well mounted; and, after these, numerous falconers, huntsmen, prickers, foresters, and yeomen, with staghounds in leash, and hawk on fist, all ready for the sport. Fancy all this, if you can, Dick, and then conceive what a brave sight it must have Well, as I said, we came up in the very nick of time, for presently the royal coach stopped, and Sir Richard Hoghton, calling all his gentlemen around him, and bidding us dismount, we followed him, and drew up, bareheaded, before the king, while Sir Richard pointed out to his majesty the boundaries of the royal forest, and told him he would find it as well stocked with deer as any in his kingdom. Before putting an end to the conference, the king complimented the worthy knight on the gallant appearance of his train, and on learning we were all gentlemen, graciously signified his pleasure that some of us should be presented to him. Amongst others, I was brought forward by Sir Richard, and liking my looks, I suppose, the king was condescending enough to enter into conversation with me, and as his discourse chiefly turned on sporting matters, I was at home with him at once, and he presently grew so familiar with me, that I almost forgot the presence in which I stood. However, his majesty seemed in no way offended by my freedom, but, on the contrary, clapped me on the shoulder, and said, 'Maister Assheton, for a country gentleman, you're weel-mannered, and weel-informed, and I shall be glad to see more of you while I stay in these parts.' After this, the good-natured monarch mounted his horse, and the hunting began, and a famous day's work we made of it, his majesty killing no fewer than five fine bucks with his own hand."

"You are clearly on the road to preferment, Nicholas," observed Richard, with a smile. "You will outstrip Buckingham himself, if you

go on in this way."

"So I tell him," observed Sherborne, laughing; "and, by my faith! young Sir Gilbert Hoghton, who, owing to his connexion by marriage with Buckingham, is a greater man than his father, Sir Richard, looked quite jealous; for the king more than once called out to Nicholas in the chase, and took the wood-knife from him when he broke up the last deer, which is accounted a mark of especial favour."

"Well, gentlemen," said the squire, "I shall not stand in my own ght, depend upon it; and if I should bask in court sunshine, you shall partake of the rays. If I do become master of the household, in lieu of the Duke of Richmond, or master of the horse and cup-bearer to his majesty, in place of his Grace of Buckingham, I will not forget you."

"We are greatly indebted to you, my Lord Marquess of Downham and Duke of Pendle Hill that is to be," rejoined Sherborne, taking off his cap with mock reverence; "and perhaps, for the sake of your sweet sister and my spouse, Dorothy, you will make interest to have me appointed gentleman of the bedchamber."

"Doubt it not-doubt it not," replied Nicholas, in a patronising tone.

"My ambition soars higher than yours, Sherborne," said Richard;

"I must be lord keeper of the privy seal, or nothing."

"Oh! what you will, gentlemen, what you will!" cried Nicholas. "You can ask me nothing I will not grant-always provided I have the means."

A turn in the road now showed them Hoghton Tower, crowning the summit of an isolated and conical hill, about two miles off. Rising proudly in the midst of a fair and fertile plain, watered by the Ribble and the Darwen, the stately edifice seemed to command the whole country. And so King James thought, as, from the window of his chamber, he looked down upon the magnificent prospect around him, comprehending, on the one hand, the vast forests of Myerscough and Bowland, stretching as far as the fells near Lancaster; and, on the other, an open but still undulating country, beautifully diversified with wood and water, well peopled and well cultivated, green with luxuriant pastures, yellow with golden grain, or embowered with orchards, boasting many villages and small towns, as well as two lovely rivers, which, combining their currents at Walton-le-Dale, gradually expanded till they neared the sea, which could be seen gleaming through openings in the distant hills. As the king surveyed this fair scene, and thought how strong was the position of the mansion, situated as it was upon high cliffs springing abruptly from the Darwen, and how favourably circumstanced, with its forests and park, for the enjoyment of the chase, of which he was passionately fond, how capable of defence, and how well adapted for a hunting-seat, he sighed to think it did not belong to the crown. Nor was he wrong in his estimate of its strength; for, in after years, during the civil wars, it held out stoutly against the parliamentary forces, and was only reduced at last by treachery, when part of its gate-tower was blown up, destroying an officer and two hundred men "in that blast most wofully."

Though the hour was so early, the road was already thronged, not only with horsemen and pedestrians of every degree from Preston, but with rude lumbering vehicles from the neighbouring villages of Plessington, Brockholes, and Cuerden, driven by farmers, who, with their buxom dames and cherry-cheeked daughters, decked out in holiday finery, hoped to gain admittance to Hoghton Tower, or, at all events, obtain a peep of the king as he rode out to hunt. Most of these were saluted by Nicholas, who scrupled not to promise them admission to the outer court of the tower, and even went so far as to offer some of the comelier damsels a presentation to the king. Occasionally the road was enlivened by strains of music from a band of minstrels, by a song or a chorus from others, or by the gamesome tricks of a party of mummers. At one place, a couple of tumblers and a clown were performing their feats on a cloth stretched on the grass beneath a tree. Here the crowd collected for a few minutes, but presently gave way to loud shouts, attended by the cracking of whips, proceeding from two grooms in the yellow and white livery of Sir Richard Hoghton, who headed some half-dozen carts filled with provisions, carcases of sheep and oxen, turkeys and geese, pullets and capons, fish, bread, and vegetables, all bent for Hoghton Tower; for though Sir Richard had made vast preparations for his guests, he found his supplies,

great as they were, wholly inadequate to their wants. Cracking their whips in answer to the shouts with which they were greeted, the purveyors galloped on, many a hungry wight looking wistfully after them.

Nicholas and his companions were now at the entrance of Hoghton Park, through which the Darwen coursed, after washing the base of the rocky heights on which the mansion was situated. Here four yeomen of the guard, armed with halberts, and an officer, were stationed, and no one was admitted without an order from Sir Richard Hoghton. Possessing a pass, the squire and his companions with their attendants were, of course, allowed to enter, but the throng accompanying them were sent over the bridge, and along a devious road skirting the park, which, though it went more than a mile round, eventually brought them to their destination.

Hoghton Park, though not very extensive, boasted a great deal of magnificent timber, and in some places was so thickly wooded that, according to Dr. Kuerden, "a man passing through it could scarce have seen the sun shine at middle of day." Into one of these tenebrous groves the horsemen now plunged, and for some moments were buried in the gloom produced by matted and overhanging boughs. Issuing once more into the warm sunshine, they traversed a long and beautiful sylvan glade, skirted by ancient oaks, with mighty arms and gnarled limbsthe patriarchs of the forest. In the open ground on the left were scattered a few ash-trees, and beneath them browsed a herd of fallow deer; while crossing the lower end of the glade was a large herd of red deer, for which the park was famous, the hinds tripping nimbly and timidly away, but the lordly stags, with their branching antlers, standing for a moment at gaze, and disdainfully regarding the intruders on their domain. Little did they think how soon and severely their courage would be tried, or how soon the mort would be sounded for their pryse by the huntsman. But if, happily for themselves, the poor leathern-coated fools could not foresee their doom, it was not equally hidden from Nicholas, who predicted what would ensue, and pointed out one noble hart which he thought worthy to die by the king's own hand. As if he understood him, the stately beast tossed his antiered head aloft, and plunged into the adjoining thicket; but the squire noted the spot where he had disappeared.

The glade led them into the chase, a glorious hunting-ground of about two miles in circumference, surrounded by an amphitheatre of wood, and studded by noble forest trees. Variety and beauty were lent to it by an occasional knoll, crowned with timber, or by numerous ferny dells and dingles. As the horsemen entered upon the chase, they observed at a short distance from them a herd of the beautiful, but fierce wild cattle, originally from Bowland Forest, and still preserved in the park. White and spangled in colour, with short sharp horns, fine eyes, and small shapely limbs, these animals were of untameable fierceness, possessed of great cunning, and ever ready to assault any one who approached them. They would often attack a solitary individual, gore him, and trample him to death. Consequently, they were far more dreaded than the wild boars, with which, as with every other sort of game, the neighbouring woods were plentifully stocked. Well aware of the danger they ran, the party watched the herd narrowly and distrustfully, and would have galloped on; but this would only have provoked pursuit, and the wild cattle were

swifter than any horses. Suddenly, a milk-white bull trotted out from the rest of the herd, bellowing fiercely, lashing his sides with his tail, and lowering his head to the ground, as if meditating an attack. His example was speedily followed by the others, and the whole herd began to beat the ground and roar loudly. Much alarmed by these hostile manifestations, the party were debating whether to stand the onset or trust to the fleetness of their steeds for safety, when just as the whole herd, with tails erect and dilated nostrils, were galloping towards them, assistance appeared in the persons of some ten or a dozen mounted prickers, who, armed with long poles pointed with iron, issued with loud shouts from an avenue opening upon the chase. At sight of them the whole herd wheeled round and fled, but were pursued by the prickers till they were driven into the depths of the furthest thicket. Six of the prickers remained watching over them during the day, in order that the royal hunting-party might not be disturbed, and the woods echoed with the bellowing of the angry brutes.

While this was going forward, the squire and his companions, congratulating themselves on their narrow escape, galloped off, and entered the long avenue of sycamores, from which the prickers had emerged.

At the head of a steep ascent, partly hewn out of the rock, and partly skirted by venerable and majestic trees, forming a continuation of the avenue, rose the embattled gate-tower of the proud edifice they were approaching, and which now held the monarch of the land, and the highest and noblest of his court, as guests within its halls. From the top of the central tower of the gateway floated the royal banner, while at the very moment the party reached the foot of the hill they were saluted by a loud peal of ordnance discharged from the side towers, proclaiming that the king had arisen; and as the smoke from the culverins wreathed round the standard, a flourish of trumpets was blown from the walls, and martial music resounded from the court.

Roused by these stirring sounds, Nicholas spurred his horse up the rocky ascent, and followed closely by his companions, who were both nearly as much excited as himself, speedily gained the great gateway—a massive and majestic structure, occupying the centre of the western front of the mansion, and consisting of three towers, of great strength and beauty, the mid-tower far over-topping the other two, as in the arms of Old Castile, and sustaining, as was its right, the royal standard. On the platform stood the trumpeters with their silk-fringed clarions, and the iron mouths of the culverins, which had been recently discharged, protruded through the battlements. The arms and motto of the Hoghtons, carved in stone, were placed upon the gateway, with the letters **5**. **19**., the initials of the founder of the tower. Immediately above the arched entrance was the sculptured figure of a knight slaying a dragon.

In front of the gateway a large crowd of persons were assembled, consisting of the inferior gentry of the neighbourhood, with their wives, daughters, and servants, clergymen, attorneys, chirurgeons, farmers, and tradesmen of all kinds from the adjoining towns of Blackburn, Preston, Chorley, Haslingden, Garstang, and even Laucaster. Representatives in some sort or other of almost every town and village in the county might be found amongst the motley assemblage, which, early as it was, numbered several hundreds, many of those from the more distant places

having quitted their homes soon after midnight. Admittance was naturally sought by all; but here the same rule was observed as at the park gate, and no one was allowed to enter, even the base-court, without authority from the lord of the mansion. The great gates were closed, and two files of halberdiers were drawn up under the deep archway, to keep the passage clear, and quell disturbance in case any should occur; while a gigantic porter, stationed in front of the wicket, rigorously scrutinised the passes. These precautions naturally produced delay, and though many of the better part of the crowd were entitled to admission, it was not without much pushing and squeezing, and considerable detriment to

their gay apparel, that they were enabled to effect their object.

The comfort of those outside the walls had not, however, been altogether neglected by Sir Richard Hoghton, for sheds were reared under the trees, where stout March beer, together with cheese and bread, or oaten cakes and butter, were freely distributed to all applicants; so that, if some were disappointed, few were discontented, especially when told that the gates would be thrown open at noon, when, during the time the king and the nobles feasted in the great banquet-hall, they might partake of a wild bull from the park, slaughtered expressly for the occasion, which was now being roasted whole within the base-court. That the latter was no idle promise they had the assurance of thick smoke rising above the walls, laden with the scent of roast meat, and, moreover, they could see through the wicket a great fire blazing and crackling on the green, with a huge carcase on an immense spit before it, and a couple of turn-broaches basting it.

As Nicholas and his companions forced their way through this crowd, which was momently receiving additions as fresh arrivals took place, the squire recognised many old acquaintances, and was nodding familiarly right and left, when he encountered a woman's eye fixed keenly upon him, and to his surprise beheld Nance Redferne. Nance, who had lost none of her good looks, was very gaily attired, with her fine chestnut hair knotted with ribands, her stomacher similarly adorned, and her red petticoat looped up, so as to display an exceedingly trim ankle and small foot; and under other circumstances, Nicholas might not have minded staying to chat with her, but just now it was out of the question, and he hastily turned his head another way. As ill-luck, however, would have it, a stoppage occurred at the moment, during which Nance forced her

way up to him, and taking hold of his arm, said, in a low tone,

"Yo mun tae me in wi' ye, squoire."

"Take you in with me-impossible," cried Nicholas.

"Nah! it's neaw impossible," rejoined Nance, pertinaciously; "yo con do it, an yo shan. Yo owe me a good turn, and mun repay it now."

"But why the devil do you want to go in?" cried Nicholas, impatiently. "You know the king is the sworn enemy of all witches, and amongst this concourse some one is sure to recognise you, and betray you. I cannot answer for your safety if I do take you in. In my opinion, you were extremely unwise to venture here at all."

"Ne'er heed my wisdom or my folly, boh do as ey bid yo, or yo'n

repent it," said Nance.

"Why, you can get in without my aid," observed the squire, trying to laugh it off. "You can easily fly over the walls."

"Ey ha' left my broomstick a-whoam," replied Nance-" boh no

more jesting. Win yo do it?"

"Well, well, I suppose I must," replied Nicholas, "but I wash my hands of the consequences. If ill comes of it, I am not to blame. You must go in as Doll Wango-that is, as a character in the masque to be enacted to-night-d'ye mark?"

Nance signified that she perfectly understood him.

The whole of this hurried discourse, conducted in an under tone, passed unheard and unnoticed by the bystanders. Just then, an opening took place amid the crowd, and the squire pushed through it, hoping to get rid of his companion; but he hoped in vain, for, clinging to his saddle,

she went on along with him.

They were soon under the deep groined and ribbed arch of the gate, and Nance would have been here turned back by the foremost halberdier, if Nicholas had not signified somewhat hastily that she belonged to his party. The man smiled and offered no further opposition; and the gigantic porter next advancing, Nicholas exhibited his pass to him, which appearing sufficiently comprehensive to procure admission for Richard and Sherbone, they instantly availed themselves of the license, while the squire fumbled in his doublet for a further order for Nance. At last he produced it, and after reading it, the gigantic warder exclaimed, with a smile illumining his broad features,

"Ah! I see - this is an order from his worship Sir Richard to admit a certain woman, who is to enact Doll Wango in the masque. This is she, I suppose?" he added, looking at Nance.

"Ay, ay," replied the squire.

"A comely wench, by the mass!" exclaimed the porter. "Open the

gate."

"No-not yet-not yet, good porter, till my claim be adjusted," cried another woman, pushing forward, quite as young and comely as Nance, and equally gaily dressed. "I am the real Doll Wango, though I be generally known as Dame Tetlow. The squire engaged me to play the part before the king, and now this saucy hussy has taken my place. But I'll have my rights, that I will."

"Odd's heart! two Doll Wangos!" exclaimed the porter, opening his

"Two!-Nay, beleedy! boh there be three!" exclaimed an immensely tall, stoutly-proportioned woman, stepping up, to the increased confusion of the squire, and the infinite merriment of the bystanders, whose laughter had been already excited by the previous part of the scene. "Didna yo tell me at Myerscough to come here, squire, an ey, Bess Baldwyn, should play Doll Wango to your Jem Tospot?"

"Play the devil, for that's what you all seem bent upon doing," exclaimed the squire, impatiently. "Away with you! I can have no-

thing to say to you!"

"You gave me the same promise at the Castle at Preston last night," said Dame Tetlow.

"I had been drinking, and knew not what I said," rejoined Nicholas, angrily.

"Boh yo promised me a few minutes ago, an yo're sober enough now," cried Nance. The law outs as so the views may not be the semantical

"Ey dunna knoa that," rejoined Dame Baldwyn, looking reproachfully at him. "Boh what ey dun knoa is, that nother o' these squemous queans shan ge in efore me."

And she looked menacingly at them, as if determined to oppose their ingress, much to the alarm of the timorous Dame Tetlow, though Nance

returned her angry glances unmoved.

"For Heaven's sake, my good fellow, let them all three in," said Nicholas, in a low tone to the porter, at the same time slipping a gold piece into his hand, "or there's no saying what may be the consequence, for they're three infernal viragos. I'll take the responsibility of their

admittance upon myself with Sir Richard."

"Well, as your worship says, I don't like to see quarrelling amongst women," returned the porter, in a bland tone, "so all three shall go in; and as to who is to play Doll Wango, the master of the ceremonies will settle that, so you need give yourself no more concern about it; but if I were called upon to decide," he added, with an amorous leer at Dame Baldwyn, whose proportions so well matched his own, "I know where my choice would light. There now!" he shouted, "open wide the gate for Squire Nicholas Assheton, of Downham, and the three Doll Wangos."

And all obstacles being thus removed, Nicholas passed on with the three females amidst the renewed laughter of the bystanders. But he got rid of his plagues as soon as he could; for, dismounting and throwing his bridle to an attendant, he vouchsafed not a word to any of them, but stepped quickly after Richard and Sherborne, who had already reached

the great fire with the bull roasting before it.

Appropriated chiefly to stables and other offices, the base-court of Hoghton Tower consisted of buildings of various dates, the greater part belonging to Elizabeth's time, though some might be assigned to an earlier period, while many alterations and additions had been recently made in anticipation of the king's visit. Dating back as far as Henry II., the family had originally fixed their residence at the foot of the hill, on the banks of the Darwen; but in process of time, swayed by prouder notions, they mounted the craggy heights above, and built a tower upon their crest. It is melancholy to think that so glorious a pile, teeming with so many historical recollections, and so magnificently situated, should be abandoned and suffered to go to decay, the family having, many years ago, quitted it for Walton Hall, near Walton-le-Dale, and consigned it to the occupation of a few gamekeepers. Bereft of its venerable timber, its courts grass-grown, its fine oak staircase rotting and dilapidated, its domestic chapel neglected, its marble chamber broken and ruinous, its wainscotings and ceilings cracked and mouldering, its paintings mildewed and half effaced, Hoghton Tower presents only the wreck of its former grandeur. Desolate indeed are its halls, and their glory for ever departed. However, this history has to do with it in the season of its greatest splendour, when it glistened with silks and velvets, and resounded with loud laughter and blithe music; when stately nobles and lovely dames were seen in the gallery, and a royal banquet was served in the great hall; when its countless chambers were filled to overflowing, and its passages echoed with hasty feet; when the basecourt was full of huntsmen and falconers, and enlivened by the neighing of steeds and the baying of hounds; when there was daily hunting in the

park, and nightly dancing and diversion in the hall,—it is with Hoghton Tower at this season that the present tale has to do, and not with it as it is now—silent, solitary, squalid, saddening, but still whispering of the glories of the past, still telling of the kingly pageant that once graced it.

The base-court was divided from the court of lodging by the great hall and domestic chapel. A narrow vaulted passage on either side led to the upper quadrangle, the façade of which was magnificent, and far superior in uniformity of design and style to the rest of the structure, the irregularity of which, however, was not unpleasing. The whole frontage of the upper court was richly moulded and filleted, with ranges of mullion and transom windows, capitals, and carved parapets crowned with stone balls. Marble pillars, in the Italian style, had been recently placed near the porch, with two rows of pilasters above them, supporting a heavy marble cornice, on which rested the carved escutcheon of the family. A flight of stone steps led up to the porch, and within was a wide oak staircase, so gentle of ascent, that a man on horseback could easily mount it-a feat often practised in later days by one of the descendants of the house. In this part of the mansion all the principal apartments were situated, and here James was lodged. Here also was the Green Room, so called from its hangings, which he used for private conferences, and which was hung round with portraits of his unfortunate mother, Mary Queen of Scots; of her implacable enemy, Queen Elizabeth; of his consort, Anne of Bohemia; and of Sir Thomas Hoghton, the founder of the tower. Adjoining it was the Star Chamber, occupied by the Duke of Buckingham, with its napkin panelling, and ceiling "fretted with golden fires; and in the same angle were rooms occupied by the Duke of Richmond, the Earls of Pembroke and Nottingham, and Lord Howard of Effingham. Below was the library, whither Doctor Thomas Moreton, Bishop of Chester, and his majesty's chaplain, with the three puisné judges of the King's Bench, Sir John Doddridge, Sir John Crooke, and Sir Robert Hoghton, all of whom were guests of Sir Richard, resorted; and in the adjoining wing was the great gallery, where the whole of the nobles and courtiers passed such of their time—and that was not much—as was not occupied in feasting or out-of-doors' amusements.

Long corridors ran round the upper stories in this part of the mansion, and communicated with an endless series of rooms, which, numerous as they were, were all occupied; and accommodation being found impossible for the whole of the guests, many were sent to the new erections in the base-court, which had been planned to meet the emergency by the magnificent and provident host. The nobles and gentlemen were, however, far outnumbered by their servants, and the confusion occasioned by the running to and fro of the various grooms of the chambers was indescribable. Doublets had to be brushed, ruffs plaited, hair curled, beards trimmed, and all with the greatest possible expedition; so that, as soon as day dawned upon Hoghton Tower, there was a prodigious racket from one end of it to the other. Many favoured servants slept in truckle-beds in their masters' rooms; but others, not so fortunate, and unable to find accommodation even in the garrets-for the smallest rooms, and those nearest the roof, were put in requisition-slept upon the benches in the hall, while several sat up all night carousing in the great kitchen,

keeping company with the cooks and their assistants, who were busied all

the time in preparations for the feasting of the morrow.

Such was the state of things inside Hoghton Tower early on the eventful morning in question, and out of doors, especially in the basecourt which Nicholas was traversing, the noise, bustle, and confusion were equally great. Wide as was the area, it was filled with various personages, some newly arrived, and seeking information as to their quartersnot very easily obtained, for it seemed everybody's business to ask questions, and no one's to answer them-some gathered in groups round the falconers and huntsmen, who had suddenly risen into great importance; others, and these were for the most part smart young pages, in brilliant liveries, chattering, and making love to every pretty damsel they encountered, putting them out of countenance by their license and strange oaths, and rousing the anger of their parents, and the jealousy of their rustic admirers; others, of a graver sort, with dress of formal cut, and puritanical expression of countenance, shrugging their shoulders, and looking sourly on the whole proceedings—luckily they were in the minority, for the generality of the groups were composed of lively and light-hearted people, bent apparently upon amusement, and tolerably certain of finding it. Through these various groups numerous lacqueys were passing swiftly and continuously to and fro, bearing a cap, a mantle, or a sword, and pushing aside all who interfered with their progress, with a "by your leave, my masters-your pardon, fair mistress"-or, "out of my way, knave!" and as the stables occupied one entire angle of the court, there were grooms without end dressing the horses at the doors, watering them at the troughs, or leading them about amid the admiring or criticising bystanders. The king's horses were, of course, objects of special attraction, and such as could obtain a glimpse of them and of the royal coach thought themselves specially favoured. Besides what was going forward below, the windows looking into the court were all full of curious observers, and much loud conversation took place between those placed at them and their friends underneath. From all this some idea will be formed of the tremendous din that prevailed; but though with much confusion there was no positive disorder, still less brawling, for yeomen of the guard being stationed at various points, perfect order was maintained. Several minstrels, mummers, and merry-makers, in various fantastic habits, swelled the throng, enlivening it with their strains or feats, and amongst other privileged characters admitted was a Tom o' Bedlam, a half-crazed licensed beggar, in a singular and picturesque garb, with a plate of tin engraved with his name attached to his left arm, and a great ox's horn, which he was continually blowing, suspended by a leathern baldric from his neck.

Scarcely had Nicholas joined his companions, than word was given that the king was about to attend morning prayers in the domestic chapel. Upon this, an immediate rush was made in that direction by the crowd, but the greater part were kept back by the guard, who crossed their halberts to prevent their ingress, and a few only were allowed to enter the ante-chamber leading to the chapel, amongst whom were the squire and his companions.

Here they were detained within it till service was over, and, as prayers

were read by the Bishop of Chester, and the whole court was present, this was a great disappointment to them. At the end of half an hour two very courtly personages came forth, each bearing a white wand, and announcing that the king was coming forth, the assemblage immediately divided into two lines to allow a passage for the monarch. Nicholas Assheton informed Richard, in a whisper, that the foremost and stateliest of the two gentlemen was Lord Stanhope, of Harrington, the Vice-Chamberlain, and the other, a handsome young man, of slight figure and somewhat libertine expression of countenance, was the renowned Sir John Finett, Master of the Ceremonies. Notwithstanding his licentiousness, however, which was the vice of the age and the stain of the court, Sir John was a man of wit and address, and perfectly conversant with the duties of his office, of which he has left satisfactory evidence in an amusing tractate, "Finetti Philoxenis."

Some little time elapsed before the king made his appearance, during which the curiosity of such as had not seen him, as was the case with Richard, was greatly excited. The young man wondered whether the pedantic monarch, whose character perplexed the shrewdest, would answer his preconceived notions, and whether it would turn out that his portraits were like him. While these thoughts were passing through his mind, a shuffling noise was heard without, and King James appeared at the doorway. He paused there for a moment to place his plumed and jewelled cap upon his head, and to speak a word with Sir John Finett, and during this Richard had an opportunity of observing him. The portraits were like, but the artists had flattered him, though not much. There was great shrewdness of look, but there was also a vacant expression, which seemed to contradict the idea of profound wisdom generally ascribed to him. When in perfect repose, which they were not for more than a minute, the features were thoughtful, benevolent, and pleasing, and Richard began to think him quite handsome, when another change was wrought by some remark of Sir John Finett. As the master of the ceremonies told his tale, the king's fine dark eyes blazed with an unpleasant light, and he laughed so loudly and indecorously at the close of the narrative, with his great tongue hanging out of his mouth, and tears running down his cheeks, that the young man was quite sickened. The king's face was thin and long, the cheeks shaven, but the lips clothed with moustaches, and a scanty beard covered his chin. The hair was brushed away from the face, and the cap placed at the back of the head, so as to exhibit a high bald forehead, of which he was prodigiously vain. James was fully equipped for the chase, and wore a green silk doublet, quilted as all his garments were so as to be dagger-proof, enormous trunkhose, likewise thickly stuffed, and buff boots, fitting closely to the leg, and turned slightly over at the knee, with the edges fringed with gold. This was almost the only appearance of finery about the dress, except a row of gold buttons down the jerkin. Attached to his girdle he wore a large pouch, with the mouth drawn together by silken cords, and a small silver bugle was suspended from his neck by a baldric of green silk. Stiffly-starched bands, edged with lace, and slightly turned down on either side of the face, completed his attire. There was nothing majestic, but the very reverse, in the king's deportment, and he seemed only kept

VOL. XXII.

upright by the exceeding stiffness of his cumbersome clothes. With the appearance of being corpulent, he was not so in reality, and his weak legs and bent knees were scarcely able to support his frame. He always used a stick, and generally sought the additional aid of a favourite's arm.

In this instance the person selected was Sir Gilbert Hoghton, the eldest son of Sir Richard, and subsequent owner of Hoghton Tower. Indebted for the high court favour he enjoyed partly to his graceful person and accomplishments, and partly to his marriage, having espoused a daughter of Sir John Aston, of Cranford, who, as sister of the Duchess of Buckingham, and a descendant of the blood royal of the Stuarts, was a great help to his rapid rise, the handsome young knight was skilled in all manly exercises, and cited as a model of grace in the dance. Constant in attendance upon the court, he frequently took part in the masques performed before it. Like the king, he was fully equipped for hunting; but greater contrast could not have been found than between his tall fine form and the king's ungainly figure. Sir Gilbert had remained behind with the rest of the courtiers in the chapel, but, calling him, James seized his arm, and set forward at his usual shambling pace. As he went on, nodding his head in return to the profound salutations of the assemblage, his eye rolled round them until it alighted on Richard Assheton, and, nudging Sir Gilbert, he asked,

"Wha's that?-a bonnie lad, but waesome pale."

Sir Gilbert, however, was unable to answer the inquiry; but Nicholas, who stood beside the young man, was determined not to lose the opportunity of introducing him, and accordingly moved a step forward, and made a profound obeisance.

"This youth, may it please your majesty," he said, "is my cousin, Richard Assheton, son and heir of Sir Richard Assheton, of Middleton, one of your majesty's most loyal and devoted servants, and who, I trust, will have the honour of being presented to you in the course of the day."

"We trust so, too, Maister Nicholas Assheton—for that, if we dinna forget, is your ain name," replied James; "and if the sire resembles the son, whilk is not always the case, as our gude freend Sir Gilbert is evidence, being as unlike his worthy father as a man weel can be; if, as we say, Sir Richard resembles this callant, he must be a weel-faur'd gentleman. But, God's santie, lad! how came you in sic sad and sombre abulyiements? Hae ye nae braw claiths to put on to grace our coming? Black is na the fashion at our court, as Sir Gilbert will tell ye, and though a suit o' sables may become you, it's na pleasing in our sight. Let us see you in gayer apparel at dinner."

Richard, who was considerably embarrassed by the royal address, merely bowed, and Nicholas again took upon himself to answer for him.

"Your majesty will be pleased to pardon him," he said, "but he is unaccustomed to court fashions, having passed all his time in a wild and uncivilised district, where, except on rare and happy occasions like the present, the refined graces of life seldom reach us."

"Weel, we wouldna be hard upon him," said the king, good-naturedly, "and mayhap the family has sustained some recent loss, and he is in mourning."

"I cannot offer that excuse for him, sire," replied Nicholas, who began to flatter himself he was making considerable progress in the monarch's good graces. "It is simply an affair of the heart."

"Puir chiel! we pity him," cried the king. "And sae it is a hopeless suit, young sir?" he added to Richard. "Canna we throw in a good word for ye? Do we ken the lassie, and is she to be here to-day?"

"I am quite at a loss how to answer your majesty's questions," replied Richard, "and my cousin Nicholas has very unfairly betrayed

my secret."

"Hoot, toot! nah, lad," exclaimed James, "it was not he wha betrayed your secret, but our ain discernment that revealed it to us. We kenned your ailment at a glance. Few things are hidden from the king's eye, and we could tell ye mair aboot yourself, and the lassie you're deeing for, if we cared to speak it; but just now we have other fish to fry, and must awa' and break our fast, of the which, if truth maun be spoken, we stand greatly in need, for creature comforts maun be aye looked to as weel as spiritual wants, though the latter should be ever cared for first, as is our ain rule, and in so doing we offer an example to our subjects, which they will do weel to follow. Later in the day, we will talk further to you on the subject; but, meanwhile, gie us the name of your lassie loo."

"Oh! spare me, your majesty," cried Richard.

"Her name is Alizon Nutter," interposed Nicholas.

"What! a daughter of Alice Nutter, of Rough Lee?" exclaimed James.

"The same, sire," replied Nicholas, much surprised at the extent of

information manifested by the king.

"Why, saul o' my body! man, she's a witch—a witch! d'ye ken that?" cried the king, with a look of abhorrence; "a mischievous and malignant vermin with which this pairt of our realm is sair plagued, but which, with God's help, we will thoroughly extirpate. Sae the lass is a daughter of Alice Nutter, ha! That accounts for your grewsome looks, lad. Odd's life! I see it all now. I understand what is the matter with you. Look at him, Sir Gilbert—look at him, I say. Does nothing strike you as strange about him?"

"Nothing more than that he is naturally embarrassed by your majesty's

mode of speech," replied the knight.

"You lack the penetration of the king, Sir Gilbert," cried James. "I will tell you what ails him. He is bewitchit—forespoken."

Exclamations were uttered by all the bystanders, and every eye was

fixed on Richard, who felt ready to sink to the ground.

"I affirm he is bewitchit," continued the king; "and wha sae likely to do it as the glamouring hizzie that has ensnared him? She has ill bluid in her veins, and can chant deevil's cantrips as weel as the mither, or ony gyre-carling o' them a'."

"You are mistaken, sire," cried Richard, earnestly. "Alizon will be here to-day with my father and sister, and if you deign to receive her, I

am sure you will judge her differently."

"We shall perpend the point of receiving her," replied the king, gravely. "But we are rarely mista'en, young man, and seldom change our opinion, except upon gude grounds, and those you are na like to offer us. Belike ye ha' been lang ill?"

"Oh! no, your majesty; I was suddenly seized about a month ago,"

replied Richard.

"Suddenly seized-eh!" exclaimed James, winking cunningly at those near him; "and ye swarfit awa' wi' the pain? I guessed it. And whaur was Alizon the while?"

"At that time she was a guest at Middleton," replied Richard; "but it is impossible my illness can in any way be attributed to her. I will

answer with my life for her perfect innocence."

"You may have to answer wi' your life for your misplaced faith in her," said the king; "but I tell you nothing-nothing wicked, at all events-is impossible to witches, and the haill case, even by your own showin', is very suspicious. I have heard somewhat of the story of Alice Nutter, but not the haill truth-but there are folk here wha can enlighten us mair fully. Thus much I do ken—that she is a notorious witch, and a fugitive from justice, though aiblins you, Maister Nicholas Assheton, could give an inkling of her hiding-place if you were so disposed. Nay, never look doited man," he added, laughing. "I bring nae charges against you. Ye are na' on your trial noo. But this is a serious matter, and maun be seriously considered before we dismiss it. You say Alizon will be here to-day. So far weel. Canna you contrive to produce the mother, too, Maister Nicholas?"

" Sire!" exclaimed Nicholas.

" Nay, then, we must gang our ain way to wark," continued James. "We are tauld ye ha' a petition to offer us, and our will and pleasure is that you present it afore we go forth to the chase, and after we have partaken of our matutinal refection, whilk we will no langer delay; for, sooth to say, we are weel nigh famished. Look ye, sirs. Neither of you is to quit Hoghton Tower without our permission had and obtained. We do not place you under arrest—neither do we inhibit you from the chase, or from any other sports, but you are to remain here at our sovereign pleasure. Have we your word that you will not attempt to disobey the injunction?"

"You have mine, undoubtedly, sire," replied Richard.

"And I hope to justify myself before your majesty."

"We shall be weel pleased to hear ye do it, man," rejoined the king, laughing, and shuffling on. "But we hae our doubts-we hae our doubts."

"His majesty talks of going to breakfast, and says he is famished," observed Nicholas to Sherborne, as the king departed, " but he has completely taken away my appetite."

> However, to the point. Chesp and expellenin an road wit to and sugments to extensionizely

"No wonder," replied the other.

THE OMNISCIENT

BY CORNELIUS COLVILLE.

THE wonderful facilities at present afforded to travellers and tourists, render it a tolerably easy and inexpensive matter to visit the principal The rage for sight-seeing has certainly kept pace with cities of Europe. the improvements in the mode of transit, and Mr. Jones once a year releases himself from his dusty office in Cornhill to take a trip up the Rhine, or, peradventure, a peep at the Eternal City; nay, he may even visit Switzerland, and make the ascent of Mont Blanc, and risk his neck amongst the glaciers and avalanches of that famous mountain, after the fashion of Mr. Albert Smith and his companions a short while ago, and whose narrative will, no doubt, be still fresh in the minds of our readers. Yes, Mr. Jones, it is no longer so exclusive an affair as it used to be some years ago to gaze upon an Italian sky-to see one's image reflected in the dark waters beneath the Rialto-to behold the wonderful productions in the Vatican, or to stare with an air of incredulity at the relics exhibited at St. Peter's. Pshaw! if we live a few years longer, the Pyramids will be within a few days' journey of us, and the much-mooted question as to the passage across the Isthmus of Panama finally settled. Nay, sir, look not incredulous, for who, fifty years ago, would have dreamed of gas, or of a journey between London and Edinburgh being accomplished in little more than twelve hours; or of a mode of communication which should be capable of transmitting intelligence hundreds of miles in the course of a few minutes? There is, even at this moment, a project for a submarine railway between France and England; and who shall say that, wild as at present it may appear, it shall not one day be realised? The future is big with fresh discoveries and greater achievements than any that have as yet been accomplished.

If the Great Exhibition had been held in 1751 instead of 1851, do you suppose that the number of articles sent (assuming, of course, that there were as many inventions at that period as at present) would have been so great, or that London would have been so filled with visitors as it was during the last summer? Nothing of the kind. At that time, indeed, a journey to London was as much thought of as an expedition to the North Pole would be at present. People made their wills before undertaking them-embraced their friends and relations at parting, as though for the last time. Well, these were the good old times as they were called, when our grandmothers wore linsey-woolsey of their own spinning-when tea was really a luxury, as witness the cups then in use —and when a veritable piece of china was as great a curiosity as a piece of Californian gold in our own times.

However, to the point. Cheap and expeditious travelling is one of the characteristics of the age; but at the time of which I am about to speak, it was not so. Ah! what melancholy reminiscences do these times conjure up! Where be ye, jolly, red-faced men with large paunches, buttoned up in great white coats, with immense horn buttons? Since ye and your teams have been driven from the road, what has become of ye -where have ye found an asylum-in the grave-in the workhouse, or,

peradventure, in some obscure hostelry by the roadside, where ye may still be near the scene of your former triumphs, and picture in imagination your dancing greys prancing along the road? Change-change There is nothing in these times of innovation whose duraperpetually. bility can be reckoned upon for a day; and so it was with you, ye glorious fellows of a former period. A power was created which annihilated both ye and your teams. Farewell, ye relics of the past. Future ages may hear or read of you, but they will never enjoy the unspeakable advantage of their progenitors, in having beheld the real living embodi-There will be none to give them a true conception of your excel-Alas! they will look in vain for your glorious rotundity-for that capacious face, glowing with health and good-humour-for those comical eyes, whose power of vision was almost destroyed by the fat cheeks beneath them-for that quaint, rolling gait, and the bluff, but joyous tones of your voices. Yes, that is one of the privileges of which future generations will be deprived. It was in your sober times, before the facilities for travelling before adverted to were in operation, that the following series of incidents occurred.

The old "Express" was one of the safest and best conveyances upon the road at the time I am treating of. I took an inside seat by her some thirty years ago, in the month of November. The season was excessively cold, and snow had been falling in great abundance during the day. The coach left Edinburgh about three o'clock in the afternoon. There was one inside passenger beside myself. He was an old gentleman; but it is difficult to convey an idea of his appearance. He was dressed in black, wore a white neckcloth and a low-crowned, broadbrimmed hat, but he was evidently not a member of the Society of Friends—at least his coat was not cut in the style adopted by that body. His countenance was haggard and thin—his nose long and prominent, and merely covered over with a piece of yellow skin-his eyes were sunken in his head, and overarched with black shaggy eyebrows. There was something in the expression of his mouth which denoted an insidious and malignant character. I did not like his appearance, and that is the It is a pleasure to undertake a journey with agreeable people, and I could not help wishing (I was a young man at the time) that the place of the old gentleman had been filled by a young lady, who has since that period become Mrs. Waghorn, and made your humble servant the father of half a dozen smaller Waghorns.

We had scarcely commenced our journey, when the old gentleman broke the silence which I had determined upon maintaining, by saying, in as familiar a manner as though he had known me from childhood,

"I am glad to find, Mr. Waghorn, that I shall have your company for a day or two."

How the deuce had the fellow discovered my name? He was certainly correct in his designation, but I knew of no means by which he could have arrived at the knowledge, as we had never met in our lives before.

"I confess, sir," I said, "you have the advantage of me, as I am not aware of any previous acquaintance existing between us."

"May I ask," inquired the old gentleman, "if you are a believer in a state of pre-existence?"

"I am not," I said; "but I do not see any connexion between your question and the remark I just made."

"It does not follow, because you see no connexion, that there really

is none."

"I am not addicted to metaphysics," I replied, "but I should be glad to confine our conversation to common sense. I wish to know how you became acquainted with my name?"

"At present I decline to satisfy your curiosity. There is one thing

upon which I may afford you information."

"And what is that, pray?"

"It is simply with regard to your present journey, which is useless, since the gentleman whom you are about to wait upon will be absent when you arrive in Leeds."

I was more perplexed than ever. My destination was certainly Leeds, and the principal object of my journey to wait upon a gentleman respect-

ing the disposal of some property.

"I know not, sir, how you have become so conversant with my affairs, unless you have been at the pains of making inquiries respecting them previously to your departure from Edinburgh."

"It matters not; I give you information which, if you choose to avail yourself of, will save you both time and expense. I tell you, Mr. Mugg-

ridge will not be in Leeds when you arrive there."

"I do not wish to express harsh language, but you compel me to say that I do not believe a word of what you assert. I have Mr. Muggridge's letter in my pocket, in which he fixes the 27th instant for our meeting."

"You are again falling into an error. Mr. Muggridge's letter is not

in your pocket, nor, indeed, in your possession."

"I do not understand this conduct, sir; you might as well call me a liar."

"There is no occasion, my good friend, for this excitement. Convince yourself of the fact."

"I will do so, if it be only for the purpose of branding you a liar."

I accordingly examined my pockets, turned my papers over and over, but Muggridge's letter was not there. I examined a small carpet-bag I had upon my knees, but with the same result. Had the fellow abstracted the letter? It looked, it must be confessed, very suspicious.

"You-you, sir," I exclaimed, choking with rage, "have abstracted

the letter from my pocket."

"I will not reply to your accusation in the language it merits. I excuse you on the score of your excitement and inexperience."

"If you have not the letter, where is it?"

"I do not think you deserve to be told where it is; but probably you may recollect leaving it upon the dressing-table at the inn in

Edinburgh."

When he referred to it, I remembered the circumstance perfectly, but how had he become acquainted with it? Who could the man be? There was, as I have before observed, something about him equally repulsive and singular, and from the moment I beheld his countenance I entertained the utmost aversion for him.

"I know not who you are, sir," I said, "but there is a mystery surrounding you which I am unable to penetrate."

"That is very possible. However, will you give me your reasons for denying a state of pre-existence?"

"I will not enter into the subject."

"It is a favourite one of mine," said the old gentleman.

"I perceive it is, and it is partly upon that account I refuse to discuss it."

"I have known people more obliging," my companion rejoined.

"I don't doubt it," I said; "and I have travelled with more agreeable

companions."

I luckily had a newspaper in my pocket, which I had bought before I started, and which, having been published in Edinburgh that day, contained the latest intelligence. I began to read it, in the hope that I should thus effectually silence him. I was deceived.

"I think reading in company a very unsocial practice," he said.

"I wish to see the state of the funds," I answered.

"I will tell you all about it, sir."
"The king's speech," I rejoined.

"I have it by heart, sir."

"Pshaw!" I said, growing impatient; "I wish to see what age a friend was at the time of his death."

"I can save you the trouble. He was sixty-seven."

I glanced my eyes over the deaths, and, to my inexpressible surprise, I found that that was exactly his age.

Good Heavens! who was this man? He appeared to be cognisant of everything.

"I do not know how you became possessed of so much information, but your interference is remarkably disagreeable."

"I am very social myself, and I like to see other people so. How I became possessed of my information doesn't signify."

"It does not signify to me in the least. At the next stage, I shall take my place on the outside."

"I would recommend you to sit beside the coachman, for he is dumb."

"I shall please myself as to that."

When we arrived at the next stage I put my threat into execution.

I seated myself beside the coachman. He was dumb, as my companion had informed me. I was sorry to find this to be the case, as I wished to gather some information from him respecting my late companion. I could not help ruminating for several miles upon his singular character. There was something very extraordinary about him—there was no doubt about that. But what he was, or whence he had come, I was quite at a loss to know.

When we had travelled about fifty miles, an accident occurred which prevented our proceeding any further that night. A roadside inn was luckily at hand, and no injury having been sustained by any of the passengers, we proceeded to the house in question, with the view of seeking accommodation for the night.

A very stout man, well wrapped up with coats, and a thin, meagre-looking creature, and myself, took possession of one of the rooms. I was

exceedingly glad to find that the mysterious old gentleman was not of the company.

"A rough night for travelling, sir," said the stout man, addressing my-

self.

"Yes, it is," I replied.

"Ah! gentlemen," said the other, "what's worse, these here roads are uncommon dangerous at this time—it ain't very long since the mail was stopped and the letter-bags carried off by highwaymen."

"No, it's not very safe travelling, my friend," said the stout man.

"It is not, indeed, sir. Well," he continued, "I will have a glass of brandy. I think it will do me good this cold night. Can you (addressing the stout man) change me a sovereign?"

"I cannot," said the stout man; "but perhaps my young friend here

can."

"Oh, yes, I believe I can," I said. So I counted him twenty shillings

into his hand, and took the sovereign in exchange.

The men remained about half an hour in the room, and then went out. Having already called myself for some brandy-and-water, I sat for awhile musing on what had befallen me since I left Edinburgh. I need not say that the old gentleman was constantly present to my thoughts, and that he appeared to be invested with the deepest mystery. If I had been addicted to superstition, I might have attributed the extraordinary knowledge he possessed to his dealings with the Evil One. There was certainly no way, that I knew of, of accounting for his information. My history was evidently familiar to him, and, for aught I knew, that of every other passenger as well. I presently fell into a doze by the fire. How long I continued I know not, but, on awakening, I discovered, with the most painful emotions, the old gentleman seated on the other side of the fireplace, smoking his pipe.

"A pleasant nap, I hope?" he said.

"Yes; I'm sorry my waking moments are not so agreeable."

"Disagreeable as my company appears to be, I might, if I had been here a short while ago, have prevented you from being robbed."

" Robbed? By whom?"

"By the thin man for whom you changed a sovereign."

"I did do so, but I have the money."

"It is not worth a button. It is base coin."

I examined it, and found the statement of the old gentleman but too correct. His information, however, came too late, for, on inquiry, I found the men had left the house.

On the following morning we resumed our journey, and arrived that night in Leeds, without any further accident befalling us. I proceeded to an inn that I was recommended to stay at before leaving Edinburgh.

I had just finished tea, and was sitting down to write a letter, when the

waiter entered the room.

"Gentleman wishes to speak with you, sir."

"What's his name?"

"Didn't give his name."

"Oh, send him in."

Good God! I was astonished when the old gentleman came shuffling into

the room. I had hoped that I had freed myself for ever from his detest-

"I beg pardon for intruding, but if you are writing to Miss Sharp, have the kindness to give my best respects to her—that is, say an old gentleman, a fellow-passenger of yours, desires to be remembered

"I shall do nothing of the kind. Besides, how do you know I am writing to Miss Sharp?"

"I surmise so."

"This behaviour of yours is most extraordinary. I know not what construction to put upon it. I feel assured of this, that Miss Sharp will feel no desire to hear from you at all."

"There you are mistaken. However, please yourself. I shall meet

you to-morrow at the Silvertops. Good night."

I cannot find language to convey fully to the mind of the reader my unbounded astonishment at the singular conduct of this old fellow. He appeared to possess the faculty of divination, and his behaviour, indeed, throughout had been so strange, that I really began to doubt whether I was in my proper senses, and whether this curious old man was not Beelzebub himself. He seemed to be conversant with every project I had in view. I was, indeed, writing to Miss Sharp at the time of his entrance, and I had a little before despatched a messenger to the Silvertops to apprise them of my arrival, and of my intention to dine with them on the following day.

On the succeeding morning I waited upon Mr. Muggridge as agreed upon, but, to my ineffable surprise, I found he had been called from home

on urgent business, as the old man had foretold me.

I had some other trifling business in Leeds, which I immediately set about despatching, and when I had finished it, I proceeded to my friends the Silvertops. I was shown at once into the dining-room; but I had scarcely entered it, when my fellow-passenger of the previous day rose from his seat and advanced towards me.

"My young friend," he said, extending his hand to me, "I am exceed-

ingly happy to see you."

Instead of taking his hand, I bowed coldly to him.

"This gentleman and I travelled together from Edinburgh," said the old man; "so you see we are not strangers."

"I perceive not," said Silvertop.

"And how did you leave all in Edinburgh?" inquired Mrs. Silvertop.

"All well, thank you."

"Now don't commit yourself, young man," said the old gentleman; "you know that Miss Alice has suffered for some time from the toothache."

"Permit me to answer for myself, if you please," I said.

"I suppose you thought the tooth-ache a very trivial matter," said Mrs. Silvertop.

"No, indeed; it quite escaped my memory," I replied.

I shall not dwell upon what occurred during my visit to the Silvertops. The old gentleman, although very communicative to the master and mistress of the house, directed but little of his conversation to myself—a

circumstance at which I was certainly not displeased. I stayed much longer than I intended, in the hope that my tormentor would take his departure first, in which case I should, in all probability, have been able to acquire some information from Mr. and Mrs. Silvertop as to his character and so forth. My object, which the old gentleman seemed to perceive, was thwarted, for he showed no indications of departing soon. It was near eleven when I arose to take my leave of the family.

When I bade good night to my friends, the old fellow rose from his

chair, and again offering me his hand, said :

"Farewell, my young friend. I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you again for a week or two. I shall, however, be present when the ceremony takes place."

"I beg you will explain yourself."

"There is no occasion for any mystery, for I know all about it. Give my love to Miss Sharp, and assure her I shall be there."

I at once perceived to what he referred. It was my approaching

wedding.

I bade my friends once more farewell, and departed. As I hurried along the street, I would have given all I possessed to know who and what the man was, and how he had become possessed of his curious information.

A few more words, and my narrative closes. My wedding-day arrived. The old gentleman, punctual to his promise, was present at the ceremony—nay, he even gave the bride away, for he was actually her father, and had but lately returned from abroad, where he had been many years.

He had been staying at the same inn as myself in Edinburgh, and being of a very inquisitive disposition, he had soon discovered my name, but knew of course previously of the intimacy existing between his daughter and myself. During the journey he had not failed to watch all my proceedings, and to profit by the intelligence he thus acquired.

I have nothing more to say than that, upon our wedding-day, he made a present of 2000l. to my wife; and I think the reader will agree with me, that that act compensated for a great deal of what was obnoxious in his character. My wife, of course, harboured no animosity towards him from the first; and as to myself—what could I do?—I forgave him.

for "marks or laivest grow or other drops side religions? on you also

Mem. for the reader-2000l. covers a multitude of sins.

THE STORM.

BY JOSEPH ANTHONY, JUN.

OUR Captain's eye is thoughtful, There's a cloud upon his brow; And since it first upon us burst, N'er raged the storm as now.

Tis mid-day, yet the sky is black-Black, fleck'd with spots of grey, Black, fleck'd with spots of bidden fires,
Where, like the flash of hidden fires,

More fearful than the thunder-peals That shake the inky sky, Are shouting spirits of the storm, That seem to ride on high

Like voices of an anger'd host, With hate in every breath, Around on every side they pour-Their battle-cry is " Death !"

With those fearful war-shouts, now, Are other voices borne; "This is the storm Cape Horn!" Hark! in shricking tones they cry

The sea-birds wheel in rapid flight Around us, with the waves; Oh, had we wings to flee away From foam-capped gaping graves!

Through the riven bulwarks, O'er our decks green waters sweep-Now the struggle's o'er!

No—she rises—gallant ship! Proudly still her prow; Ne'er seemed she such a thing of life, So hero-like as now.

Hurrah! hurrah! the battle's o'er: Two nights, two days, in vain Old Ocean and his storm-fiends fought With all their might and main. also made and to fulbrime

Hurrah! hurrah! our gallant ship bed and gottoob ed l Holds boldly on her way, on Joint year and Hosmid and Defying ocean's direst might sond and somesmouth this hi Her onward march to stay.

or one to the

Hurrah! hurrah! behold her now, of his thoughts. She walks the waves with scorn-dialberd of mas I Nor mean the foe she's triumphed o'er, mode sa liew sa " rvet and caricola The Storm-Hosts of Cape Horn.

l, and presume if Now, what care we for ocean's rage, to damage out the at. The spirits of the deep;
With laurels from the fiercest won, world nom don't with laurels from the fiercest won, world be be seen as a second of the spirits of the deep; On, gloriously, we sweep.

Hurrah! hurrah!

THE MIDNIGHT MEETING.

CHAPTER III.

THE sun had long since set, and already the moon, through the thinnest fissures of the clouds, poured her silver beams upon rock and mountain, covering them with the transitory snows of her silver light; while on tree-top the moonbeams shivered, turning the fall to molten brightness, lighting up the dark nook where even the dead lay, and throwing strange

shadows upon this scene of fairy-land.

Ere many minutes had passed away, the youth again appeared high up on the furthest path, marshalling the way to two stalwart troopers, who carried between them a basket of provisions, indicative by its size of rich contents. Staring about them at a scene so unexpected, and making awkward salutations to one who appeared of high rank, they placed their load upon the ground.

"Wait above till the signal is given," said the youth, "at midnight,

and let pickets be set to guard against surprise."

"Your two heroes," said the father, "are rather awkward specimens of the knight-errant. Their bandoleers set awkwardly, and their plumes don't hang very jauntily."

"Oh, they're mere recruits pressed yesterday, and don't know yet a morion from an iron pot, but their hearts are in the right place, and they'll

serve. But what news, my father, from the southern counties?"

"Our royal master, when I left Oxford, was a fugitive, seeking refuge, it was supposed, in the charcoal-burners' huts in Hampshire, but the country was rising everywhere against the Rump, and Cromwell had enough on his hands, what with Roundhead members and royal levies. All may yet go well, so the king lies safe till he may again burst forth like the sun."

"Yes, which goeth about from the one end of the heavens unto the other, and nothing is hid from the heat thereof," said the doctor, unable to restrain a quotation, and rejoicing at the free use of that unruly member, the "tongue," after so long and compulsory a silence; "which word heat, as Stephanus observes, may rather be interpreted as the all-pervading life-spring."

"Oh, if thou must deliver a homily, good doctor, ascend yonder pulpitshaped rock, just out of the reach of our ears," said the youth, un-

mindful of the stern glances of his father.

The doctor, abashed at the rebuke, shrunk back into his nook, and turning himself to a very quiet mossy stump near him, continued to mutter, as if still discussing the knotty question, every now and then a word—such as "cestas," "pythikos," "adonai,"—disclosing the polyglottic bent of his thoughts.

"Learn to bridle that fiery tongue of thine, Charles," said his father, "as well as thou makest that good war-horse Glennock curvet and caricole. But this is no time for rebuke," he said, seizing his hand, and pressing it in all the warmth of his heart, and smiling in that every-day hypocrisy by which men throw a veil over the best emotions of their hearts, he laughed as he added, "Now rip open the fat paunch of that wallet, for my

stomach is just in that state of revolt so well described by the old Roman in his parable. Dost thou remember it—thou tall fellow of thy hands?"

But the youth's mind was far away. Drawing his rapier, and bending it almost double over his knee, he bad his father mark the generous temper

of as true Toledo as ever crossed the Channel.

Where are thy good wits gone to?" said his father, as he seized the basket, tore it open, warmly aided by the good doctor, just relieved of a satisfactory theory upon the word cestas and its Hebrew root, who drew forth, with a triumphant look, two dark-brown pasties of a goodly size, and a goodly bottle of sack, that looked light and golden when held up against the moonlight. Not many minutes had elapsed ere the knight and the doctor, divested of his ragged canonicals, were deep in the bowels of the largest pasty; and, having summarily unsealed the flask by knocking off its head, took deep draughts and long pledges to "our rightful king;" their loyalty much increased by the hunger and thirst of some days past—a fast, if not quite as sanctifying as that of a Papist, at least

as difficult to endure with patience.

Then, like gorged hounds, they lay themselves down under a bush to rest, the knight leaning his head on a rich tuft of heather, the doctor on his canonicals, conveniently rolled up into a soft, yielding pillow, as conducive to sleep as one of his own sermons. Seated on a felled tree by the side of his sleeping father sat the young Cavalier, now looking at the sleepers, now musing, with hand on his brow, upon the revels and masques of the vanished court. Over his half-sleeping fancy loomed grim faces of foemen-looks that dying men had cast upon him-the stern, proud triumph of the eye that looks upon a fallen enemy-changing Then his hand relaxed; to lovely faces and grouping maidens. he doubted the whole scene; thought it was but passing in a dream, from which he had fallen into another and deeper abyss; thought himself in his own quiet chamber, with the fire-light playing upon the arras, or lighting up the family portraits on the dark, glossy panel. He awoke; he looked at his watch with a catgut mainspring, that vibrated like a church clock, but which, in those days, was a heirloom of considerable value. It wanted but ten minutes to midnight. His father and the doctor were still asleep. The doctor snored audibly; and his father muttered in his sleep, and turned restlessly: "Up, faint hearts-upon them with the pike-remember bloody Naseby." The doctor, catching and mingling the sound with his dream, replied, as if awaking, though in the deepest depths of a weary sleep, "In the opinion of Johannes Turris Crematus, the word nasebus, rendered in the Hebrew dijal, should be——" Here he sank into an inaudible mutter, as if the real opinion of Johannes Turris Crematus were far too valuable for vulgar ears.

The solitude felt lonely to the madcap youth. He thought of the dead lying below, of the spirits, of the fays, of elves. He must awake them: the hour of rendezvous had all but come. But he paused, as every one does, before he shook off that sweet oblivious spell that weighed so gently upon their senses—that fairest portion of a sad life—that covered them, as Sancho says, "like a cloak." He waited till the watch-hand was approaching, had reached, had passed. How restless, how swift, and how untiring is time, though the fool complains of his lingering! He

shook them at the same moment by the arm. It was amusing to observe the different bias of their returning senses. "Help! help! To arms!" cried the knight, and leapt upon his feet, with a poignard, hitherto concealed, shining in his grasp, his eyes staring; but at once restored to his senses, sheathing his weapon like one ashamed of an enthusiastic transport, he embraced the son whom he loved so dearly. The doctor, slowly turning himself, exclaimed with a dreary and protracted yawn, as if exhausted by his somniferous disputations, "The word cestas, thus mistakingly rendered——" But seeing the wondering looks of the two spectators who bent over him, yawned again—deeper, longer, and wider than ever—rubbed his eyes, apologised for the length of his sleep, and shaking himself with the reluctant air with which poor man resigns the cup of oblivion slowly drawn from him, and of which no draught but that of death can be too deep, looked at his pleasant lair, and exclaimed,

"Verily, good Sir Charles, canst thou help me to the time? for it seemeth to draw near to that hour of which that worthy Arabian gentle-

man says, 'In the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men.'"

"The time is past, I should think, by the deep bass you have kept up to the light treble of my breathing," said the young soldier, unable to restrain a gibe at the inconsistencies of an amiable character so strangely at variance with the scene and the thoughts which crowded in his mind. "And if I can judge aright by half articulate whisperings, even in your dreams you have been digging for Hebrew roots, though not, I trust, in that barren soil where the adage says they generally grow; or you were engaged in a hot dispute about that knotty word cestas, on which, some four hours ago, you were about to deliver us an interesting discourse, of which we (aside, fortunately), hem! I am sorry to say, heard but the text."

"You do too much honour, young gentleman, to my poor learning, but a disquisition on the subject I certainly have written, and will at some

convenient time read you."

But already the versatile youth grew weary of the good man's harangue, and exclaiming, "'Tis midnight," blew his horn shrilly.

" Trali, trali, trala."

A pause of a moment or two, as if men were arousing, and it was answered nearer and louder than before. In another moment, a trampling and crashing was heard as some two dozen men made their way through the narrow paths, and ranged themselves in irregular order upon the bank. With a cheer they greeted their young leader, who, gracefully drawing his sword, presented it to his father, as a token of resigned command. His father returned it him.

"I will not command the brave fellows your own loyalty and courage has banded. I will be at thy right hand, will temper thy headstrong valour in the charge, and urge thee to fresh exertions when thy young

heart is damped with defeat."

A louder cheer greeted words so worthy of so noble a father and so

brave a son.

Every moment peasants poured in, armed with scythe, and pike, and fork, and rude goads, and rough arquebusses, and halberds as old as Elizabeth.

"What tidings bring the scouts?" said the young Cavalier to the oldest man of his troop; "but yonder is one; let him speak for him self."

As he spoke, a dwarfish figure, with long, ragged black hair, and keen eyes, pushed himself forward, with all the self-esteem with which the

deformed seem invested by kind nature.

"I have not been near Harlech to-day, good sir; but yester-night the garrison was much straitened, so one of their deserters told me, and they had barely oatmeal enough in half-rations to last two days more; and even now their food is rats, and skins, and messes of the weeds pulled from the ramparts. As I was playing the harp at an inn by the roadside, I saw two of Mytton's regiment pass. They had corselets on, and had been foraging, but they took no heed of me."

"How stands the country disposed towards the right cause?" said the

elder knight.

"Well, they stay but for the rising, and the word, 'King Charles and the Cavaliers for ever!' and there'll be many a stout fellow's foot in

stirrup, and many a matchlock taken down from chimney-rest."

"The array, in the words of old Ben, is 'somewhat of the fewest' to raise a siege," said the knight, whispering to his son; "but we know what bold hearts have done, and we know what they may do again."

"But there is no time for delay, if we march. Let's to horse," cried

the young man.

"Stay, stay, master general," said his father. "Sergeant, read the roll-call."

The officer read, and but one man was found missing—"Thomas Lewis, better known as Hardriding Tom."

"Who knows anything of him?"

No one answered.

"He can't have turned traitor. A soldier says he has taken lately to say his prayers, and when he cursed him for it, and said there was enough time, he hoped, for such things as that, and asked him if he was going to turn Puritan and join Mytton and the Rump, he told him to hold his foul tongue, or he'd slip his knife between his ribs. Perhaps he's proved traitor, and all is lost. But no gloomy forebodings. The fellow drinks beer as if he was at a continual term,* and is thirsty as a sand-bed. I'll wager forty crowns he's dead drunk in a handful of straw in our last hostel. I dare swear he's drunk, but no traitor. He'll join us when he hears the trumpet."

Then, ascending the highest ground overlooking the stream, whose roar rendered his voice inaudible beyond the circle of the little band, noble and commoner knelt before the holy man, as, with glowing eye

and irrestrainable emotion, he exclaimed,

"Let God arise—let his enemies be scattered—let those that are mighty flee before him."

And then selecting from the stores of his memory verses suitable to

the occasion, he continued, after a moment's pause,

"Plead thou my cause, O Lord, with them that strive against me, and fight thou against those that fight against me. Lay hand upon the shield and buckler, and stand up to help us. Bring forth the spear, and stop the way against them that persecute me."

And all the people assembled cried "Amen."

But never on earth was that half-finished prayer to be concluded. Already the God to whom they prayed had frustrated those wishes, which

his mercy thought unmeet for accomplishment.

"Let them be confounded and put to shame that seek—— Sir Charles—hush! hush! What are those sparks, like the fire-flies of Hispaniola, among the trees that crown yonder craggy bank? They seem to move, and flit, and come nearer," he exclaimed; "or are they rather what the learned call falling stars?" suddenly breaking off, and pointing, with outstretched fingers, to the objects of his wonder and fear, for, with heads bended, none but himself could see the scene around.

"The Philistines are upon us!" cried Sir Charles, with a shout, as

his men sprang to their feet and grasped their arms.

It was not too soon, for the next instant pistol-shots, and the distant clang of steel was heard, followed by a close volley, that poured upon them from their hitherto ambushed enemies, who now showed themselves in thick array on the opposite bank, headed by an officer, who appeared, from his plume, rich baldric, and proud bearing, to be of rank.

One trooper fell; a bullet had struck him, and toppling from the plateau of rock, he fell into the torrent beneath, its roar concealing the crash made by his descent. One other man was wounded in the arm, but could still handle his piece, and in an instant the scarf of the young

knight had bound up the wound.

At a glance, the experienced eye of the old soldier had caught the

dangers and the advantages of his position.

"Doctor," he cried, "ensconce yourself behind that jutting point, and keep close. Let each man fall behind the nearest bush or slab of stone,

and reserve his fire, for there is hotter work ere we part."

In a moment every man had disappeared, as if they had sunk into the earth, or like Roderick Dhu's clansmen, but not before the fiery young Hotspur, whose ardour seemed irrestrainable as that of a war-horse who scents the battle, had snatched a musket from the hands of a trooper, and, taking deliberate and cool aim, fired at the leader of the Parliamentary party, who, shouting, "Who is on the Lord's side—who?" was waving his sword, as if urging his men to some deed of daring from which they shrank.

"A murrain on the fool!" he said. "I saw the bullet leap from his

head-piece as a hail-drop would skip off a cabbage-leaf."

"Let them be as the dust before the wind, and the angel of the Lord scattering them!" cried the doctor, peering from his hiding-place, but retreating instantly, as a stray bullet nearly deprived the English Church of one of her warmest supporters.

SQUASHTAIL CHARGER; OR, THE GREAT HORSE CASE.

Squashtail, Dobbs, and Co., keep the great and much-resorted-to divan, with the plate-glass windows, its gilding, and its paint, its easy-chairs, and iced Seltzer water and hock, its lounging men of fashion and used-up roués, which rears its imposing front in Regent-street: lords and "legs," barristers and guardsmen, patrician sand moneyed plebeians, were amongst its patrons. It was this firm that always compounded the well-known Beaudysart and De Winton mixtures, used severally by the peers of those names, and without which no snuff-taker ever would dare produce his box. Their latakia and bird's-eye mixed, was inhaled in finely-mounted meerschaums by every keeper of terms at the Temple, or Oxonian at Christ Church; while their cigars obtained such an European notoriety, as to rank in fame with the Great Exhibition, Mr. Hobbs, the electric telegraph, Mr. Paxton, or any of the other wonders of our age.

Times had changed with Squashtail. There had been an era when he sold cabbage-leaves as real Havannahs in a little bye-shop, far, far away from the west, to the counter-skippers of Oxford-street, or the "titmice" of Regent-street; when Mrs. Squashtail, who had long black ringlets, and a pale and oily face, used to hand the young "gents" a straw to suck their brandies-and-waters through, and coquette with her eyes, and chronicle scandal with her lips; when they had a Jew traveller to solicit orders, and invariably forgot to settle his hotel's account; but we write of the "present," and must therefore leave the "past" to the sesquepedalian rhetoric of Mr. Carlyle. The fruits of Mrs. Squashtail's marriage was one son, Cecil Percy De Winton, called after the nobleman whose bond the tobacconist held as security for money lent; for be it known that Squashtail, although a Gentile, had no sort of compunction at lending his earnings at a "little"—say forty to fifty per centage, to the "scions of a noble race," who were formerly wont to start at Crockford's, and finally pull up at Boulogne. The youth was now about seventeen; he had a face—of course he had—but, by a face, 'tis meant it was neither one thing nor the other; it was not decidedly handsome, nor yet unquestionably ugly; it was a quiet, stolid countenance, without expression, and certainly deficient of any intelligent caste (it had a beautifully curled pair of whiskers, and such ambrosial moustaches), for all the world like those one beholds on the wax figures in Truefit's windows, or the "young gentlemen" at Swan and Edgar's, although of course the latter are never allowed to sport the hirsute upper lip that garnished our youth, much as they may desire it. His head was not badly formed, nor overburdened with sense. It contained a smattering of Greek and Latin, a thorough knowledge of lords and dukes, culled from the pages of the "Peerage" and his father's ledger, a thorough abhorrence of the shop, and a good individual opinion of Cornet Cecil Percy De Winton Squashtail, of her Majesty's Dragoons.

Three months after his appointment to the Heavies he swaggered into the barrack-square, where his regiment was quartered, in a dress more in accordance with his own taste than the fashion of the period. He wore a bottle-green Newmarket cutaway coat, a groom-like waistcoat, very tight trousers—which he had already learned to call "overalls," and which would have been a study worthy of a fellow of any royal or other society to know how he got into them—a blue cravat with white spots, a narrow-brimmed hat, a ton weight of charms pendant from a gold, cable-like chain, and a huge stick in his hand, with a curiously carved head for a handle.

"Good morning, gentlemen; come to join," said the cornet, in that free, off-hand style peculiar to commercial travellers and young lords on the stage. The coterie he addressed was Major Bouncer, an officer peculiarly sensitive of his dignity and rank; Captain Howard de Hoskins, whose family came over with William the Conqueror, and was himself second cousin once removed to the Earl of Bareacres, and who had a mortal antipathy to the "mushrooms" of society, declaring they ought to have a regiment set apart for themselves—"Gad, sir!" he used to exclaim, "no man who cannot prove that three generations never meddled in trade ought to join 'us;" and one or two unfledged cornets, who were ready to go whichever way the wind blew, fully coincided in this sagacious opinion.

"You had better report yourself to the adjutant, sir," observed Major Bouncer, with all the dignity of his dignified position in the corps.

"Well, well! you don't give a fellow time; the prize-ring gives five seconds, surely you give more. As my respected governor always says, 'Hurry no man's cattle, for you may some day have a jackass of your own.'"

"De Hoskins, a word with you," said Major Bouncer, solemnly leading away the captain by the arm, and leaving Squashtail looking very much like a clown in the arena of a circus.

"You have astonished our major," said Whiskerless; "he is not

accustomed to such shocks."

"He will be jumping down your throat, spurs and all," said Lieutenant

Scarlett, "if you don't take care."

"Oh—o!" said Squashtail, drawing out the exclamation to a telescopic length. "He is one of the nobs, I suppose; one of your tip-top sawyer-sort of fellows, eh?"

"He will tip-top saw you, if you don't look out," replied Whiskerless; so you had better report yourself to the adjutant. Yonder is the office,

and you can join us afterwards in the mess-room."

"Oh, I am game for anything—any one thing from pitch and toss up to manslaughter!" exclaimed Squashtail, while a glimmer of scholastic obedience at the Ticklehend Academy of Dr. Birch's flitted across his brain, and made him bend his steps towards the seat of justice and office, where, by his mixture of impudence and conceit, he half-awed, half-astonished the adjutant, and greatly amused the clerks.

This piece of duty over, Squashtail repaired to the mess-room, where he immediately offered to "stand Sam," as he elegantly styled it, which, being interpreted, meaneth paying for a certain quantity of champagne

for his brother subalterns' luncheon.

Good fellowship and liberality being the leading characteristics of the juvenile members of the army, the offer was met with considerable favour, that went far to propitiate him in the good opinion of those present, and veil, in some degree, his too obvious vulgarity.

In no community is the morrow so strictly left to take care of itself as in every branch of the service; and nowhere is the purse, the loves, hopes, and the woes of any member so much the common lot of all, as in a regiment; neither in any other class does the same fraternity exist, nor the same desire to help and "stick by" a comrade, whether in poverty or in sickness, in love or in war, in the bloody siege, the battle-plain, or

youthful escapade, as is ever the case with the British soldier!

The "tiffin," stables, and other duties ended, Macgregor and Whisker-less proposed to the new cornet a "walk down town" to see the lions and beauties—animate and inanimate—of the city; accordingly, linking in their arms, the trio sallied forth on their voyage of "seeing and being seen," peeping under bonnets, ogling modest women, and exciting the rancour of the radical mechanics, who fully believe their hard-wrung taxes keep these youths in their "foine clothes and great dinners."

"Ah! ah! boys!" exclaimed a living prototype of the late ex-king and tutor Louis Philippe, in the person of Mr. James Marrowfat, a retired stocking-weaver—"ah, ah! your new catch, I conclude. Honour to make his acquaintance; come boys, come (wheeze) dinner, six sharp—leg of mutton—cut-and-come-again (wheeze)—fine old bottle of port—twenty-five—take us in a homely (puff). Cis, Martha, and self—family party. Come, will you, Mr. What-do-you-call-em?"

"Squashtail, sir; Mr. Marrowfat—Mr. Squashtail of ours," said Macgregor; whereupon both gentlemen doffed their hats. "To-day I am

sorry I am engaged, Mr. Marrowfat," continued Macgregor.

"And as it is my first evening at mess, I trust you will excuse me, too," chimed in Squashtail; "another time, sir, I shall be most happy."

"Oh, boy, do as you like. Well, I'll come and dine with you. Take care of yourselves (puff); seven your hour, eh? (puff). Ha! ha! ha!" And the stout monster went rolling off along the parade.

"Snob!" energetically observed Whiskerless, on his friend being out

of hearing.

"Ay, man! I don't know that," replied Macgregor. "He gives you a capitally-dressed plain dinner, and means the civil; and Cis is not so bad-looking, after all is said and done. However, you are now let in for some sixteen shillings, Squashtail, for he drinks and eats of everything, this new acquaintance you have made; but you can take it out in dinners and luncheons at his 'Oakland Willa'—as he persists in calling yonder red-brick house without a tree near it—or in sheep's-eyes at Martha."

"Thank you; but that won't matter much, for I have money, I believe ye, my bu—oy. But, as my governor says of all you Scotch, their only cry is 'God bless the Duke of Argyll,' and 'Mony a mickle makes a muckle."

"Your governor, as you call him, profited by those aphorisms, methinks, man," said Macgregor, "or his son could hardly be one of us. Follow him in all things, and don't be so fou as to mistake a milestone for a rubbing-post, or the manners of a gent for that of a gentleman. But let us change a saxpence at Miss Blancmange's."

Accordingly, the party turned into the confectioner's, where that Hebe of stale tarts and cherry-brandy, Miss Blancmange, presided over the

intricacies of the firm who purveyed the "sweeties" and the "toffy" to the juveniles, and the route cakes and jellies to those of maturer age, in that city.

"Well, really, Captain Whiskerless, what an age it is since I have seen you!" exclaimed Miss Blancmange, giving the cornet brevet rank at once, and rolling her eyes in a most languishing fashion; "where have

you been?"

"Oh! why? oh! Town, of course. The Wragemphamish was my direction, the Exhibition, the opera, and bed, besides Bob Croft's and the Cas, and our smoking-room—my occupation—but, like that of Othello's, it is gone now; and so is my heart, dear girl—metempsychosis—right straight into your body."

"Really, captain, you are like the rest of you military gents—you flatter so," said the young lady, coquettishly nestling her cheek on her

left shoulder. "Have you seen Miss Crabtree to-day?"

"No, of course not; why should I?" said Whiskerless, blushing purple. "Because the whole town says you are going to marry her, and what everybody says must be true; although there are some curious tales of her walking with a certain Lancer captain down shady lanes, and by bubbling brooks; and—and—her father, you know, kept the Pig and Whistle in this town once—oh, yes; and her mother—why!—she died suddenly—most folks said it was—'em! drink. Then Jenny Jumps, too, you know, the milliner in High-street, is her cousin, and Bessy Carter, whose father is steward to Lord Downeythorpe, is some relation; and as to her

money, that is all puff, like yonder tipsy-cake."

Now, my very dear and kind reader, be it known there is nothing that can inflict so severe a wound on our amour propre as to know and to be told that we have set our affections upon some one beneath us in family, in ton, or in "our set," whether we be of the sterner or of the fairer sex; for, believe it, kind fellow, there is as much fashion in love as there is in a ball-room, in a carriage, or in a coat; and with many a pang of sorrow, ay, and with many a gulp of disgust and despair, the youthful viscount "leads to the hymeneal altar the accomplished daughter," as the Morning Post has it, of old Steward Macdonnell, the iron-master, that her large dowry may patch up the diminished rental of the old earl's estate; or the fair Lady Georgiana, or beautiful Lady Blanche, gives her hand to "Tummus," the rich and only son of some East Indian or railway director, that by his political interest he may prop up some fallen dynasty, or strengthen some ambitious power! The pill is bitter, though it is gilt!

To be in love with a girl whose mother died with spirituous consolation in her heart instead of spiritual; whose father presided over taps and doctored wines, and whose avocation is always associated with that of sinners; to be son-in-law of a publican, and cousin to a milliner, was more than could be borne by a cornet of Heavies, and son and heir to an old Yorkshire family. The Hebe of tarts had most effectually frustrated the fair Crabtree's hopes, and swamped all affection—if there was any

real—in Whiskerless's nature.

Verily to him she spoke "poniards, and every word stabs;" so, after damaging one or two other ladies' reputation, the party strolled back to barracks.

On the parade they again encountered Marrowfat, and in High-street saw the identical Jenny Jumps holding "sweet converse" with a scrivener of the name of Slobberly; and in George-street they shook hands with Miss Clara Lavine, prémiere danseuse of the theatre, who looked extremely dirty, and her dress very dowdy-genteel, and very different to when she was on the stage, and she sold them a few tickets for her benefit; and then they met the Scotch surgeon and the two Misses Lovelace, who were always after the military; and the red-faced, jolly-looking post captain,

who had the pretty daughter.

At seven the mess-dinner was served, and Marrowfat arrived with a Captain Something, who was in the militia, and a capital cricketer and compounder of milk-punch. He was invariably somebody's "friend" at mess once or twice a week. One or two others also made their appearance, and then dropped in the officers, and dinner began. Whiskerless drank champagne with our hero, and Macgregor, and Grig, and Squiller, and the captain of militia; while Major Bouncer, with becoming dignity, took Badmington with him, and little Waddlehead, Moselle, and Doctor Armpit and Paymaster Discount, sherry; and after dinner, De Hoskins, in a cold, but neat speech, proposed his health, and he had to return thanks; until the considerable quantity of heavy wine and "military stingo" made him feel so very jolly, and think it was the happiest day of his life, when they adjourned to the ante-room, and a few choice spirits gathered round the fire, and had cigars and brandies-and-waters, and Doctor Armpit told his "good" stories, which neither reflected credit upon his grey hairs, nor morality to his years; and Squiller sang a rollicking song; and Grig a licentious parody upon some beautiful air of the day, until our hero began to fancy the read of Elysian fields were now presented to his view; and if it had not been that his chair began to rock, and his brain to swim, he would not have changed places with imperial Jove himself. But these eccentric movements on the part of his head and chair increasing, he made a lurch and a kick, and soused down upon the sofa, where a complete film came over his eyes, and a pain in his chest, and he begun to fancy himself Arthur Duke of Wellington, married to the squatter, Mrs. Hicks, and about to lead on armies to death or victory; and then came a singing in his ears, and then a chorus of "Rule Britannia," and he fell asleep and knew no more.

Next morning he was very ill. The waiter of the George and Dragon attended him early with bitter beer and soda water, and he had to have devilled chickens and Yarmouth bloaters at a three o'clock breakfast, and had to send an excuse to barracks for his non-appearance that day, and began to think that, after all was said and done, soldiering had its pains as well as its pleasures. The following day, by dint of tonics and a good night's sleep, he managed to get up, as well as get himself up, so as to become respectable and presentable to the lieutenant-

colonel.

"Good morning, Mr. Squashtail," said Colonel Woolcombe, a tall, thin man, with hollow cheeks and black hair, and a Spanish caste of countenance, bringing up his two forefingers to his forage-cap as a salute.

"Good morning, sir; how do you do?—fine day! Been very seedy since I have come here—copper's hot," said the cornet, in a loud voice.
"Unwell? There has been a good deal of illness going about lately,"

said the colonel, in quiet tones, and arching his eyebrows in astonishment at the young gentleman's slang parlance. "Fond of hunting?"

"Oh, very!" exclaimed Squashtail, who had no idea of it beyond Astley's.

" Like shooting?"

"Oh, capital fun!" replied Squashtail, who had once been to see a match at the Red House.

"Are you a good shot?" asked the colonel.

"Pretty fair-tol-lol, colonel," said the cornet, who used to pop at

sparrows at school with a pocket-pistol.

"You get good shooting and hunting at this quarter. The neighbourhood is very civil, and the hounds very good," said Colonel Woolcombe, in languid tones. "Got any chargers?"

" No."

"Oh!—humph! My wife has got a nice riding-horse she wants to part with. It would make you a good charger; don't you think it would, Hoskins?"

"The very thing," replied the captain, as a matter of course; and that

matter dropped.

Now, in this distinguished corps of which we are now narrating, any of our readers, by turning to the "Army List," might see that the senior subaltern was Mr. Thirlby, and, moreover, by a reference to the dates of his commissions with those of others, might also see he had been re-peatedly purchased over by his juniors. Thirlby had commenced life with every bright prospect before him-wealth, health, and family-but, ere twelve months had elapsed, in "one fell swoop" everything was carried away. His father had speculated, and was ruined. The cornet immediately exchanged to an Indian regiment, and the profession which he had commenced merely for amusement, must henceforward be the drudgery of labour. He was a soured, disappointed, cynical man. He served in India some time; he exchanged back to England; he had returned his name for purchase as a cornet, and taken a douceur to withdraw it, and, when senior subaltern, had again seized the pistol of regulation, and cried "stand and deliver" to those emulous for a troop. He was a first-rate player at billiards, had a happy knack of turning up the king at écarté, and could sell a horse as well as any man.

His wife was a brunette, and still very handsome: large dark eyes, good complexion, and forehead of alabaster whiteness, over which was parted long raven tresses. Her father had been a commander in the navy, and ran away with a noted singer from one of the opera-houses, for which inconsiderate act he had been denounced by his family, his promotion neglected, and himself forgot; so, in a fit of disgust, he threw up his profession, and settled in the south of France upon his half-pay. It was then melancholy to see how soon they discovered that trite aphorism, "that when poverty comes in at the window love quickly flies out." Both had led a life of excitement; both had known the meed of applause, of authority, and of flattery; and both were utterly unsuited for the humdrum of the domestic hearth. He longed for the days when the "hearts of oak" sprang to his command for the boarding or the engagement, for the terrors of the storm, or the beauties of the calm; she sighed for that time when her voice thrilled through every soul, when avalanches of bouquets bestrewed the stage, or when urged to greater efforts at the

opera-house by the sweet applause of lovely women, or the loud bravos of courtly gallants. Deserted by friends, neglected by relations, the habits of the cockpit and green-room unforgot, they drowned their regrets and sorrows in that great refuge for the destitute—THE BOTTLE!

The children were of course brought up in the hard school of adversity. The village prêtre gave them a stammering of Latin and French, and an English lady resident there endeavoured to do her best to eradicate the pernicious example of their parents, while their mother cared only to cultivate their natural talent for music and singing. At eighteen years of her age their second daughter, Emily, was consigned, with some few other young ladies, to the care of the captain of a ship to that very best of matrimonial marts-our Indian empire. Now, aboard this ship was Cornet Thirlby, on his voyage to rejoin his regiment in the Bengal Presidency. He was struck with the great beauty and simplicity of Emily, paid her marked attention, proposed, and was accepted. For fear, however, any lovelorn or adventurous reader of the masculine sex might deem it fitting to essay a voyage in one of these ships for a like purpose, and with matrimonial feelings for a like issue, we take leave to observe that it does not always follow because he might be accepted by one of these fair voyageurses, therefore he was to marry her—far from it, for these fair damsels were sent out upon that particular mission, "to get husbands," but not soldiers or sailors, or even young John Companies, but rich, old, liverless, yellow-faced nabobs, with lacs of rupees, palaces, coolies, Arabs, elephants, palanquins, and all the other Eastern luxuries.

Flirtations always occur aboard ship, and perhaps one young lady may be engaged twice or three times during the voyage out; but that is all for fun—simply pour passer le temps—nothing more, the mad wags—

The love and attentions of Thirlby came so unexpectedly upon Emily, who had been all her life used to nothing but the reproaches and buffets of her lost parents (who in their drunken squabbles vented their spleen on their children), that raised such intense emotions in her bosom, and such feelings of love, that she now felt for him she would have passed through fire and water, or even the barbarous ordeal of the hideous Juggernaut. From his lips she had first heard the words of kindness and sympathy; he had soothed her griefs, and taught her she had a heart, and had now one object in life. "Him whom to love, is to obey," sings our great Milton; henceforwards by marriage she would become "the God in him," his slave, his worshipper, his creature! So, utterly regardless of splenetic old gentlemen without any livers at all, and their ingots of gold, and fine palaces, and myriads of slaves, she sacrificed all for the sake of the handsome soldier and his humble bungalow, and on their arrival at Calcutta were made man and wife.

Some time after Squashtail had joined, and still without chargers, for he was not going to be "done" by the colonel's horses, or buy on any one's advice but his own, a very pretty three-cornered, peach-coloured note arrived, requesting our hero's company to dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Thirlby, which he was too happy to accept.

"Henry tells me you are still in want of chargers. I want to part with Alonzo," said Mrs. Thirlby, rising from the pianoforte, where she had been playing a beautiful and sentimental air.

"Ah! nice horse," said Squashtail, whose mild heart was entranced

by the singing and beauty of the fair speaker.

"Oh, he is such a dear horse," said Mrs. Thirlby, looking our hero full in the face, until he blushed a deep red, and was sure she was desperately in love with him. "He can gallop so fast, you would win all the races in the Phœnix when we go to Dublin."

Visions of himself in a silk jacket and white leathers, and ladies looking on, and Mrs. Thirlby's "own horse," flitted across his brain. He would have the horse at any cost, and, accordingly, next morning he did

-price a hundred guineas.

To tell you the horse was "a screw," would be to tell you the truth—to tell you the colonel discovered it, and would not pass him—to tell you Squashtail found himself "done"—and to tell you that he wrote home to his father, after selling Alonzo for fifteen pounds five shillings, for more money to buy another, is simply to tell you what did occur.

Tobias Squashtail was furious and mad with ire, like unto a caged hyzena when first taken from his native lairs. He fumed, snorted, splut-

tered, and wrote,

"MY DEAR SON,-

"When I put you into a regiment, I thought you a boy of sense—I see now you are a fool. You ask me for money to buy a charger—I will send you none. Your pocket has already suffered by the blandishments of a syren, perchance your character and heart may next. You will immediately, upon receipt of this communication, make arrangements to leave your regiment by exchange, otherwise I shall stop your allowance, and cut you off with a shilling. When you have left the regiment, I shall commence an action against the monsters.

"Your affectionate father,
"Tobias Squashtail."

"To cut you off with a shilling" is a very common and prettily rounded sentence of our playwrights. A blue-coated, gouty, testy old gentleman, who, shaking his stick, with a voice hoarse and broken from gin and influenza, uses that threat towards his scapegrace nephew; but then we all know, before the end of the third act, by the interference of some Abigail, or the influence of an equally improbable person, he will clasp this nephew to his heart, forgive him, leave him everything he has, and let him marry whom he will. Our novelists, too, are not wholly inimical to the words; but there, again, the old gentleman has either a Miss Bayley to appear to him, or he dies with the pen in his hand as he is signing his unjust will, or he leaves it to a female cousin, who has been long engaged privately to the disinherited youth. But in sober, jog-trot prose, every-day life, "Cut you off with a shilling," when uttered by enraged fathers, means it as much as ever any one of the unchangeable laws of the Medes and Persians, more particularly in the instance of Squashtail, who, before many weeks were over, exchanged into the Hussars.

As soon as Squashtail, senior, saw his son appointed to the Hussars, he sought for his old friend Jack Lynx, a low, clever, thieves' lawyer, and laid the case before him, and asked for advice. Lynx hummed and hawed, and turned over one or two books; did not know whether the price

constituted a warranty, and recommended counsel's opinion; and accordingly an elaborate case in folio sheets was drawn out for Sir Jonas Briefless to advise upon, and he replied in red ink:

"CASE-RE SQUASHTAIL.

"I am of opinion, that if a horse is unsound by curbs, spavins, windsucking, crib-biting, it constitutes unsoundness and vice combined. Curbs
and spavins are unsoundness, wind-sucking and crib-biting can be either
vice or unsoundness—unsoundness is unsoundness, vice is vice. Vide
Pennyfeather v. Livesey, Russ., 122, and Edwards v. Yorkjohn, p. 1, and
p. 648. Coven is fraud; fraud is actionable. Twopenny v. Vignols,
4 Russ., 301, and the venue can be changed. If the horse is unsound
and under legal jurisdiction, he is unsound. If he is not under the power
of the law, the case is not actionable. He is either sound or unsound.
A verdict can be given to either plaintiff or defendant, as the jury may
decide.

" J. BRIEFLESS.

"Lincoln's Inn, July 4, 18-."

And upon this very Apollo-like, Delphi-sort of oracle, an action was commenced at a southern city's assizes, and "Squashtail versus Thirlby" was the "household word" for many a day, previous and after, in the world's mouth.

The trial was brought on. Serjeant Titmarsh was for the prosecution, Mr. Sledgehammer for the defence. It was beautifully argued on both sides, the judge summed up, and a verdict was returned for the defendant.

There was a great dearth of news just then in the country. legged babies were at a discount, gooseberries were out of season, France had been quiet for a whole month; Bishop Cahill had not tumbled or amused the Irish company for a week, murder was quite out of fashion, and the Bloomers were the only bloom "on the tree." What a glorious stalk, then, was a fine, live, full-pay lieutenant! They had caught him, and there must be a grand worry and whoop. The press danced around him like some savage tribe of Illinois Indians or Bosjesmen would around a devoted captive. They pandered to the radical taste; they tickled the curiosity of young ladies, who are always so anxious to know what is going on in a barrack; they frightened old ladies as they sat over their tea and tabbies, and even spread the contagion of fear to the city fundholders! They raked up bygone grievances and escapades of the regiment when Marl-borough was a man upon town, and Abercrombie a little boy, and one Thirlby having figured in the "Newgate Calendar" as a forger, and another individual of that name having appeared in a very disreputable light as a public officer of the Indian state. The press, with that jump for which it is so conspicuous, came to the conclusion that both gentlemen must necessarily be related to the lieutenant. Excitement was at its highest, and even the Illustrated Busy Bee had despatched an artist to take his likeness, and the Keyhole Reporter gave his memoirs, which were about as true as the "History of Herodotus," or the "Tales of the Arabian Nights," when one day a short, stout little gentleman, with grey twinkling eyes and red whiskers, called upon Mr. Thirlby

"Beg pardon, sir-Mr. Sydney Fortescue, sir. I am connected, sir. with the Military Blunderbuss and Nautical Broadsider, sir-subeditor, sir," said the little man, presenting his card.

"Then d-n your impudence, sir," said Thirlby, in a great rage, "I suppose you are one of the curs that have been propagating those lies and

libels about me?"

"Beg pardon, sir, the Blunderbuss has remained neutral, sir. Our paper, sir, upholds the dignity of our fleets and armies, and never, sirnever will it pander to a base and vitiated taste. Our circulation, sir,

"Oh! I don't want to hear a prospectus of your paper," said Thirlby.

"What do you want, then?"

"Truth, sir, truth!" said the sub-editor, energetically, "from your own lips, sir. The matter shall be worked up into a leader, sir, and that leader, wafted as it will be to every shore where the English tongue is known and read, will crush your vile calumniators to atoms, sir, and make your enemies bite the dust. Our circulation, sir-

"Oh! d-n that circulation," said Thirlby; and then proceeded to give his own version of, and colouring to, the story, while Mr. Fortescue took

down the same in short-hand.

"Ahem! sir," coughed the sub-editor, when it was concluded-"ahem, sir—a few copies, I suppose, sir?"
"Yes—one, or two you may send," said Thirlby.

"One or two, sir! General number two hundred, sir!"

"Two hundred! I am not a collector of waste paper, nor contract for lining portmanteaus. Two hundred! what am I to do with two hundred

copies?" said the lieutenant, in astonishment.

"Two hundred copies—sixpence each—five pounds, sir. If you give me the amount, sir, I can send you as few as you please, sir-distribute some gratis, sir, if you wish; but gentlemen are not particular, sir, when their honour and character are at stake, sir. What is five pounds? Shakspeare says, sir, 'but he who steals from me that-

"Oh, hang Shakspeare! Well, there is the five pounds—send me three copies," said Thirlby.

"Thank you, sir!" said the little man, and bowing obsequiously, left

On the following Saturday such a slashing article appeared in the Military Blunderbuss and Nautical Broadsider—such acerbity of language, and gall, and bitterness of spirit, as we only see in the brotherly love and Christian charity that an Irish Catholic prelate writes in to his brother the Protestant one, or are fulminated in the doctrines of the

"very reddest" of the "Mountain" in Paris.

People read with amazement the story, and began to think what a monster they had admitted within their threshold, and doubted which was most steeped in crime and iniquity, Greenacre, Rush, Mrs. Manning, or Squashtail; while the poor, miserable Thirlby was held up as a martyr of that public opinion, whose mad and wild career had swamped every attribute of justice, truth, and law! Old ladies of the Mrs. Fry and Lady Creamley school sent him anonymous consolation under his sore afflictions, and one or two, more zealous than the rest, baskets of flowers, eggs, and chocolate comfiture.

While these events were progressing and reaching their climax,

Squashtail, senior, sat fuming, snorting, puffing, and blowing at the downfal of his good name, while his son wandered down the sunny side

of Piccadilly a spectre "of a mind diseased."

Now, among their customers and creditors there was not a more unpunctual one in money matters than Captain O'Flarty, of the Knockderrydown Militia. He would order any number of cigars, and give his name to any bond in the world, but he had never any ready money to pay either his bill or his interest. His "rints" were never paid—they never are in Ireland.

"Good morning, me little hero," said O'Flarty, cordially shaking Squashtail by the hand. "The top of the morning to you; they are

hard on you, the blackguards of the press."

"It is a bad business, and nothing but lies and libels," said Squashtail, mournfully. "It is bad enough to be knocked down for being a

fool, but it is hard to be kicked for falling."

"Don't despair, me little Alexander. I'll be your frind, and we will just step over to the office of the paper, and see if I won't be after larruping the great big blackguard of an editor. Come, me boy-Foig-aballagh!" said O'Flarty, linking his arm within Squashtail's; and they bent their way to the office of the Blunderbuss.

"I want to see the editor himself," said O'Flarty, bending and

straightening a heavy cutting whip.

"I am the editor," said Mr. Pomponius Nobis, slowly—a thin, spare man, in a black suit, white cravat, and hair carefully combed back from his forehead.

"Faix, sir! did ye write that article about me respected frind, Captain

Squashtail?"

"Sir! the editorial WE is sacred," said Pomponius, cringing behind his

"Did ye write the article, yer big blackguard?" thundered O'Flarty. "Sir, the great Junius has written in imperishable words, 'Let it be impressed upon your minds, let it be instilled into your children, that the liberty of the press is the palladium of all the civil, political, and

religious rights of an Englishman."

"Faix, sir! I don't want to hear what Mr. Janus—though I thought he spoke in Latin—said. He was a double-faced villain like yourself, sir. Did ye write the article?"

"Sir, you intimidate the press; you threaten the axis on which the world turns. Such conduct, sir, cannot be allowed. Advance but one foot, and the Times will thunder forth its judgment, the Quarterly and Edinburgh will take up the cry, the Examiner will re-echo the sentiment, and the slogan of our outraged rights shall sound from shore to shore, from land to land, from the frigid climes of Zembla to the torrid spheres of Patagonia. Once trample upon the press, and you crush the destiny of the world. Trample upon the press, and you trample upon the sacred blood of murdered martyrs and departed statesmen!"

"Come out of that, will ye? and I will be after breaking every bone

in yer dirty skin," said O'Flarty.

Mr. Pomponius Nobis not seeming to acquiesce in this very kind offer, Squashtail nudged the angry Irishman, and whispered: "A bribe."

"Sir, tamper not with the press. The press is free, and never sells itself to party prejudice, or vitiated and perverted tastes. It lashes the

sinner, sir, but spares the wretched," said the editor, who overheard the remark.

"Faix! as far as a few pounds go, you may draw upon me—or rather me respected frind, Captain Squashtail," said O'Flarty, jingling two sixpences in his pocket.

"Because, what you have written is one tissue of libel and falsehood,"

said Squashtail.

"Audi alteram partem, eh?" said Pomponius. "The press is never wrong, sir. It is like the divine right of kings. It may, however, be sometimes misinformed, sir. I am prepared to hear your defence."

Upon which our hero, Squashtail, gave his version of the transaction. The editor took it down, hummed and hawed, promised to work it up into a leader for the following week's paper, and immediately set to work to eat his own words, Squashtail having undertaken to purchase four hundred copies of the following Saturday's Blunderbuss, or, in naked truth,

to give 101.

The next Blunderbuss took every one by surprise; it was like an electric shock, or the first shock of a shower-bath. People were stunned, shook their heads, and did not know what to think; but being the last version, like the reply of the prosecution in our assize courts, it carried most weight. Squashtail was a martyr—Thirlby a successful rascal. The plover's eggs and chocolate comfiture were sent to Cornet Squashtail this time.

Thirlby was enraged and furious beyond description at being duped. He immediately wrote off a very intemperate letter to one of our daily papers. Squashtail, under the advice of O'Flarty, sent an equally angry reply. The "lie direct" was given, a little parliamentary language

ensued, a challenge was sent, accepted, and a meeting arranged.

The snow was descending in sleepy flakes, and seemed to freeze ere it reached the ground; the hemisphere was purple with a million glittering stars; the frost intense, and the sentinel tramped along his "lonely watch," or uttered the loud "All's well," which was taken up and re-echoed until lost in distance, as Mr. Thirlby descended the barrackstaircase, and with the riding-master of the regiment, as his friend, proceeded to the scene of action. Squashtail and O'Flarty were already on The preliminaries were settled, the distance paced, and each antagonist received his weapon; the sharp snap of the pistol rang through the clear air, and Squashtail, with a heavy moan, fell to the ground. stream of crimson dyed the white snow, and trickled along the frozen The ball had struck a lung, and with a deep groan the poor lad's spirit was hurried, unshriven, into the mysteries of that great and endless Thirlby, the brand of Cain on his forehead, fled the country -an example being wanting to put a stop to duelling in the army-and he himself, being so unpopular in his regiment, was quickly superseded in that command. He journeyed from city to city, from spas to watering-He was a miserable, disappointed, broken-hearted mortal; a curse to himself and all around him, and a very fiend incarnate to his poor, patient, loving wife. He tried the excitement of the dice, and the delusive joy of the bottle in vain, until, by his own hand, in a wretched garret at a German watering-place, died this last actor in "the Great Horse Case."

CÆSAR'S FIRST VIEW OF BRITAIN.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

MEN were, whose names spread wonder in their day, Swelling in thunder-tones from shore to shore; But all they did, like mist, hath passed away, Their deeds were deserts that no harvests bore. What of Sesostris' conquests lives this hour, Save a wild tale?—the triumphs, tears, and gore,

That tracked great Alexander's path to power, Have wrought no good, no change—are felt no more; We hear the fame of both, but cannot trace Their "life" on earth, their influence on our race.

Not so Rome's hero; o'er the Alps he came, And, while he conquered, humanised the West; The torch he lit burned on with brighter flame, Till science, learning, Europe's children bless'd: From Rhone's fair banks to Belgium's fruitful fields,

On mount and vale his spirit seems impress'd; And what to Britain's sons that valour yields, That pride, that fire, which warm each generous breast?

'Tis Roman blood with Celtic mixed, and he First sought our shores, and bade our darkness flee.

On Gaul's west coast he stood, and cast his eye Across that sea where then no ship appeared; Half veiled in foam, and mingling with the sky, Her snow-white cliffs barbaric Albion reared.

'Twas a new world no Roman yet had seen, To which alone th' adventurous Tyrian steered, Where arts and heaven-born letters ne'er had been, And mists, and storms, and wilder men were feared; Where, through dense woods, his prey the hunter chased, And built his mud-walled cabin on the waste.

And Cæsar leant upon those rocks, and sighed, That men should still be found so dark and rude; And yet kind earth each simple want supplied, Contentment bless'd their sylvan solitude.

Alas! would learning's light, and wisdom's stream, Would wealth obtained, and honour's shade pursued, And all power grants to gild her brightest dream, Make them more happy?—mournful doubts intrude. He who climbs highest, higher yet would strain,

The wisest sighs more wisdom still to gain.

Oh! in time's sunless depths what marvels lie! What change, undreamt of, hidden ages bring! Britain, the wild man's land, o'er which the eye In pity wept-poor, scorned, and barbarous thing!

Britain, this hour regarding Rome no more Than dust beneath her feet—that spreads her wing O'er nestling nations, swaying from her shore Lands where at once melts autumn, laughs the spring; Mother of infant kingdoms, earth's great nurse! The envy, wonder of the universe!

THE CONFEDERATES; OR, THE DAYS OF MARGARET OF PARMA.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LIII.

MARGARET and her mother, little accustomed to horse exercise, proceeded but slowly under the guidance of the squire. The late events had naturally thrown a gloom over the minds of both, which tinged their Hope, indeed, held out to them but few promises; and conversation. on the road they were taking sprung up unbidden many a remembrance connected with the past that made their hearts still heavier. In happier days, accompanied by numerous friends, they had often journeyed along it, to perform some of those pilgrimages to particular shrines which, though considered as a religious duty, constituted one of the greatest diversions which the monotonous tenor of life in those days afforded. Often had excursions of this kind been extended to Ghent, Malines, and even up to the abbey of Afflighem; often, too, had they traversed that same route to view the train of the rhetoricians, as their gay pageantries, passing from town to town, drew near Antwerp. Alas! who thought of all those pleasures now, or had the heart to mix in them? The gay processions of the guilds, the many and sumptuous religious ceremonies, the sound of music so often wafted on the air, all that was no more, and joy Margaret felt deeply the contrast seemed departed from the land. between the past and the present; and her heart was of too generous a nature to feel her sorrows lessened by the knowledge that her regrets, her fears, her bitter and altered lot, was the fate of all alike in her native country. But gradually air and exercise revived and soothed their spirits; and their thoughts turned from the past to the future.

Lamoral had given Mistress van Meeren the, as he thought, consoling assurance that his esquire would, if she so pleased, take her to respectable private lodgings in his own immediate vicinity, but she did not like the

suggestion.

It cannot be supposed that, unsuspicious as was her natural bent of disposition, the marked interest young Egmont took in her daughter could escape her observation; and flattering as was such a circumstance to her maternal pride, she wisely determined to be on her guard against it. Misfortune had subdued, if not destroyed, the sanguine illusions she once entertained on similar subjects; and she felt no good could come of an intimacy with a young nobleman who, even if he were not reckless and licentious, like so many of his class at that time, she had sense enough to feel was separated from her daughter by an impassable barrier. She determined, therefore, to withdraw from an acquaintance which a retired life in some obscure suburb would but too probably encourage to her own and her daughter's discredit. Now the full value of Father Eustace's counsel, assigning a convent as the best and only place of refuge, for the first time came home to her reason; and she was resolved to act upon it. Margaret embraced the thought with pleasure;

after the fearful agitations she had undergone, the repose of a convent

seemed of all earthly things the most desirable.

Thus far mother and daughter understood each other perfectly; but there was another subject on which they did not so completely agree; for though both lamented Chievosa's dreadful end, it was impossible for the mother to take so dark a view of his character and principles as her daughter did. She still adhered to her original conviction, that his love for Margaret, and the disappointment consequent upon it, had embittered

a passionate, violent nature, and drawn out its worst features.

Margaret now, for the first time since she had sought to deliver it to the person to whom it was addressed, bethought herself of Chievosa's letter which she still retained about her person. In breaking the seal she would now commit no breach of faith; for he whose secrets she was about to surprise was alike beyond the world's praise and its censure. This very missive might throw light on the real character and views of the writer. But she was moved by other and more urgent motives. These lines might contain information concerning the exact place of her father's confinement, to gain a clue to which was their primary object, and to neglect the present opportunity seemed to her a slighting of the will of Providence, who had in so unexpected a manner thrown it in her way. It was no longer the mere impulse of a vague curiosity—it became

a paramount duty to possess herself of its contents.

At that instant the leader of the party gave a signal to halt and breathe the horses, and Margaret, profiting of the circumstance, dismounted, and removing to a short distance drew forth from her vestments the important document. Breaking the seal, she hastily threw her eyes They were written in Spanish; but she was too familiar over the lines. with that language to find this an obstacle to the full mastery of their meaning. The letter was addressed, as it seemed, to his father, the only parent Margaret had ever heard him mention, and that, too, in a very cursory manner; nor did any of the many Spaniards established in the town know him, so far as she could discover. It appeared to be a continuation of one but recently despatched, and ran thus: "You cannot suppose, my dear father, that I could find any difficulty in getting rid of that main obstacle, the patriot uncle, after the success I had experienced in delivering myself of a far more powerful and dangerous enemy. It is difficult to deal with the Church. Although so many of the fraternity are patriots, and the Augustine friars have actually turned heretics, even the Inquisition likes not to meddle with a priest. I doubt, if circumstances which I could neither foresee nor control had not stepped in to aid me, if I could have disposed of Father Eustace without employing means of violence which I abhor; I take, however, some credit to myself for the adroitness with which I turned those chance circumstances to my own purposes. By this time you will have received my account of those transactions, so I will merely dwell on some of a later date. Reserving the details for the time of our meeting, which is now so near at hand, I will briefly state the bare facts of my having given timely notice to the regent of the position, strength, and plans of that portion of the insurgent's forces of which the uncle made part. I succeeded in having them routed; and being on the spot, and having carefully dogged the steps of my enemy, I was enabled to conduct the lion to the den in which the

VOL. XXIII.

prey had taken refuge. Of course no escape was possible; and now, the Inquisition having delivered me of the one, the chances of war, aided by a little furtherance of my own, having removed the other from my path, and the babbling burgher, of whom I told you, being out of the way, the field is free before me-there is nothing to interfere, henceforth, with the speedy completion of my plans. And in boasting of my success, I may also glory in the means by which I have attained it: wily politicians and bigoted monks have alike been my tools when they dreamed me theirs, and in appearing to minister to their will I have made them subservient to my own. There is a triumph in that which, were no other advantage to attend it, may well indemnify me for all the danger and trouble attendant upon my peculiar pursuits. Yes, I may say I have achieved all that my heart desires-all the objects of my boldest ambition stand within my grasp. But one more round of the ladder, and my foot is on the step, and I am a made man. Rank, fortune, an honourable name, all that my soul has thirsted for since it has opened on this world, will be my portion. My next letter will, doubtless, hasten your journey hitherward. As to the violence you have counselled with regard to the young girl, it may figure away very well in threats, but, independently of my rooted aversion to any measures of this kind, they would, believe me, to say the least, be highly impolitic, if they did not at once and for ever defeat my schemes. I tell you this girl has a will and a pride which defy alike compulsion and the arts of seduction; she has, in short, all the temper of her uncle, and had her parents been less malleable, I should long ago have thrown up the game in despair; as it is, the blindness of her devotion to her father secures her to me beyond a doubt. You ask why I have suffered the affair to hang so long on hand? I must again remind you that, despite her parents' will, she never would have consented to a union with me except I had touched the chord of her filial affection. This compelled me to deliver up the old man to the Inquisition, out of whose clutches I have, however, in spite of all the promises that had been made me, since found it impossible to release him. It is this that has retarded matters. Had not her friends intermeddled, I should never have been forced on such extreme courses, and should even now be in possession. But if I cannot get Cornelius back for a time, I must borrow him—that is, help him to escape until the ceremony be over, when I will most faithfully return him to his present trusty guardians; for his claims, as you well know, would interfere too much with mine. My fair lady shall, in the mean while, accompany me to France, where, having once established her rights-for which purpose another individual, as you may remember, must also be disposed of-all will be smooth before me; and then as to the bride-why, when the tool is no longer useful, one stows it away in some lumber-room or other, or perhaps destroys it altogether, should it in any way interfere with one's plans. Besides, I never hated anybody, or anything, more cordially than I do this girl; and, as you say, a young and handsome man should keep his hand free, as it may always afford him a chance of rising to higher fortunes. You see, my dear afford him a chance of rising to higher fortunes. father, as much as I can, how closely I adhere to your counsel, never deviating from it but when circumstances imperatively demand that I should do so. My mother will be delighted at all this, I know; but I do not think it would be advisable, on account of her romantic scruples, to VOL. XXII. 2 D

tell her exactly how my great luck has been brought about. If you say the stars have done it, that will be a sufficient explanation; by the way, you never speak of her now. I am delighted to think that, if the political affairs take the turn you mention, our joint views will be so excellently well furthered. It is my intention, henceforth, to be conscientious, and to adhere strictly to the winning party, which, as you doubtless are by this time aware, is not that of the Gueux, who have not a chance left. This, however, is too delicate a subject to bear much handling, and so, for

the present, farewell!"

The letter dropped from the young girl's hand. Gratitude at having escaped so dreadful a fate was her first and overpowering feeling; her next was horror at the cold-blooded villany of the man whom her parents had for years cherished as a son. Bitterly did she lament the possession of that fatal wealth which, she now doubted not, had been the primary cause of all her misfortunes, and her poor mother's infatuation, which had put them all at the mercy of such a monster. This recollection made her reluctant to communicate the contents of the letter to her impatient parent; but the insistance of the latter was so great, that she was obliged to translate the letter from one end to the other. It had even more than the evil effects she had dreaded. The one overwhelming truth now flashed on her mind—by her own obstinacy she had become her husband's murderess!

The blow was as violent as it was sudden. All the delusions that had for so long fogged her understanding were at once dispelled by the keencutting conviction. Had she never been ambitious, led away by the pageantries of her own imagination, she, her husband and child, had long since been safe and happy on other shores. It was she whose weakness had laid Father Eustace, the gentle, the forgiving; Paul, the generous, the brave; and, worse than all, her own adored husband, in an untimely and bloody grave. She had been warned, entreated, implored, and all in She knew how easily, how cheerfully, her husband would have yielded to her daughter's wishes but for her own obduracy; and that daughter's young life had been made a dreary blank by her whose first care it should have been to make her path easy. The veil had been too late removed from her eyes; better had it never been raised. Henceforth remorse was to gnaw at her heart—a bitter unavailing remorse! It was not by tears, nor by any violent show of outward emotion, that the depth of her feelings betrayed itself-the wound bled inwardly; but though her self-accusations were neither vented in words nor tears, there was in her very repose, in the death-like pallor that overspread her cheeks, in the toneless sound of her voice, something which, inexperienced as she was, alarmed Margaret more than could have done the most furious outburst of self-reproach.

When their escort requested them to remount, Mary did so without a remark or a moment's hesitation. Margaret, with a delicacy and prudence that would have done honour to an older tactician, scrupulously avoided touching on the past, which presented so many sore points to both, but rather endeavoured to turn her mother's mind to the future. Here, however, she could touch no responsive chord; she listened with a mournful, incredulous smile, but vouchsafed no answer, so that, dispirited and discouraged, Margaret ceased pouring comfort into her listless ear,

and yielded up her thoughts to the subject which she dared not discuss aloud. Chievosa evidently knew or imagined something about her own fate and pretensions, with which she was herself totally unacquainted. Could her father have concealed from her a prospect, however remote, of an increase of fortune? This seemed improbable. Had he not carefully instructed her of the sums he had deposited for her use and benefit in safe and trusty hands both in London and in Florence? What claims could she possibly have upon any one in France—a country in which she had neither connexions nor friends? Turn this matter over as she would, she could find no clue to the mystery; and thus hour after hour glided away in silence as they slowly rode on. Nothing diversified the wide expanse of that uninteresting country that extended around them. The canal, along which their route lay, then but lately constructed at an enormous expense for the furthering of commerce, checked in its dawning animation by the first alarm of civil war, stretched before them in dull monotony; no well-laden barges glided along the artificial stream-no wayfarers on foot or horseback interrupted the silence of its banks.

At last, the low swampy ground gave way to brushwood, and the trees gradually gained size as they penetrated deeper into the wood, then extending on either side the canal towards Vilvorde. Here rose a small chapel, deriving from its situation the name of Capelle in Bosh, or the chapel in the woods, a shrine at which few, if any, passing that way forgot to offer their devotions. Margaret and her mother had often paused here in happier days; accordingly, they now turned their horses' heads in that direction, and dismounted. The mother, entirely wrapt in her devotional feelings, knelt down at the door, and betook herself to prayer; but the first glance the daughter cast through the edifice, showed

her that they were not the only worshippers there.

A female in sombre habiliments knelt near the altar. Her back being turned, nothing but the outline of her figure was distinguishable, and so absorbed was she, that she did not even become aware of her privacy being broken upon. Her agitation was great. Exclamations occasionally burst from her lips, and ever and anon she struck her bosom and crossed herself with vehemence, attesting how devotion, carried beyond its proper limits, rather ministers to, than calms the passions of the soul. Not so Mary. Hers were the offerings of a bruised heart and a crushed spirit. No murmur escaped her pale, firmly-closed lips; her head was bent on her bosom with an utter helplessness of woe painful to behold. So long did she remain in this listless position, that, though unwilling at first to disturb her, Margaret began to fear she had fallen into a fit. Whilst she was debating within herself the best means of rousing her attention, the stranger, having as it seemed ended her orisons, or at last perceiving that she was not alone, advanced with a haughty and imperative air, and asked, in the tone of one accustomed to see her wishes gratified at the slightest mention of them, "Who they were?-whence they came?"

For a moment, the mother looked up with a vacant stare; then, waving her hand, as if to be speak silence, fell back into her former abstraction. The stranger looked rather surprised than angered; and, casting a look around, and appearing suddenly to recollect the place in which she stood, crossed herself piously, as if to atone for the involuntary sin of

disturbing the commune of a pious soul with the blessed spirit it might be invoking. Her features assumed a softer expression at the thought, and turning towards Margaret, who had risen, and stood respectfully a few steps from her, she repeated her questions, but in a lower, milder tone,

as if unwilling to disturb the devotee.

Though dark and unostentatious, the lady's costume fully bespoke her rank, and her manner was calculated to awe most girls of Margaret's age and station; but it merely commanded her respect without intimidating her, and she spoke with the frank though modest grace which was one of her peculiar merits. When the stranger heard they were from Antwerp, her countenance underwent an obvious change: a deep anxiety overspread it. A slight impatience betrayed itself in the twitching of her fingers as they grasped more tightly her richly-bound missal, and motioning her young companion to follow, she stepped towards the porch, unwilling, it would seem, to discuss worldly matters within the hallowed precincts, or to disturb the still-absorbed penitent, who had again, by an impatient gesture, betrayed her annoyance at the sound of voices in her vicinity. When the door of the chapel was closed behind them, and by a hasty glance the lady had ascertained that they were alone, she again turned to Margaret.

"And how comes it, fair maiden, that you have passed through the position of my Lord of Beauvoir? Has he not surrounded the city?" Then followed a rapid succession of inquiries respecting the state of the town, and the movements of the Prince of Orange, betraying so deep an interest in these matters, that Margaret could not help conjecturing the exalted station of her interrogator. She was compelled to dwell on every particular, however minute, of what she had herself seen; she narrated, indeed, with a clearness and succinctness that made the task of listening and comprehending easy. When she touched upon the threatened assassination of the Prince of Orange, as she had seen it from her window, her auditor became much agitated; but it did not escape Margaret that her looks, which had brightened up at his danger, became overclouded at the news of his escape. Nor did she seem pleased at the Protestants having been kept within such strict bounds; but Margaret could only judge of her feelings from the play of her features, for she carefully

abstained from giving vent to them in words.

When, not content with extracting from her a general account of affairs, the stranger inquired more minutely into facts, Margaret paused in embarrassment; for she felt a natural reluctance to enter upon matters concerning herself with one perfectly unknown.

"You hesitate," said her interrogator; "the late events have had an influence upon your fate?—but fear not to entrust me with your whole history. I am not powerless, and may be both able and willing to assist

you."

A few moments of reflection convinced Margaret that if the unknown were, as she suspected, one belonging to the court, she might, by open confidence, secure a protector for her father; and thus she was soon led on to detail the sad events of her own simple life more amply than she had at first contemplated. Her companion paid the strictest attention to every word that fell from her lips; but no comment escaped her until the recital of Chievosa's death brought the narrative to a close.

"His having been an infidel," she said, musingly, "is worse than all, It is one of the heaviest trials of those in high places to be obliged to employ the most unworthy tools; and though it be their misfortune that they may not dispense with them-and a good cause justifies all means, even the vilest-it behoves them, doubtless, to make due amends to the Church for the involuntary sin. I am glad to see, that however tainted the faith of all around you, that of your parents and yourself has re-This is an essential point. Do not despond, therefore; mained pure. you have luckily told your tale to one who can repair whatever injustice have been done you by a system, wholesome on the whole, but which, like many necessary medicaments, may in certain cases be misapplied. But I will do more for you. You say you have no friends, nor even acquaintances, in Brussels, and would fain enter a convent, yet know not how to gain admittance. I am not without influence with the Ursuline sisters; I have long known and highly esteemed their worthy abbess, and will give you a few lines addressed to her, which, I doubt not, will ensure you a cheerful reception. You have early chosen a happy lot; instead of repining, you should rather glory in the sorrows that lead to so noble a result. As to your father, if on close examination I find your representations correct, and if he prove to be indeed that curious dealer in tapestry who has wrought me so many a rare piece, and a true and faithful Christian, doubt not but I will exert my power in his favourperhaps I may be able to restore him soon to your love. Not but I hope such an event will not turn you away from your pious purpose; for who would exchange the calm happiness that blooms alone by holy altars for the thorny vicissitudes of life?" As she saw Margaret's mother slowly opening the chapel-door, she hastily added, "Depart not from this place until I have sent you the note I have spoken of, and do not forget to thank again kind Providence that but yesterday removed an enemy from your path, and has to-day provided you a friend."

The speaker turned away abruptly, and advancing to the mother with an air of sympathy, that for a moment softened the natural harshness of her features, "Do not grieve," she said; "the saints, perhaps, have accepted your tears, and may turn them into smiles. Friends——"

"I want no friend but God," said Mary, peevishly; "He alone can aid me."

"Most true," replied the lady, crossing herself devoutly. "Here, young girl," she said, unloosing from her missal a rich rosary carelessly entwined round it, whilst another hung round her neck, and a third at her girdle, "keep this in remembrance of our meeting."

Before Margaret could find words to express her thanks, her self-constituted and unknown protectress, with rapid steps, left the chapel. Complying with the desire expressed by her, she entreated her mother to wait under the portal, whilst she endeavoured to make her understand what had passed between herself and the stranger, and the hopes which the latter had raised within her own bosom. At times she had a secret suspicion that she had spoken with the Princess of Orange herself. This was, at least, the supposition she expressed to her mother, though an idea that caused her heart to throb had taken a yet stronger possession of her mind from the first moment the lady had spoken to her; namely, that she was no other than the mother of the young Count of Egmont—

a circumstance which, perhaps unknown even to herself, had been the cause of her passing over in silence her acquaintance with that nobleman. That this suspicion might originate in the fixedness with which her thoughts were turned into one particular channel, never occurred to her; nor could she exactly have defined the motive that made her hesitate to mention this view of the subject to her mother. The latter derived the greatest comfort from the idea of having secured a home; and as a drowning man will catch at a straw, she again gave herself up to visionary expectations of yet having Cornelius restored to her. She paused not to inquire whence succour might come, but was thankful and overjoyed at the prospect of its being at hand.

After some time had elapsed, which their impatience made appear very long, a young man, whose rich costume and fiery steed proclaimed his pretensions, halted in front of the chapel. He threw a hasty inquiring glance at mother and daughter, until his eye fell upon the rosary which the latter still held in her fingers. The sight seemed to remove all doubt and hesitation. He dismounted, and approaching Margaret, without uttering a word put into her hand a scrap of paper, on which was hastily, almost illegibly, scrawled in pencil a superscription to the lady abbess of the Ursulines. It was merely tied with silk; but the knot was sufficiently intricate to preclude all possibility of opening it.

Margaret and her mother, after having offered their thanks at the Virgin's shrine, hastily remounted, and finished their journey in a spirit of more confidence and hope than they had set out with. At any rate, the more troublesome cares for the present pressed no longer so heavily upon them; and when at last the grey towers of Brussels appeared in the distance, both hailed the sight with a feeling as akin to pleasure as

it was possible for them to feel.

They lost no time in hurrying to the convent. We will not dwell on the joy and surprise with which they there learnt the exalted rank of their unknown protectress, nor attempt to picture the bright visions in which they indulged now they knew the fate of Cornelius to be in the hands of the regent, and that princess their friend. Neither is it necessary to describe the mixed sensation of disappointment and pleasure with which Lamoral saw the object of his solicitude removed beyond the sphere of a protection which he could not but feel was inadequate to her comfort, unsafe for her to accept, and improper for him to offer. All the difficulties that had puzzled him were now solved at once; and he would have been perfectly satisfied with a result in every way so creditable to her he loved, had she not been by this measure far removed from the influence of his affection.

OOSELEY GRANGE.

BY BARLEY BIRCH.

"FIDDLE-FADDLE," my father uttered peevishly, at the conclusion of It is an expression I have heard from his lips any time since I was first capable of hearing. It had for so long been in the habit of passing backwards and forwards from one ear to another, that I had never thought of questioning its exact object and utility. It was a part of me; I had never known myself without it, so no doubt it was all right. That little tender hang-down piece of flesh that forms the lower part of my ear has never been explained to me. I have sometimes thought what it is for-whether it aids the hearing, or is merely placed there for me to puncture and put a ring through, if ever the fancy take me; but I can come to no conclusion. I do not, however, for this reason cut it off; it is to all appearances harmless, so it may as well remain there. So it was with "fiddle-faddle:" it had never done me any harm, and I let it alone. My father for the most part used it in those moments of tetchiness, when weaker mortals bite their nails. On the occasion, however, of which I am now speaking, unusual expressions of scorn and irritability accompanied the expletive.

In fact, fiddle-faddle was tricked out in such unwont magnificence and pretension, that for the first time in my life I felt disposed to say to it—

"Who are you?"

"Love, sir!" said my father, very hotly, in answer to my question. "Love is fiddle-faddle, and fiddle-faddle is love." This did astonish me. Had he said want of punctuality, badly-cooked dinners, plain women—in short, anything else, I should not have wondered; but love! that was

very odd.

"Yes, sir," continued my instructor. "You know what I mean; your cousin has asked you to stay a few days at the Grange, and you think that you will have a good chance of playing the fool with Miss Sooth. You know I am right; you are dressed out like a dandy, and all that is fiddle-faddle; and early marriages are fiddle-faddle; and large families with little to keep 'em on are fiddle-faddle!"

Modesty forbade my answering. My parents were both under age when they married, and I was one of sixteen children. My father was in all probability "well up" in the subject on which he was speaking.

Nothing more will be said about fiddle-faddle: we will now go on to

Section 2 of this scribbling-Ooseley Grange.

It belonged to a cousin of mine, who was much my senior, and a widow lady with two children, Emily and Arthur. I loved the children then, now full twenty years ago; but they have followed the steps of all children, grown into great people, and forgotten their first attachments. Why cannot children be kept at the interesting, graceful, guileless age, from four years old till eight—in the case of girls, perhaps till thirteen or fourteen? Can nothing be found to prevent their turning into shambling schoolboy bullies, and fidgety, inquisitive misses? Might not powerful stimulants, peppercorns and gin, be found a fit means, when freely administered, to stunt them? But to Ooseley Grange—the house and situation: it stands

within a half-mile of the sea, the fine cliff coast and shingle beach A stranger, however, when in the house, and near it, would not think old Ocean so near, for the quaint, gable-abounding, fantasticchimneyed old place is so hidden in a garden, or rather plantation, of thick, luxuriant evergreens, topped by old English poplars, and incredibly fine mulberry-trees, almost as stately as the poplars, that not a glimpse of the sea can be had in the house or tree-garden. I loved that rich green garden, with not one shrub cut and twisted into any other shape than nature intended for it; but all alike, forest-trees and fruit-trees, solemn yews and sturdy hollies, twining honeysuckles and sweet jessamines folding themselves in their green exuberance in one common embrace. There were trim walks, and gay flower-beds, and smooth plots, and graceful seats, for an assurance that man had fashioned the lovely place, and one had not fallen upon a figment of Eden; but these were all arranged with tasteful simplicity; there was no intrusive glare in the gravel paths, no impertinent ingenuity in the design of the parterres. In winter, the spot had a cheerful, warm, summerly look; and in the dog-days, through that dear shady retreat a living breeze crept through the still branches playfully, like a merry child, toying with the gaudy flowers, and loving the sweetness of the modest ones.

It was very kind of my cousin to ask me to stay at her house at this time. She knew I was fond of the quiet of her seclusion, from the many visits I had before paid her; when the sea-bathing, and reading in the silent garden, and thinking there upon my thoughts were my only amusements, save the prattle of the children in the evening (if they had been good during the day, which was nearly always the case), and her simple matter-of-fact sincere gossip, when her daily duties as mistress of a large household and governess of her children were over; from my many and oft-repeated visits of this kind, she knew I valued the sweet calm of her home; but I doubt not her feminine kindness felt that now a few days' visit would be pleasanter than ever. "For what boy," she doubtless said to herself, "would not like to forget his college books in

the innocent merriment of Fanny Sooth?"

Little did my methodical, busy little cousin anticipate, full surely though she felt herself planning our happiness, how much her young guests were going to enjoy themselves—least of all in what manner. A wonderfully prim, well-behaved child she must have been, strangely innocent of mischief, or she would never have thought of bringing two young people together of the same ages, but of different genders, and leaving them hour after hour to amuse themselves. It was strange how my cousin's unquestionable penetration did not even suspect there was something more in Fanny Sooth than a light-hearted girl of untutored simplicity. Ah, Fanny! you were light-hearted and light-headed too, only with a certain amount of method with it all; but artless, no! you were not that, were you?

As for myself, I knew Fanny Sooth tolerably well, although I had never met her. A young lady who distributes her smiles (mind! I don't say kisses) and pressures of the hand in crowded supper-rooms, and passionate and neatly written effusions of poetry and such favours, does get talked about. Clarissa, don't be nervous, don't be vexed; it was very foolish your giving him that lock of hair! He said, of course he did,

that he should guard it as a miser would his secret treasure. Be assured, however, that all his acquaintance will criticise it at the earliest opportunity that he can find to show it them; but don't be annoyed, there is no use in stamping on the floor. "What's done can't be helped," only don't be so silly again. Stars of brightness! what eyes she had, dark and flashing. They could express every feeling—they could brighten with laughter, fire with anger, be pensive, be anything. In them dwelt her beauty, and thence her strength, as Samson's might did in his hair. Her features were certainly neat and delicate, and her complexion was fresh and clear; but the light of her dark eyes threw an additional charm over them, so they seemed perfection. Sparkling, merry little brunette!

"Here! take my diary, and fill up yesterday's space." It was the first morning we spent together that she thus admitted me into the office of chronicler pro tem. of her proceedings. She was seated on the grassplot underneath the largest of the mulberry-trees, working a collar in satin-stitch. I did not remind her that probably the earlier part of the preceding day was notable for incidents I was not acquainted with, as we had not met till last evening. I preferred getting over this difficulty by filling up the space allotted to July 25, in an altogether unjournal manner:

"Oh, so gentle! oh, so kind!
Have a care for me, Fanny;
Wit and beauty often bind,
Never to let free, Fanny.

"Words like thine are breath'd to win,
Coming from the heart, Fanny;
Smiles, the light of mirth within,
Have a wondrous art, Fanny.

"Should a tear—ah! may it not,
Bead thy silken lash, Fanny;
Like a diamond in the sun,
Brightly would it flash, Fanny.

"Oh, so pretty! oh, so kind!

Have a care for me, Fanny;

Wit and beauty often bind,

Never to let free, Fanny."

And the last line intruded itself into division, July 26th.

"What flattery! And yet they are pretty lines," she exclaimed, after reading them.

Um! I knew she would think them pretty.

"What flattery!" she repeated.

"Indeed not, Fanny," I answered abruptly, with feigned earnestness.

"Mr. Birch, did I understand you rightly?"

Really the little actress looked so stately and indignant, that my bashful inexperience was almost imposed upon.

"Nay, don't blame me, Fanny," I retorted, with all possible ease. "I have called you Fanny in the 'pretty lines;' you must let me continue to drop the miss."

"A good defence, Master Impudence! Good; drop the miss if you wish, for the present, but be on your proprieties when we are not alone."

This was a great point won.

"But the flattery!" she said, for the third time.
"You know as well as I do it is no flattery."

"Unmeaning nonsense!" she went on, without noticing my rejoinder.

"I dislike such stuff. Compliments! what do I want with compliments?

I can have polite things said to me whenever I like."

The proud indifference of a petted beauty was well feigned. I thought

I would begin a little acting.

"Indeed, indeed! I meant, and do mean, all. Why, what can you mean by calling those paltry rhymes adulation? Untruth! untruth, indeed! Because you have been accustomed to meet in London lisping dandies, who are sincere only by accident, can you not believe any one? You must know you are beautiful; then why must all admiration of it be mere profession?" This was spoken tetchily. Of course she looked offended-I think she really was surprised. "Now don't," I continued, in changed tone, one of earnest supplication—" now don't be angry with me for my hasty rudeness. You must excuse the warmth of a country boy. I did not mean to hurt your feelings-I would not grieve you for the world." Ingenuous youth that I was! All this seems very much like "fiddle-faddle" (in my interpretation of the word) to repeat; but it did a service at the time. Its very awkwardness stamped it, to some extent, true. It certainly imposed on the clever party-going girl, so that she took me, at my own valuation, to be a simple-hearted country boy of no great experience.

I was persevering in my attentions; but each attention was carefully planned, so as to remind her of the unsophisticated character of him who rendered it. All my poesy-powers were called into play, and very creditable. I then thought my productions. One set, amongst a host of others, I recollect, because the rhyme of them caused me unusual difficulty—they accompanied a wreath I wove for the fair creature's head. If she did not wear the flowers, poor things! she would "grieve them," and "grieve them," rhymed with "weave them." It was said that the wreath had a highly eligible "duty"—

To die indeed—but then till death, To dwell beside her beauty.

One of my artifices I even yet flatter myself upon. Flatter her as I did to her heart's content about her knowledge of society, her beauty, her singing, I strove, and I think successfully, to impress her with a sense of my intellectual superiority. Novels, French and English, poetry, plays, and light reading, there was no question that I knew a great deal about; what must not the young gentleman effect in studies on which centred all his energy at college, if he knew so much of general literature? What a genius he must be!

Funny work it was, both acting and trying to out-act each other; she to express a warm interest, I a passionate, uncouth adoration. The novelty of an unpolished flatterer professing a scorn of compliments and their payers, certainly perplexed the young lady. "Was it all hollow appearing?" said her consciousness of insincerity; "he must be in earnest," whispered vanity.

"You have been saying so much to me," she began, upon taking her

seat at the piano, and beginning to run over some pretty, merry tunes, "and I think you perfectly earnest in what you say, that I feel I ought to be candid with you." Thus far, and she held her head down as if in doubt whether to proceed. Her fingers moved very fast over the keys. "Don't let," she continued—"don't let yourself exaggerate anything I may tell you. It is your warm, impetuous manner alone that induces me to confide to you a secret, in the feeling that it may prevent error on your side. One thing you must allow when you have heard my secret, that no word has passed my lips which ought in reason to have led you to suppose my position other than it is."

"What can all this mean?" I thought. She spoke hurriedly, and kept her head turned obstinately downwards. Her dark ringlets fell over her face so as perfectly to hide it from me sitting by her side; but

her delicate neck was crimsoned with a blush.

"Fanny, what do you mean? Do speak all," I cried, distractedly. But Fanny held her tongue. "Fanny, don't torment me! Tell me if I guess rightly—you are engaged?" As I spoke, I caught hold of one of her little white hands that were darting over the keys. She turned hastily round, and looked in my face with feeling tenderness. Her blushing beauty and bright softening eyes were her confession and her

expression of pity for me.

"Fanny, I have been a foolish boy. How nobly you have sacrificed your feelings to prevent my unhap——!" and here I came to a full stop. Fervently pressing her hand, I took one humble, grateful look at her bright charms, and without another word walked into the garden. Upon reaching the retiring summer-house, where we had spent so many happy mornings, and looking back upon all the warm, fair hopes I had cherished, I felt—not the hot tear scalding the fevered cheek but relieving the mad heart—not the sinking faintness of one prostrate before tumultuous passions, but an overpowering, convulsive fit of laughter—the most violent and most enjoyable one I had ever had.

In twenty minutes my emotions were subdued, and, with a determination of showing her that a some-sort heroic fortitude under crushing disappointment dwelt even in the untrained lad, her companion, I was gaily beseeching Fanny to come for an hour on the terrace. "And the veil, Fanny. Recollect your veil; this warm evening you will want no

other out-door dress."

And Fanny tripped softly out into the garden, with no other addition to her usual evening-dress than a black silk veil thrown over her head, in such a manner that the rich fringe hung tastefully over her forehead, her brilliant eyes lighting out coquettishly from beneath the dark mantle.

"Fanny! for I mean to call you Fanny for all that you have told me," I began, in a strain of forced gaiety, "I this morning scribbled some verses I want you to set to music and sing—just hear them:

> "I love my love, and she loves me, Her love will never fail; She is no nun to look severe, And yet she wears a veil.

"A silken veil of darkest hue
Around her head she throws;
She says it is to keep the sun
From scorching her fair brows.

"But when her eyes peep slily forth, So bright, so arch, so keen, I think she recollects that stars In darkness are best seen.

"The laughing, playful, roguish girl! Her mirth will never fail; She is no nun to look severe, And yet she wears a veil."

The verses were approved, and Fanny rewarded me by singing them that very evening with spirit. We maintained the same friendly footing we had done before the pretended disclosure of her engagement-pretended, I say, for, as I then knew, no engagement ever existed. She herself told me so the last evening of my stay, and begged me to pardon the deceit of which she had been guilty for the purpose of checking my inconsiderate warmth.

"Fanny, I cannot blame you for your trick, and the pain it caused me, for you meant it kindly, and all the disappointment I felt at your words I have forgotten at this assurance that you are free. Do, dear Fanny-do say that I may continue to love you, and try to make you love me. It would be unreasonable at present to ask you to love me in return; but do, do promise to think of me as one not unworthy your dearest affection—as

one who may hereafter be loved above all men.

"Barley, do let me talk seriously to you," she answered, in altered tone. Her voice was deep, earnest, sincere—yes, I am sure it was sincere. "You cannot wonder at my being at a loss how to construe your words, for you must know that every girl has much said to her in complimentary phrase which the speaker does not really mean. As a child, I've been so often deceived by idle flattery, that you must pardon my uncertainty whether you are really in earnest. Don't play with me, for, indeed"—and here she looked tenderly supplicating-"misunderstanding now might cause me much I believe you have addressed me truthfully; but if I am mistaken, do in kindness tell me. You may be inclined to discredit what I say, but let me assure you, if you now were to burst out laughing, and say, 'Have I not acted well?' I should feel no less friendly to you than I do now, though, perhaps-

It was an exciting contest now. Anything for victory.

"Fanny! Fanny!" I cried, bursting into tears, and passionately wringing her hands, "how can you treat me in this way—how can you doubt me!"

"I do believe you-in Heaven's name, I do. Pardon my wicked mistrust. Oh, Barley! don't think harshly of me from what I've said, and what I must often have appeared to you. Say you feel that I am not all a heartless, vain girl."

I could not speak for emotion, or I would have said, "Not a heartless, vain girl. No, Fanny! vain in truth, but not heartless are you. And. why meanly proud of little gifts with impulses so true, and mind so feminine? Oh, that mother of thine! how could she teach you in God's grand language to reverence her, and demand honour from thy lisping tongue, when, ere you had learnt to kneel with folded hands, she had taught you to stoop low in pert attitudes and approbation-seeking courtesies; when, instead of guarding with jealous eye childhood's dazzling simplicity, she fluttered your infant heart with a brilliant sash, and made

it glory in a scarlet band; when, instead of exercising the delicate tutelage, and promoting the trifling, yet most sweet, pleasures of the nursery-the wisely allotted task, the wholesome restraint, the feeling encouragement, the merry romp, the wit-enlivening game, the curious toy, the tearful story, and the simple ballad, she joyed your cherished vanity with silly adulation, or wounded it with passionate rebuke, or yet more bitter irony? When you should have rolled and gambolled in careless freedom on the lawn, why were you constrained to formal movements and mincing steps? When nature and your own young soul were all music, why were your merry notes fashioned into artificial laboured strains, and your little hands tutored to beat time with castanets, that the awarded admiration of thoughtless complacency might tickle your eager expectancy of praise, or the dreaded silence of indifference might cut your nervous sensitiveness to inattention? Why, ere you reached the age of girlhood's most honourable innocence, were you made a woman-a scheming woman? Why, when your heart should have been pure as the drifted snow, alive only to the gentlest sensibilities, warm gratitude, modest reliance, unconscious pity. grieving for a wounded pet, the playmate lamb or favoured bird, sympathising with the exaggerated sorrows, and pardoning the wayward querulousness of an aged nurse-why, when these should have been your heart's liveliest experiences, were obtruded on it thoughts which, it is grief enough to know, time must reveal to the mysterious sanctity of ignorance?"

THE BRIDGE OF BENDEARG.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

IV.

When Angus Macpherson voluntarily condemned himself, in expiation of his crime, to daily and hourly behold the deep affliction which the commission of that crime had entailed upon one for whom the sacrifice of life would not have claimed a second thought to part with to have spared that hopeless mourner the slightest pang, he did not know that he was tasking his powers of endurance beyond their human capability—that he was still stretching his lacerated frame upon the rack—still harrowing up his soul to frenzy and to desperation.

In blindly imagining, by a tissue of fabrications, to escape the reproaches of his sister, he found, and to his bitterer cost, that he had plunged into a more distressing, a more inextricable state of suffering, by having to endure his own, without solace, and without sympathy. Then, Ellen, with a pertinacity perfectly inexplicable to his guilty and terror-stricken mind, dwelt on the death of her husband with unceasing constancy, instead of, like him, studiously endeavouring to banish every recollection connected with the appalling event; nay, evidently only tolerating his intrusion on her grief because he alone could feed the source of her tears for her lamented Donald. She tormented him for the most minute details, never wearying of those particulars, harrowing

as they were, each one of which, in repeating, pierced him to the heart's

most vital quick.

Then, when he choked down the remorseful agony of his own soul to gratify her morbid passion, to learn even that which must give intense pain to know, her affecting gratitude—her earnest thankfulness that he was there to bear witness of her husband's end, and soothe his last moments, was almost more than he could find callous courage to endure, without sinking under the blasting conviction of the lightning-flash of his conscience. Yet this was not all, nor the worst; for, impressionable to the last degree, she was continually expatiating on her ineffaceable obligations to him for his affection and regard to her and her child—for his disinterested devotion, his unlooked-for kindness, commiseration, and generosity, to two of the most hapless of God's forlorn creatures; he who had no occasion to share their sorrow or burden his bosom with the weight of their oppressive calamity.

"Oh! my brother!" she would exclaim, falling on his neck in a paroxysm of despair—"oh! my dear, precious brother! the God who inspires you to pity and befriend us, will also reward you for such acts of mercy. Oh, Angus! dear, dear Angus! it is almost unpardonable in me to mourn thus, with such a comforter as you still left me—with my consoling child still left me, the child whom you will glory to train in all the sterner, the nobler virtues which dignify and exalt you above the commoner of this earth! But I must lament for his father—the father whom he will never know, and, Heaven be praised! whom he will never miss, my brother; for to him you will stand in the place of all, and to me be well-nigh all too!"

Judge—but who can judge of his tortures, save with his conscience, during these pathetic outbursts of natural and ingenuous emotion? Oh! he felt that there could not be a more poignant torment for the guilty, in the place of utter condemnation, than that which he experienced whilst listening to his sister—whilst receiving her caresses—whilst feeling her arms around his neck, her tears upon his cheek, her kisses upon his lips. Oh! the exquisite anguish of those moments of contrition is

not to be described, is not to be conceived!

How did he inwardly quail at the dread consciousness that, while she was thus applauding, the avenging spirits above were registering against him even the continuance of that deception which won unmerited approbation, as an aggravation of his original offence! How did he long to fling himself at the feet of that most abused sister, and confess himself to her such as he knew himself to be—such as Heaven knew him to be, and then rush forth from her affrighted presence, to seek death—destruction—and, if it could be, annihilation on the stark body of his victim! But in him, in his righteously believed integrity of soul, that stricken sister still derived a partial happiness! Should he, could he rend the veil? Should he, could he reveal the naked hideousness of a murdered husband, murdered by a brother's hand—the hand she clasped—the hand she kissed—the hand she purified by her tears—the hand she intended to lead her innocent child through temptation—the hand that was to point the way for it to reach everlasting peace?

Could man do this? Was it not easier, far, far easier to proceed onward in the dark unfathomable path of his own secret and silent repentance, than to retrograde through that darker one of blood and horror, at

whose termination lay the unsheeted dead, in the grim ghastliness of

slowly-wasting decay?

Oh! he would strive, for her sake he would strive, who yet looked upon him with the clear and candid eye of holy and unsuspecting affection; and if yet, by so doing, he added crime to crime, God must have mercy upon him, for he could not snap the last remaining link which bound him as a felon to his kind!

The effort at constant concealment—the unrelaxing vigilance which it compelled—the incessant self-watchfulness which it rendered imperative to be observed, however, at all times, well-nigh overset the balance of reason, and drove him to the verge of disclosure; but a confident word, a reliant look, a tear banished, and a faint smile invited in its stead, closed his lips, and shut up the fatal mystery closer and closer in his heart, there to prey, until the eating canker of untold turpitude should

destroy it for ever!

Still, despite of every really magnanimous endeavour at self-control, his temper became most unequal, his display of passion startling, his penitence for such excesses abject and humiliating; and thus months sped on between the guilty and the innocent, the remorseful and the sorrowing, the young child alone revelling in the mere joyousness of existence, growing up betwixt those two chilled beings as a flower in the clefts of a sterile rock, which yet struggles to bask and to flourish in the stray sunbeam glistening aslant its narrow entrance!

Often, when the bold beautiful boy was sporting before them, and Ellen could see, in every graceful movement, every fearless action, traces of her handsome and athletic Donald, she would exclaim, as she caught the moody gaze of her brother fixed on him, surprised into intense admiration, "Oh, Angus! that his father had but lived to enjoy the proud triumph of his son's advancing growth, his son's advancing talent, what a moment would it have been for him!—what a moment for us to have participated

in his felicity!"

Then, when the wretched man would start from his seat, fling his arms high above his head, as if threatening the very skies, and afterwards endeavour to allay the sudden tempest of his soul by hasty and unmeasured strides across the room, the poor mother, fearing that she had unwittingly offended, would motion the buoyant boy from his uncle's presence, and then, falling on her knees, implore pardon for having breathed a name so evidently fraught with resentful remembrances. "Oh, Angus! oh, my brother!" she would cry, "is it possible that you can still harbour an unkind thought? Has not death—such a death—obliterated your ancient animosity? Has not my grief for that death awakened a tenderer, a more contrite memory for one who, in dying, gave his dearest on earth into your custody? Is it, can it be, that you loathe the deposit?—that your asseverations of attachment are false?—that you do, and will hate the child who bears the obnoxious name of Grant?—that you would exterminate the last heir of Cairn?—that you would almost shed blood?"

"Blood! how dare you charge me with shedding blood? What devil whispered to you that I shed blood? Woman, do you wish to drive me to shed my own? Oh! forgive me, forgive me! sweet, dear, precious sister! Oh, Ellen! you do not understand me! you never can understand

me! you dare not understand me!—Oh, God! oh, God! my burden is too heavy for me to bear! Release my soul!—release the soul of one who would rather brave thy direst justice than longer face this poor, this patient, uncomplaining thing!"

Angus fell ill at last—seriously and hopelessly ill; for long-contending struggles had sapped away the foundations of his naturally robust con-

stitution, and bowed him prematurely to the grave.

Ellen never left him, night nor day; and the boisterous and giddy boy grew wondrous mute and thoughtful at seeing his strong and active uncle lying feeble and exhausted on his bed, with tear after tear coursing each other down his pale and sunken cheeks, beckoning with a thin white finger for him to bring water to moisten his parched and blackened lips, and trying to smile his thanks for the welcome draught.

It was very strange to him to behold all this, and he went about softly, and with an inward shudder, and longed more frequently to kiss his mother, and with a quieter kiss than in the days when his uncle could sit up and talk, and not look so wildly at him with his hollow and wander-

ing eyes!

The child had learnt his first lesson in the complexity of mortal antagonisms, and, like all such experience, it awed, amazed, and confounded his artless mind; for it taught the instability of human things, of health, strength, and will subdued; of the mysterious failing of those faculties, so brilliant in the fulness of their power, so commanding in the meridian of their might! It taught, that the man whose every tone and gesture had proclaimed his superiority—had inspired fear and reverence—might become, had become an object of the most pitiable, the most familiarising commiseration! His second lesson in the same school was even yet more 'painfully instructive, for it was more closely allied to the errors and the crimes of fallible humanity.

Once, after a short and feverish slumber, and while Ellen and her patient boy were watching tenderly over him, and hoping for a beneficial result even from that very perturbed rest, Macpherson suddenly started up, and, flinging off the 'bed-clothes as if they actually stifled him, and fixing his distended eyes far into the depth of the gloomy apartment, he shrieked out, "Go back! go back! I was the first, Grant! You must give way! Go back, then, for, by Heaven, Macpherson never will! Oh, he falls! He dashes from side to side! Hush! He has reached the bottom! Stop!—oh, God, in mercy stop! You, Ellen's husband!—you! He's dead—he's dead! Who saw me do it?—who can say I am his mur-

derer? My sister must never know how her husband died!"

Ellen, when she could articulate, exclaimed, in an accent of utter despair, "He raves! he raves! my poor brother is mad! It is my fault alone! I forced him to recount the dread disaster so often, that the picture has become rivetted on his brain in all the darker hues of a fearful reality! He a murderer! he murder my Donald! the kindest, the gentlest of men! Oh, Angus! oh, my brother! how would you shudder to know what you have been but dreaming! Angus! dear Angus!" she continued, bending down and kissing the moist brow of the completely prostrated Macpherson—"Angus, do you not know your sister? can you not recognise your fond Ellen? Look on me; try and recover your recollection; I am your sister Ellen."

VOL XXU.

"I know you are-I know only too well you are; you are, indeed, my sister, and the wife of Grant of Cairn-the Grant. Come nearer, Ellenstoop down, for I am dying-I am going to him-he will again see his murderer.

Ellen, at this confession, rushed to the other end of the room, dragging her son with her, as if from some immediate and horrible danger; and then she cried out, "Oh! that you had died! oh, that you had, before

blasting me with this awful admission!"

"I could not! I could not! Heaven is my witness how I have striven to do so! Heaven is my witness what this revelation has cost me! But you ought to have divined it-you, who have seen the tumults of my soul—seen and trembled at them! Do not stand so far off! oh, do not, in mercy, stand so far off! Come nearer to me! Come and look upon

me as the angel of forgiveness! Come and pray for me."

"Pray for you! pray for you! Mothers have been known to pray for the murderers of their sons-wives have been known to pray for the murderers of their husbands! Such things have been known; but, O my God! my God! was ever wife invoked before to pray for the murderer of her husband, when that murderer was her brother? Yet, if Thou hast mercy for such an one, hear me, O Heaven! hear me, now on my bended knees, implore that mercy for him whom Thou art now summoning to his account-yea, imploring it, as if for that sacrificed husband himself!"

"Hear her, O Lord! hear her, and heed her," cried the dying man,

"for then I shall have hope!"

In a few hours the contrite man tested the truth of that hope—in a few hours every earthly struggle ceased, and he lay as calmly and serenely in death, as if no one ripple of passion had ever swept over his tempestuous heart, to leave its furrowing trace upon that pale and marble brow!

"How could," thought Ellen, gazing on him through her tears-"how could," she repeated, as if with astonishment, "the most guileless, the most benign Christian look meeker, look holier in dissolution?" But Angus Macpherson had died a thorough, a devout Christian, and merited the symbolic seal of peace upon his smooth, unruffled forehead. He died with his head upon his sister's bosom, as he pined to die—he died, holding the little fluttering hand of his pretty nephew—the nephew to whom he left the whole of his property, rejoicing, that by uniting the lands of Bendearg and Cairn, that the ancient feud would be for ever cancelled, and that he would be the last Macpherson who would shed the blood of a Grant.*

^{*} Vide "Beauties and Wonders of Nature and Science." Edited by Linney Gilbert, A.M. and rown and the are missed and me hearing ful require. He a murderer ! he murder my Donald! the kinders, the goodset of men! Oh, Angus! oh my brailer how would you should us to

CHRISTABELLE; OR, ANGEL FOOTSTEPS.*

The present age is eminently an age of novels. The long career and merited celebrity of Walter Scott, in that as in other branches of literature, kept almost all competitors in his peculiar line out of the field; but as soon as that master-spirit of the art was removed, novel-writers sprung up in increasing numbers with every succeeding season. Nor is this surprising; the vast circulation of his works had created a school of worthy as well as of unworthy imitators, who bear witness alike to his popularity, and to the influence which his works have had on the literature of his age. He has, indeed, helped both to amuse the present generation and to form the talents of no inconsiderable number of them to continue his work, with various success, for the amusement and instruction of generations to come.

Among his successors, a mixed style has gradually sprung up, uniting the picturesque costume and romantic colouring of Scott with the everyday life and domestic pictures of Miss Austen. We scarcely hesitate to say that we think this the most useful, and probably the most lasting,

form of our modern works of fiction.

True to nature, without being monotonous; romantic in scenery and incident, without falling into exaggeration, this school continues to interest the reader's feelings as well as his imagination, by avoiding at once the commonplace of life while retaining the excitement of adventure.

The work which we are about to review, although sufficiently romantic in some of its incidents, is rather a novel of character than of adventure. Although the personages represented are of the first rank, there is no mawkish endeavour to decry or to describe the oft-told grandeurs or paltrinesses of London society; although part of the story lies among the wildest scenes of travel, there are neither brigands nor conspirators. There is, indeed, one fearful shipwreck, on which the final interest of the story chiefly turns, but it is described with great skill and power, and serves to introduce a most beautiful lyrical ballad, which we shall have to notice in its place hereafter.

In general, the descriptions are very good: there is sufficient truth and exactness to place the scene vividly before the reader's eye without that tedious Dutch painting, as it may be called, now worn almost threadbare

by our so-called serial writers.

The story of "Christabelle" is introduced by a preface, in which the authoress states that it has been written with the same intention as her previous novel of "Lamia," namely, that of offering some hints on the effect of different schemes of education upon similar characters. But although the ultimate design be the same, the tales are in strong contrast one to the other: in "Lamia" she has shown the consequence of parental indifference or neglect, while, in the present work, she has illustrated the benefits to be obtained, even under nearly similar circumstances of indifference, by the intervention of a thoroughly religious and sensible governess. It may be said, that as the amiable character of the country clergyman, so truly depicted in "Lamia," was necessary to

^{*} Christabelle; or, Angel Footsteps. Shoberl. 1852.

bring the story home to every feeling heart, so, in "Christabelle," the character of the motherly governess, Mrs. Murray, is equally the feature which will recommend the present novel to every careful parent. In neither of the two characters is there anything overdrawn, while every word of counsel or remark indicates the strong understanding and pious resolution that animate them.

But we must let the preface speak for itself:

The author, in submitting this work to the public, takes occasion to remark that it is written in the same spirit, and with the same views, as her former novel of "Lamia."

As, in that work, the effects of a want of religious training upon a gifted mind were exemplified in a life exhausted in unsatisfactory purposes, and terminated by a state narrowly rescued from despair, so, in the present story, the results of a sound religious education upon a mind of equal intelligence are exhibited in a happy reliance upon the promises of religion, and an humble resignation to the trials of this world. . . . She has also endeavoured to enforce the neglected truth, that the gifts of fortune, station, or talent, far from exempting their envied possessors from the ills of life, on the contrary expose them in a peculiar degree to the cares and sorrows which especially beset the higher and more cultivated portion of society . . . and trusts that, having confined herself to the province of a narrator, she may have escaped all imputation of a desire to dictate on religious topics, or even to provoke controversy.

To proceed with the story. On a murky London morning, a gay equipage containing a newly-wedded pair, rich in all those attributes of wealth, rank, and beauty so cheaply found in works of this description, is proceeding at a rapid rate from the church which has witnessed their nuptials towards the river-side, where a yacht, the Ringdove, is waiting to convey them to the Mediterranean. On passing London-bridge their progress is arrested by a crowd sssembled to view the body of a woman just drawn from the Thames after a long search and which is now being carried to the coroner's inquest. Her little boy, whom the unhappy mother had doomed to destruction with herself, had been saved by a waterman named Johnson, by whom he was being taken before the parish authorities at the moment of the stoppage of the carriage. innocent child smiles and holds out its hands to the newly-married wife, who is struck with compassion for the poor orphan, and prevails on her husband to accompany it before the parish authorities sitting at the workhouse. Having by this delay, and the late hour of their wedding, lost the tide, the Duke and Duchess of Tintagel have ample time to listen to the details of the accident, and finally adopt the child, taking him on board the yacht with the kind waterman and his wife (an old pilot and stewardess), who make themselves useful on the voyage.

Once embarked, the party make a prosperous trip to Lisbon: the night before the entrance of the *Ringdove* into the Tagus having been stormy, she approaches the mouth of the river early in the morning, by a sunrise which is well described:

As soon as the yacht was in comparatively smooth water, Cornelia, rising from a sleepless couch, and equally impatient both to see the coast of a new country, and to breathe the fresh air of the morning, came upon deck to enjoy the brilliant dawn of a southern climate. The pure clear blue of the eastern horizon was gradually lighted up with that transparent hue which, while you look at it, changes visibly from chrysolite to topaz, from topaz to opal; the

sky became suddenly traversed by streaks of saffron and orange, melting into a soft rose colour, reflected from thin clouds which a moment before were imperceptible: whilst the lower mists floated off in deep purple wreaths tipped here and there with gold, brightening as the resplendent orb approached its entry on our hemisphere. Then, as the globe of fire mounted rapidly into the heavens, casting a ruddy glow over the waters, it gilded successively every tower and turret, every spire and convent of the royal city, lighting with its beams every quinta and casino, deep set in their dark orange and olive groves along the shore, till the whole basin which forms the superb port of Lisbon, and its noble tributary the Tagus, studded with ships of war and merchant vessels of all nations, was opened to the view in a panorama of unrivalled splendour.

The voyage is continued up the Mediterranean to Malta, where the duke and duchess remain during the summer, having added to their party a Scotch physician, Dr. Macleod, and a German artist named Mayer, both of whom return with them afterwards to England. While at Malta the duke falls in with a Greek priest named Mavrosceni, whom he had formerly met in his travels, and who is destined to have a considerable

influence on the future winding up of the story.

On arriving in Egypt they make an excursion up the Nile (during which the learned and artistical opinions and discussions of the doctor and Mayer contribute to enliven the narrative), but return in time to proceed to the Holy Land for Christmas. At Bethlehem, the duchess, who is in a condition which renders her susceptible to nervous impressions, is so affected by a visit to the grotto of the Nativity, that her imagination is worked up to a pitch of excitement, which leads her to the belief that she sees an extraordinary vision emblematic of the future. She has been for some time in anxiety about her husband's health and mind, and exhausts herself in prayers for him and for her expected offspring. Entranced, she fancies herself at the gates of heaven, and sees dimly her own and her children's fate foreshadowed in the vision. This will, doubtless, appear extravagant to some readers, but it is written with genuine piety, and is hardly more extraordinary than the happy birth of her eldest daughter, the heroine of the book, a few days later at Jerusalem, after so long and rough a journey performed upon a camel.

Meanwhile the little foundling, who has been christened Nicholas at Malta, grows a fine boy, and is the plaything and spoiled child of the sailors, who are fond of his bold and active propensities. He dotes on the amiable Cornelia, who is a mother to him, but shows aversion to her husband, and an unconquerable dislike to his valet Luigi: he has too much his own way with all. The effect of Jerusalem on the hitherto pantheistic notions of Mayer is well touched on: till now a German esprit fort, attached to no particular Christianity, he feels struck with inward awe at the actual presence of the holy places, and becomes a sin-

cere believer.

The character of Cornelia is particularly engaging, and we think it would have been an improvement to the work had she been allowed to live longer, and to conduct at least a part of that education of her eldest daughter which has been thrown upon the governess, Mrs. Murray.

Christabelle receives her name in baptism by the hands of a clergyman

whom they meet opportunely by the Jordan.

They proceed to Constantinople, and after a sojourn of some months

there sail for Athens, where they fix themselves for the second winter. Here a second daughter is born, who is named Ianthe, and who in the end becomes nearly as much the heroine, from her beauty and adventures, as Christabelle herself. Leaving Athens in time to avoid the summer heats, they repair to Sicily, where news reaches the duchess that her father, Mr. Lovel, of Cheyne-place, Yorkshire, has been dangerously ill, and is now afflicted with blindness. Of course this intelligence recals

them in haste to England.

In due time a third daughter is born in England, to whom is given the name of Una. Her character and history become prominent features in the latter part of the work. Some months later, a fête is given in the park at Cheyne, on the duchess's birthday; on which occasion Luigi, the valet, who was preparing the fireworks, falls a victim to an accidental explosion. He lives long enough, however, to confess to the duke a secret upon which eventually the whole story turns; namely, that the boy Nicholas is the duke's son by the unhappy Veronica Lanzi, whose suicide, as it afterwards turns out, took place but an hour previous to his present marriage with the daughter of Mr. Lovel. Luigi's own villany, in withholding the duke's allowance for her support has been the cause of the catastrophe. This sad history is made known to the duchess, who generously soothes her husband's wounded conscience, and redoubles her interest and care for the unfortunate boy.

Not many months after this event the amiable duchess is again a mother—the mother of a son; but the father's affliction may be imagined upon the death of both wife and child on the day of his birth. Cornelia, possessing property of her own, is enabled to leave a handsome provision for Nicholas, and a special injunction, among others, to her daughters, always to consider him as a brother. The true history of his birth remains a secret, and upon this point turns the interest of the tale.

With this ends the first volume of "Christabelle."

The second volume is entirely composed of Christabelle's journal, which is continued into the first half of the third. This is, perhaps, the

best part of the work.

It is intended to represent the progress of the mind of a young person endowed with many good qualities, but little of what can be called genius. Commenced at an early age, the journal is continued during several years, and is contrived to exhibit the gradual development of youthful faculties ripening by careful cultivation into an amiable womanly character. And we must acknowledge the skill with which the childish, but natural, style of the first pages is by degrees matured into the tone of a sensible, reflecting mind, without losing the simplicity which belongs to the character, apart from the age, of the writer.

Grandpapa always gives us something on our birthdays. This year he called me and asked me how I got on with my arithmetic. I told him what rules I knew, and he encouraged me to attend to it, because calculation is the basis of all philosophy, and especially of what he knew to be my favourite branch, as it had been his own, namely—astronomy. Those were his words.

"But," said he, "are you not doing sums in money, too?" "Yes," I replied, but not much. I do not understand the value of money. Mrs. Murray says it is the learn before I

"But," said he, "are you not doing sums in money, too?" "Yes," I replied, but not much. I do not understand the value of money. Mrs. Murray says it is the last lesson people ever learn, and I have so much to learn before I come to that." Grandpapa laughed very much, and said it was time I should begin a lesson that was only accomplished so late, and then gave me a pound

a shilling, and a penuy, in gold, silver, and copper, that I might know that £. s. d. were real and tangible things, whether to hold or to spend. I kept them in a little purse I had netted myself, longing for the day when I could go to York, and learn the value of money.

Christabelle is a single-hearted, pains-taking girl, always endeavouring to do her best in whatever she undertakes, and early impressed with the sense of duty, particularly that of fitting herself to be the guide and

guardian of her sisters.

It is not surprising that an over-anxious mind, joined to an ardent love of study, and the prospect of ample room for the cares which her duties impose upon her, should soon prove too much for a delicate frame. Christabelle falls into ill-health, and is taken to London for advice. While there, she accidentally makes acquaintance with a Miss Revel, a girl a few years her senior, a friendship of which her father disapproves: they separate, but to meet again later in the story. As she gradually recovers, her father allows her to see a little society, and the impression it makes on her fresh and unsophisticated mind is well described.

On Christabelle's return home, which is prettily related, she receives the direction of her grandfather's household, and with her increasing cares her mind seems to acquire strength. Some of the reflective parts of this volume, the constant reference to the faint but cherished memory of her mother, and unceasing gratitude to her kind friend and governess, Mrs. Murray, are conceived and expressed in an excellent spirit. For many readers, the naïveté of the remarks, the abruptness of some of the sentences, the recurrence to favourite trains of thought, will be considered as too childish; but the book is, in fact, the history of the progress of a child, and the gradual development of the understanding is the very subject-matter which it has to deal with.

Christabelle is much left to the society of her grandfather, Mr. Lovel, who, though now old and blind, retains a taste for philosophy and astronomy which he has formerly cultivated. Some of the old gentleman's conversations are very pleasing, and well calculated to draw on the capacity of an intelligent young person. Mr. Lovel's observations, which Christabelle is careful to repeat verbatim in her journal, form an agreeable contrast to her own simple style, which is far from detracting

from the natural effect of her writing.

The duke now lives much in London, and rarely comes to Cheyne. Nicholas, who had been sent to school at York, where he was ill-treated, and not improved, after going through Eton, and passing some time in Germany, finally enters the Guards. His character is wild and reckless, not devoid of good, but much neglected.

At this period two new persons appear on the scene; the Rev. Bernard Clive, who succeeds to the living of Cheyne on the death of an old Mr. Gray, and his friend and former pupil, Lord Haddon, both of

whom have much influence on the story.

Mr. Clive is a thoughtful, but zealous clergyman, earnest in his calling, but not finding scope enough in the limited range of an English living to do all that he thinks himself called to do in behalf of Christian truth. He is already bent upon going to establish a mission in some benighted quarter of the globe, and only waits for the chance of finding some amiable partner who may be ready to share his trials and his troubles,

before finally quitting his native shores. Lord Haddon is the model of a well-principled, well-educated young nobleman; he appears to advantage wherever he does appear, and it is much to be regretted that his steady, reasonable, and otherwise interesting character is not more fully brought out and developed.

At this point the real action of the story may be said to begin. The two new comers are speedily introduced to Mr. Lovel's family, and as speedily fall in love with the two younger of his granddaughters, whose great youth renders them, as well as those about them, blind to the effect of their charms. Christabelle, meanwhile, the least pretty, slowly and silently becomes captivated by Mr. Clive's talents and goodness, as Nicholas is by Christabelle herself; Ianthe preferring Nicholas to Lord Haddon, Mr. Clive and Una being the only pair satisfied.

There is here ample stuff for a plot. That it is as well carried out as it might have been with the materials, may be disputed; the characters, prettily sketched, are each too much hero or heroine in their respective persons to allow sufficient prominence to her whose life is the theme of the novel. Her own modest, retiring disposition, and the fact that she is writing of herself, conspire to bring the secondary personages rather too much forward, while she, the heroine of the tale, remains in the background. Christabelle's nineteenth birthday is to be celebrated by a family fête, which displays the characters as well as the different positions of the sisters at that time:

Ianthe and Una came to me to-day to show me the programme of my fête. "It will be perfect," said Ianthe, before she had explained one word of it.

"We have made it as nice as we could," said Una, blushing.

"I suppose, then, the plan is yours, Una?" said I.

"Only the allegorical part, and the entrance we are to make all together, going up to kiss grandpapa."

" And, Ianthe, what is your part?"

"Oh! the prettiest part, the dresses, and the dances, and music, and the flowers and decorations. Would it not be nice if Nicholas were here?"

"I think he seems not in a humour to enjoy that sort of thing much now!"

"Oh, yes, I think he would. He would dance with me, I know."

"You are very young, Ianthe!"

"Una says I am too old for her already. Can you believe it?"

At length Mr. Clive formally requests and obtains the hand of Una, but not until after a most painful éclaircissement between Christabelle and himself on the very evening of her birthday; she imagining his affections to be placed upon herself, as ther own are undeniably centred in him. She sacrifices her feelings so far as to give every assistance in her power to her sister's union with the husband of her choice: they are married, and the whole family accompany the missionary pair to Portsmouth, whence, after a final parting, Mr. Lovel and his two remaining granddaughters return to Cheyne.

Not to interrupt the story, we have passed over a sort of by-plot which

now becomes of importance.

Nicholas, having been rejected by Christabelle, turns his attention, more out of pique than from any better motive, towards Ianthe. She, indifferent to the increasing admiration of Lord Haddon, listens with pleasure to the addresses of Nicholas, much to the disapprobation of her steadier sister. Ianthe, a beauty, but a weak, irresolute, yet rash and

hasty character, has reluctantly promised Christabelle to break off her growing intimacy with Nicholas, yet on her return to Cheyne is foolish enough to allow herself to meet him. Christabelle separates them for the time, but Ianthe's want of caution remains a weight upon her sister's heart.

The third volume opens with a continuation of the journal, and the first event recorded is the death of the venerable Mr. Lovel. The description of his tranquil end, and Christabelle's secret feeling of dissatisfaction with her own heart on finding herself less affected than she had anticipated by the shock, is very natural.

Change of air and scene being recommended for her, the family repair to Cornwall for the winter; but we must omit much of the narrative,

though it is well told, from want of space.

Una, meanwhile, has arrived with her zealous husband at their new abode in the southern hemisphere. She writes happy letters. Contented with her lot, she devotes herself to her husband and his holy calling. She enjoys New Zealand and its beauties, and is busy forming schools for native children.

After the duke and his daughters had been some time at his house near Tintagel, they are joined by Nicholas and Lord Haddon, who come round in a yacht, which they keep for sailing about the coast. The party visit many of the curiosities of Cornwall, and, during a visit to Botallack mine, the renewal of intimacy between Nicholas and the weak, vacillating Ianthe becomes so evident that Christabelle is once more thrown into despair respecting her.

On their return to Tintagel, the daughters are summoned to their father's room, where they find the duke and Nicholas both in a state of high and frenzied excitement. Ianthe and Nicholas are then solemnly informed that no marriage can take place between them, and the unhappy girl is sent a prisoner to her apartment. The young man leaves the duke's presence, as he believes, for ever, and returns imme-

diately on board his yacht.

At midnight Christabelle is again summoned to her father's chamber. She finds him ill, sleepless, and weary in mind and body. He has called her to hear the sad story that has embittered his whole life, which is briefly this. He tells it as a confession as well as an explanation.

When travelling in the Mediterranean as a young man, he had met with a beautiful Corsican girl, to whom he had been married by a Greek priest under such doubtful circumstances, that (though he had at first honourably intended to preserve his fidelity to her) they do not, on after consideration, seem to warrant the legality of the marriage. After some time he sent her back to Corsica, with an ample allowance, payable through a certain Luigi, his valet, who not only embezzled the money, but reported the wretched Veronica to be dead. The duke then married Cornelia Lovel, the mother of his three daughters, but was ignorant of the birth of a son to him by Veronica soon after they had parted, and also of the fact that the ill-used and unhappy woman had made her way to England, found herself without means, and committed suicide. It turns out then that the son is no other than Nicholas, and the mother, whose body was dragged up from the Thames the very morning of the wedding of the duke and Cornelia, was the luckless Veronica Lanzi. This was

testified by the dying confession of Luigi, who alone had seen the corpse.

Christabelle receives this painful communication with great distress: but as an explanation it clears up everything. She obtains permission to impart it to lanthe, but to her only. She repairs to her sister's room, and

finds her gone.

Thunderstruck by the event, she faints, but is luckily supported by Lord Haddon, whom, as a friend, she despatches instantly to the duke to inform him of the elopement, and to hear, of necessity, the full story of the reasons that exist against a marriage. Lord Haddon, accompanied by a pilot, goes off in quest of the yacht, which, however, is brought near in shore by the weather, and is ultimately cast away at the foot of the rocks, as well as the boat which conveyed the anxious friend. All are lost but the unhappy Nicholas, who, broken and miserable, shows himself once at his father's gate, only to be spurned from it, and to hear the whole fatal secret from his afflicted yet truly attached sister.

A great break ensues in the journal: but before leaving this part we must quote the following Dirge, which we think one of the most spirited and picturesque specimens of the lyrical ballad that it has been our fortune to see since those of Walter Scott. We extract, also, the necessary ex-

planation from a previous page:

You have never heard the old tradition of the family, that . . . the coffins of our race were never buried in mother earth, but left upon the wild shore, when mysterious beings floated in from another world, and conveyed them away. A simple stone with a cross was the only memorial of the dead, and that, without date or inscription, was placed for each of our names in the family chapel of St. Pirran.

DIRGE.

Who be these riders on steeds of foam
O'er the crests of the troubled sea?
And lo be prefer these all of And lo! one paler than all the rest, He beareth a maiden upon his breast, He beareth her unto me, to me! described a described of A. He beareth her unto me!

Tell me, pale chief of the shadowy band That troop o'er the wild, wild wave, Why bearest thou home that lifeless formwith beautiful Corsions g Is it in mercy, or bitter scorn, If not in love to save, to save— If not in love to save?

" Men call me Reaper, on earth, And Fisherman of the Sea; I bring thee thy wept, through a certain Loiei, his valet Whom I might have kept,

At the voice of thy misery—

At the voice of thy misery!

"By you ruined church on the beacon-rock, on do her way to There in salt sea-weed let her shrouded lie; Cover her head with the turf's sweet thyme—
Half shall be thine, though half is mine—
Who in her spring did die, did die,
Who in her spring did die. "Carry her deck'd as my ocean-bride,
With pearls of the deep, deep sea,
To her lonely grave,
Where the wind and wave
May chant their victory!
May chant their victory!"

The journal is not resumed until three years later, when Christabelle is with her father, making a voyage round the coasts of Italy. The duke, a prey to remorse for his treatment of his unfortunate first wife, goes to Corsica, in the vain hope of finding out her family, and of doing something for them, by way of reparation for his injustice to the deserted Veronica. Failing in this, he sails to Sardinia and to Naples, from whence he sends his yacht home, and they return to England through Germany.

At Naples, where they remain the summer, the duke finds a friend of the late Mr. Lovel, Sir Frederic Perceval, whom he had made trustee for the Lovel estates until Christabelle should come into possession—a period that was now fast approaching. They visit him at his villa near Sorrento, and after an acquaintance which proves mutually agreeable, Sir

Frederic accompanies them on their journey homewards.

The only place they stop at on their way for any length of time is a small German court, at which a sister of Mr. Lovel's, now Countess von Arnheim, is Hofdame. The old lady, whose life is passed in the manœuvres and intrigues of a very narrow circle, takes it into her head to concoct a marriage between her great-niece Christabelle and the reigning duke, which is happily broken off, but which leads to the announcement that Sir Frederic Perceval is already the happy and accepted lover of Christabelle, with her father's full consent. The party on this hasten to England for the wedding.

Once at home, Christabelle, whose interest in foreign life and travel seems to have been great, but whose attachments are all local and domestic, prepares for her approaching marriage. She is now not only happy, and deservedly so, but she is arrived at the only time in her life since infancy which has not been beset with premature cares. The

moments of pure, unalloyed happiness were doomed to be few.

The duke consents that Nicholas shall be invited. He comes, gloomy and altered; meets father, sister, and her betrothed, with the worst grace possible: poor Christabelle is distressed beyond measure. Sir Frederic, the day before the intended nuptials, asks Nicholas to shoot with him, kindly meaning to divert his evidently pre-occupied mind. They go out; Sir Frederic shoots rashly, and wounds the unfortunate Nicholas mortally. He only lives to be brought home.

This event puts an end to the marriage. Christabelle, pure and highminded, refuses to wed the innocent slayer of her brother. Her health,

however, gradually sinks under the affliction.

At this juncture of the story occurs what we are inclined to think the only grave mistake in the book. In the middle of the night, when the house is a scene of woe and affliction, an unexpected visitor arrives, who proves to be a Mrs. Biron, the Teresa Revel of Christabelle's early acquaintance. Into her history it is not necessary to enter further than to say that, unhappily married, she had formed a violent attachment to

the ill-starred Nicholas, and, in spite of all reason and duty, had rushed frantic to visit his last remains. She falls in with Christabelle, who, broken-hearted herself, kindly soothes her, and wisely sends her home the next day, under proper escort, before her husband discovers her absence. The great improbability of all these circumstances compels us to blame their unnecessary introduction.

The only advantage to the story produced by this episode, as it may almost be called, is, that she mentions a Greek priest whom she knows to have had relations with Nicholas, and to have professed his ability to prove the young man's legitimacy. When this idea is reported to the duke he seizes on it with eagerness, and, partly to satisfy his own conscience, partly to satisfy the virtuous longings of his daughter, now sadly reduced by illness, he resolves to pursue it as far as evidence will carry it out.

In the mean time, the last blow to this afflicted family is given by the news of the death of Una in New Zealand, brought on in great measure by her grief for the catastrophe which had blasted her sister's happiness in this world. The lines upon Una's grave are singularly simple and touching, quite in keeping with the character allotted to her, and highly poetical both in imagery and diction.

UNA'S GRAVE.

The ev'ning breeze is whisp'ring low.
The forest's depths among,
Bright birds beneath the sunset's glow
Awake their vesper song:

Where bending o'er the humble cross,
The palm-trees fling their shade;
Casting athwart the emerald moss
A shelter none invade.

No kindred graves find place around, No sister sleepeth nigh; Her household sleep in other ground, In other countries lie.

Few are the words that record hath, But they suffice to tell How, following in the Saviour's path, The missionary fell.

The duke and Sir Frederic pursue their researches in London, seeking for the Greek priest, and any other testimony available for their object. The interest is very well kept up, and they obtain what satisfies them at last—that the marriage with Veronica was valid, that Nicholas was consequently legitimate, that the first wife was drawn out of the Thames a corpse at an earlier hour than that of the second marriage, which thereby becomes also valid. This is well told, though we rather demur to some points of our fair authoress's law; but her readers will be satisfied with less than would go down in Westminster Hall. They return to Cheyne time enough to find Christabelle alive; but she dies, after a scene of great pathos, in Sir Frederic's arms.

Our previous observations, together with our extracted passages, will enable our readers to judge for themselves of this singular work. We call it singular, not merely in the sense of its being original, which it is in an eminent degree, but because we think that even the parts which

will strike many readers at first sight as commonplace are treated with a depth of moral meaning that is itself very seldom met with in works of this nature. How much might be added to the history of the human mind if those who write while they are young enough to remember vividly the joys and sorrows, the doubts and anticipations of their childish years, would candidly give us the picture of their yet unsettled understanding, and its impressions!

We consider the journal as the best, as it is the main portion and substance of the work. The conclusion was naturally and necessarily to be given by another hand than that of the journalist. But we think it a fault of arrangement that the whole first volume—almost a separate tale in itself—should be devoted to preliminaries before we arrive at the commencement of the work, we might almost say of the life of the heroine.

mencement of the work, we might almost say of the life of the heroine.

Both "Christabelle" and "Lamia" are stories founded avowedly on principles connected with education, and therefore, independently of their merit as works of fiction, are deserving of the attention of those who are led by duty or inclination to study the influence of system on the formation of character. They exhibit in strong contrast the advantages of positive views of religion over merely negative ones; and in the present work those views will be to many readers enhanced by the pleasing episode, as it may be called, of Mr. Clive and his missionary wife. In both works the authoress shows her skill in drawing the true character of the English clergyman, and in both gives here and there tokens of acquaintance with a taste in art, especially music, which strike us as genuine and original.

We could have wished for the further development of some characters, and of scenes well sketched but not dwelt upon, especially those of the German court, and the Italian provincial governor; but it may be well to leave something to the imagination of the reader. With stuff sufficient to eke out three modern novels, it is evident that details cannot be

very minutely painted in three volumes allotted to one.

The descriptions of illness, are, we fear, painfully accurate in the present work, as in "Lamia," and strongly attest the probability of their being drawn from sad personal experience. The journal, in great part, bears internal evidence of having been taken from the genuine effusions of

a young mind.

But these are trifling objections, and were they greater, they would still be redeemed by the tone of pure morality, as well as by the exalted views of religion maintained throughout the work. The chaste and simple beauty of the poetry, too, cannot fail to recommend it to the generality of readers.

make you enjoy it if you did. When we first knew him he was about the age of thirty, certainly not more; and, while for from anattractive in external appearance, in conversation and tast he displayed, with charman ing unconsciousness of doing an avtracedinary powers of fuscination. It is hardly to be wurdered at if a girl of an affectionate a disposition as Emily was not very long in betraving a decided partiality for the young man. The traitor blush would tell tales; but there was no harm in its doing so, for there happened to exist onite as deep an attachment on one side as the other. Gilbert M'Dermot was of too congenial a spirit to

a differ bettern! our spelgrommon as their seril to eveluen vitem solints the

BY JOHN STEDMAN, B.A.

wiedly the joys and surrows, the doing and artisqueisms of their whildish

I NEED not follow the course of time, as year after year rolled on, and varying prosperity lulled the remembrance of my parents' death. My little daughter grew up a beautiful girl; and, being our only child, was the very idol of our hearts. She was not unlike your own daughter in figure and complexion, as well as name, but in one respect she differed from any girl of her age I have ever seen. Though commonly of the sweetest temper, if anything unusual excited her there was a degree of impetuosity and recklessness about her which ofttimes gave me considerable uneasiness. Caution is so essential a constituent of the female character, that we can hardly perceive its absence without a degree of apprehension. But what affected me more than all was, that when under the influence of this excitement there was a look in her clear, dark eye, which startlingly reminded me of my father as he lay on that awful death-bed. I positively dared not look at her when this thought struck me, and it became my anxious care to prevent any little causes of irritation which might have a tendency to rouse her latent spirit. My precautions were but little needed, however, for, as I said before, she was ordinarily of a most amiable and gentle disposition, and no one could have been long in the house without loving her with more than common intensity. My wife, too, was all that the most fastidious husband could desire; and no better proof of the merits of both can be adduced than the fact, that for the last six years I had been as happy as I was wretched before—a change attributable to their general influence alone. My father's dying words, it is true, I could never forget; but when I viewed our cheerful home, and saw that darling face, delicate, indeed, but with every tint of increasing health and happiness lighting up its merry lines, I asked myself involuntarily if any curse was here.

When she had attained the age of seventeen, I thought it but right to let her see a little more of society than hitherto. I had formed the acquaintance of several very good families in the county; but the one we saw most of, owing to their vicinity to the Hall, were the M'Dermots of Whitby Lodge. Sir Gilbert and his lady were, in truth, very amiable people, and possessed the happy accomplishment of rendering their domestic parties the most cheerful and unconstrained imaginable. Sir Gilbert's eldest son was a counterpart of his father—one who would ever be pressing you to partake of the hospitality of the Lodge, and sure to make you enjoy it if you did. When we first knew him he was about the age of thirty, certainly not more; and, while far from unattractive in external appearance, in conversation and tact he displayed, with charming unconsciousness of doing so, extraordinary powers of fascination. It is hardly to be wondered at if a girl of so affectionate a disposition as Emily was not very long in betraying a decided partiality for the young man. The traitor blush would tell tales; but there was no harm in its doing so, for there happened to exist quite as deep an attachment on one side as the other. Gilbert M'Dermot was of too congenial a spirit to

pass over with indifference the many winning ways of my daughter.

Dear, dear girl, few know what I have felt on her behalf!

To go over the whole history of their courtship would probably be as uninteresting to you as it would be painful to me. I cannot dwell on scenes of my idolised child's happiness without the keenest pangs. Suffice it to say, that after an intimacy of more than a twelvemonth, Gilbert and Emily were betrothed. Nothing delayed their union but a slight illness of my wife, who, at the earnest invitation of some relations in Scotland, and my own advice, left home just at this time for a few weeks in the

bracing atmosphere of the Highlands.

We now saw, as may easily be imagined, more than ever of our future relations, and scarcely a day passed without a visit from or to them. Sometimes Emily would spend several days together at the Lodge, and occasionally I, too, absented myself from home, though seldom beyond a single night. It was a week or two after my wife's departure, that, in compliance with a kind invitation, I left the Hall for Sir Gilbert's, where I was to stay the night, as our houses were not less than a mile and a half apart, and several of Sir Gilbert's acquaintance were to meet me at a late dinner, a very old friend of the family having recently arrived from a distance, whom the hospitable squire wished to entertain with due gaiety and honours. My daughter, who was quite unwell from a severe cold, did not accompany me on this occasion, but assured me, with a kiss, as I left, that she should not be dull during my absence, being pleasantly occupied in completing a pair of slippers she was working for Gilbert. She hoped to finish them by the time I returned in the morning.

The festivities of the dinner-table, around which some fifteen rallied, and did full justice to the liberal, though not vulgar profusion of their worthy host, lasted an unusually long time. Gilbert was the life of the party, and conversed on every conceivable topic in his wonted attractive Among other themes of discourse, I heard with some uneasiness, on my Emily's account, sundry reports of robberies in the neighbourhood; and a naval officer, whose residence was only three miles from the Lodge, and had been entered but two nights before, gave it as his opinion that a gang was quartered somewhere in the county not far off. Several others seemed disposed to believe such to be the case, and the rest of the evening was passed in relating and listening to anecdotes of all the burglaries, highway robberies, murders, and manslaughters which had occurred within the memory of any one present. Such annals scarcely tended to relieve my mind of the anxiety it felt lest my own dwelling should be the scene of some bold attempt during my absence. Its lonely situation might tempt a gang, if gang there were, and what would be the alarm of my dear daughter in such circumstances, with no one to keep her company but the servants.

After all the guests, except Sir Gilbert's visitor, had departed, I mentioned my fears at sleeping out of my own house after the recitals of the evening, and said that, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, I might find some of the domestics still up to let me in. The baronet expressed himself sorry I should think it necessary to depart till the next day, but would not press me if I felt any alarm on Emily's behalf. Gilbert declared he would accompany me if her safety were concerned, and, though I tried to dissuade him, as it was a mainy, tempestuous night, he

was determined, as I would not stay with them, to return with me, which he had often done before at a more reasonable time of the day. He kindly lent me a thick, shaggy coat, with collar reaching over the ears, and a glazed broad-brimmed hat, both admirably calculated to withstand the pelting rain. In addition to this, my legs were encased in high gaiters of lightish hue, so that my appearance was something that of a fisherman equipped for his toils. Gilbert was accounted in very similar style, and I fully expected causing some alarm to whatever domestic

should happen to open the door for our admission.

On reaching the Hall, we found all retired to bed, for, on walking round the house, no light in any of the windows was discernible. I was unwilling to rouse any of the domestics at so late an hour, and we were on the point of returning to the Lodge, when Gilbert perceived that neither the shutters nor the window of my study, which was on the ground-floor, were fastened—a discovery which made me very glad I had not remained longer absent, and far from pleased with the carelessness which had left so easy an entrance for any ill-disposed person who might choose to take advantage of it. Gilbert suggested the possibility that one might already have entered. I had not much fear on that head, as I thought the neglect of servants quite sufficient to account for the circumstance of an unfastened window, especially in a large edifice. As it happened, however, we were not so sorry for the occurrence, as it enabled us to gain admittance by quietly raising the sash. Unfortunately there were no means of obtaining a light nearer at hand than the kitchen, to which I repaired with as little noise as possible, leaving Gilbert awaiting my return in the hall. Here I groped about without succeeding in finding a match; the fire, according to custom, had been extinguished, and, after an ineffectual search, in which I made a considerable disturbance by accidentally throwing down a tray which was leaning against the dresser, returned to my young friend with the intelligence that we must find our way to bed, as well as we could, in the dark, and, accordingly, proceeded to lead the way up the staircase. We were scarcely half-way, when I heard a door open on the bedroom landing, and in another instant saw my daughter step quickly to the top of the stairs with my gun in her hand. I was only enabled to see her by the light of a candle which issued from her room just opposite the staircase. Before I had time to say a word she raised the piece; in horror, for I knew the piece to be loaded, I rushed forwards to snatch it from her hand. I remember no more of that fatal night save a report, and a stunning blow on the back of my head as I fell upon the stairs. My face bears indelible marks of that hideous hour, but not more than my heart the impression of that instant, in which I staggered backwards, wounded by the hand of my own darling daughter; but seasons of deeper agony than that short moment were in store for me.

When I recovered my consciousness, I was lying on my bed, with one of the servants by the bedside, her face pale, agitated, and horror-struck. My brain was frightfully confused; I could then recollect nothing but groping my way up-stairs. Gradually as this impression became more fixed, I thought of Gilbert who accompanied me, then of my daughter; but when I came to that thought, my senses left me again, and I sank into unconsciousness—to awake only to the same dreadful process of

memory. I raised my hand to my face, for it throbbed violently; it was bandaged; I passed it to the back of my head, and felt a moist bandage there also; I looked at my hand—it was stained with blood; then for the first time I asked for Gilbert. "Where is Gilbert?" and a dreadful fear almost reduced me to insensibility again. But now my fevered thoughts ran most upon my daughter; her face did not appear at my bedside. Oh, how had she stood the blow? How had she endured to discover a parent where she looked for an assassin?

"She must be ill!" I murmured incessantly, as I tossed upon that couch of mental and bodily agony; "will no one tell me of Emily—of Gilbert?"

No; there was not one who would dissipate the fearful suspense of those racking hours by raising the veil which hung like a volcanic cloud over the pregnant reality.

Often and often have I thought over that week; but there is one idea, which not all my own reasoning to the contrary, nor all the arguments of doctor or nurse could drive from my mind, and it is a circumstance I have a peculiar repugnance to mention. No doubt you will think, as others have done, that the brain was bewildered, and the sight strained by fever. It might be so—I am not superstitious—but my impression still is that I saw my father. That look was too real for imagination; at least I thought so, and I dislike arguing the point. I am not certain that he did not speak, for I have since that moment had one sentence engraven in my breast which it appals me to utter. I must have murmured it aloud as I lay, for the nurse tried to soothe me, as though I were troubled and inquiet; she might well have been shocked, for, if I spake at all, it was those searing words, "The curse has not slept!"

And now my wife, who had left Scotland on hearing of our frightful disaster, showed her face in my sick room; but oh, what a tale of suffering was there! It awoke my worst fears; and, in extreme apprehension, I gasped, "Is Emily dead?"

She fell on her knees by my bedside, buried her face in the clothes, and sobbed out,

"Oh, do not-do not ask me!"

"Oh, Caroline, Caroline!" I cried, as I sprang up in bed, "if you do not wish to kill me, tell me at once—is she dead?"

The next moment I should have rushed from the room and sought an explanation for myself; but my wife rose from her knees, and, her sobs instantly suppressed, laid her hand on my arm, uttering at the same time, gently, and with almost solemnity,

" Stay-or you will kill her!"

"Then she is alive!" I murmured, as I threw myself down again, exhausted.

It was all I could say, for a thousand feelings struggled to possess themselves of my reason. After a few minutes, more calmly now, I asked imploringly,

"And is she ill?"

Caroline turned away her face, and probably to divert my question, murmured "Gilbert."

"Ha!"—and my excitement again became violent—" what is become of Gilbert?"

It was useless to defer an answer, and, with a wonderful effort to be self-possessed, she replied,

"Gilbert is dead !"

Then I saw all: Emily was raving—she was in danger—I saw her before me in the convulsions of madness—on the verge of the grave! She was not dead, but how could she live?—she had killed Gilbert! My wife would not satisfy any more questions. She made me promise I would seek for no further information till I was better able to bear it. I might

comfort myself: Emily was alive.

I kept my promise. For seven long days, with their nights of interminable gloom, did that restless couch torture the limbs it refreshed not; and then that perpetual wandering after one thought, that perpetual repetition of the same word or sentence, that untiring perseverance of the brain, that worse than weariness—who but the sick can understand it? At length the wished-for day arrived when the surgeon permitted me to quit my bed. Caroline came as usual to visit and tend me, and promised that the next day I should see my daughter. Oh, how I longed for the interview! Then would be shown whether life had yet a charm-whether it had yet joys enough to outweigh the remembrance of its sorrows; whether it had yet flowers left on its stripped branches to cover the sharpest of its thorns. Religion had not then that influence on my heart and feelings which can alone render such a path as mine anything but a desert track. I have since learned to regard our existence here as a soldier does some deadly station afar from home and kindred—as a post of duty -and to consider that a sufficient reason for enduring it, though all other ties be gone, with patience and fortitude. But to return.

At the hour appointed my wife entered my room to conduct me to my daughter. She seemed less calm than she had been for the last few days, and evidently distressed, when she began, in a slightly tremulous voice,

to prepare me for the interview.

"Emily," she said, "has far from recovered the effects of that terrific night. To see you thus ill and wounded, will probably affect her severely; you must not, therefore, be alarmed at her manner, or suffer yourself to be agitated more than you can possibly avoid."

She became embarrassed, and proceeded to lead the way.

I tried to feel collected and prepared for whatever I might witness; but, weakened by illness, my nerves unstrung by mental agony of no light description, I felt almost faint with anxiety. When we entered Emily's chamber she was seated in an invalid's chair, her face pale and dejected, and supported by one hand. No beautiful tresses played over her fair cheeks, which were hollow and slightly sallow. I advanced towards her; her eyes were fixed in the direction of the window, and she did not take any notice of our entrance. I spoke to her, and she looked round; she looked towards my face: there was the ghastly bandage. She covered her face with both hands.

"Emily, dearest Emily! speak!" I said, as gently as I could, almost bursting into tears, for my spirits were depressed, and a sight of her, who so short a time ago was full of life and vivacity, thus stricken and changed, affected me most tenderly. "Speak, dearest, and tell me how you are!"

My voice grew husky, for she answered not. I took one of her tiny VOL. XXII.

wrists in my hand; she uncovered her face, and looked vacantly towards me;—she gave a short laugh, and—can I ever forget the horror of that discovery, the bitterest, perhaps, of my whole life?—that eye, in which soul and intellect were wont to shine, with its meaningless look, told me that my fondest hope on earth was blasted—my only child, the idol of my home, was—an idiot!

I wept not—my fevered cheek would have dried the most copious tears—but I felt that then only had I begun to feel misery. That was my first affliction! I had been conversant with sorrow, but not such sorrow as this!

"No!" I murmured bitterly, as I left the room, almost stupified with the blow which had fallen upon me, "the curse has not slept! The disobedient son has become the hopeless father!"

My wife had witnessed the affecting scene in silence. The secret she had dreaded to disclose to me was now revealed, and perhaps my sharing in it relieved her breast of half its care. And now it is eight years since mother and daughter have ceased to tread with me the gloomy paths of a blighted existence. I am left alone, and can live only in the remembrance of the beings I loved and lost. I left the Hall on the death of my wife, and occupied a small house in the town; but, like a spirit haunting the scene of some dark deed, I perpetually visit the mournful walls which once contained all my earthly endearments. One room remains as a memento of the past, just as it was when my poor Emily was yet alive. A little table bears the relics of her work, which affect me more poignantly than any elaborate monument could do; and there is one spot in the neglected garden which I tend for her sake: it was her favourite border, and her hand planted the rose which adorns its centre. Not all the wealth of Europe should induce me to part with it. When night throws a shade over the old mansion I take a melancholy pleasure in haunting its solitude, and musing undisturbed o'er the past. The stars which twinkle so bright in the clear sky seem so many mansions of departed ones; and, when the night breeze comes murmuring from the deep, it seems a gentle whisper from the tomb-it is like the rustling wings of ministering angels, and I feel as though the spirits of my wife and daughter were sighing to see me desolate and alone.

Here the captain finished his sad story. His eyes were suffused with tears as he concluded, and he was not without sympathisers. Bitter as it sometimes is to dwell upon the past, there is often a degree of relief experienced in making others acquainted with the calamities which have befallen us. During our stay at Whitby we saw much of the captain, who seemed to find peculiar comfort in our society now we were made participators in his sorrows. So greatly had we been interested in the recital that, when our story drew to a close, we felt as though about to part with an old friend, and often by our fireside have we talked over the history of the haunted house, and the melancholy annals of Old Jack.

RECENT NOVELS.

"The Rebels of Glenfawn"*—an episode, rather than a comprehensive summary of the Irish rebellion of 1798—a story in which sullen conspiracy and daring acts of insurrection, gaol delivery and robbery, are mixed up with ardent, faithful loves; in which, in fact, severe truth is so dressed up with fairy fiction, that it is often difficult to discriminate where the one leaves off and the other begins—still contains such an accurate description of the state of the country at the time—such life-like portraits of the well-known chief actors in the sanguinary drama—Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Emmett, M'Nevin, Bond, and others—and such a detailed account of incidents connected with the rebellion, more especially in reference to county Cork, that it may be said to possess a real historical value; the more especially from the evident care that has been given to the whole subject, and the high literary ability which has been shown in its execution.

True, that in what concerns the more romantic portion of this story, it is by no means made clear, how, even with the aid of a very foolish and eccentric village Æsculapius, a total stranger, however youthful, handsome, or refined in his manners, passing by the name of Gerald Fenton, and residing, in such turbulent times, in a tumble-down tower of the ruinous castle of Glenfawn, should be permitted to be intimate at a country gentleman's house, and to woo and win an only daughter, without any serious questioning as to his whereabouts and antecedents; true, that before he becomes an accepted suitor, though still the rebel Fenton, and attached to the person of a greater rebel, Abner Grimm, once Lord Roche, he is known to be a scion of the same noble but unfortunate family; still there is total improbability in all these love-incidents and perplexities, which are further heightened by a tale of treachery and tyranny on the part of the Royalist, Captain Thornell, which is all made to depend on a thwarted affection to the same person -Amy Fleming, the heroine of the story-and which involves a degree of criminality and ferocity such as we grieve to say partakes more of Celtic vivacity and Romanist credulity than of reality in life, or of verisimilitude in fiction.

It is to be observed here that we are treating of that part of the rebellion which concerns Glenfawn and the Roches as fiction, but throughout the leaning of the author is in favour of the rebels; the rebellion and violence of an "unthinking populace, commonly ripe for revolt," is spoken of as solely induced by the tyranny of an alien government—the perpetual irritation of the prejudices and just feelings of a subject people. The traitors to the cause are made gamblers, profligates, and Atheists—men of the worst class and most disreputable characters; the rebels, from high to low, are depicted as heroes, suffering in a great and a righteous cause. Even Brennan, the highwayman who perished on the scaffold, has all the interest of a devoted patriot and a brave man attached to his person. When an act of uncalled-for ferocious reprisals is committed,

^{*} The Rebels of Glenfawn: a Romance of the Last Century. 3 vols. William Shoberl.

as the burning of the Gow's house, it is done by the Royalists, with an amiable disregard of the burning of 200 Protestants alive in Scullabogue barn.

With the exception of this bias, which, it is fair to say, is by no means offensively intruded, although influencing the whole character of the story and the portraiture of the chief actors, Glenfawn is a very able and well-told story of a rebellion still sadly embosomed in the memories

of many of the veterans and dowagers of the day.

The daughter even of a king of the gipsies* can have few other claims to love and respect than her beauty and her virtue. The mystery of her origin, the remote antiquity of her race, her possible descent from the Pharaohs, the habits of her tribe, all the highly-coloured qualities attributed to the gipsy by a popular author, may add to the interest of her person, but can be scarcely said to enhance her social qualifications. The resources, then, of the novelist are few and simple when they take a gipsy for a heroine. Thus Sybil, when first seen at Ascot by the accomplished Count Lorenzo de Castro, was "most beautiful"—" a perfect Hebe of loveliness, whom painters of old would have felt inclined to fall down and worship."

The wooing of the enamoured Spaniard and the bella bellissima Gitana is a short but stirring story. A year afterwards, the count had placed his gipsy-bride in a house so fair, that "one might well have asked, was it not dropt from heaven?" This was at Seville, in a land where flowers ever blossom, and Lorenzo and his gipsy-wife were as

happy as frail mortals are permitted to be in this world.

Here also they made acquaintance with Sir Harcourt and Lady Lisle; the latter young and fair—not beautiful—and with great sweetness of disposition, combined with fascinating manners. To add to the happiness of this charming little coterie, Sybil became the mother of a fairy little daughter, who was baptized Zora Emma. All this felicity was, however, rudely interrupted by the hand of death. Lorenzo was accidentally drowned, and the broken-hearted Sybil, sacrificing home, country, property, everything whatsoever, repaired, almost barefooted, with her baby in her arms, to the camp of her ancestors. Here Zora grew up amid vice and recklessness, and learnt to love gipsy life and a gipsyboy, till she was luckily, at the very moment of her mother's death, rescued by the good Lady Lisle. It is evident that Sybil's sad story stands only as an introduction to the fortunes of pretty Zora, to which we hope to be introduced in a couple more volumes as pleasant and as agreeable as those now before us.

^{*} The Gipsy's Daughter; a Tale. Edited by the author of the "Gambler's Wife," "Sybil Lennard," &c. 2 vols. T. C. Newby.

HAMILTON. FLORENCE

By Miss Julia Addison,

AUTHOR OF "THE CURATE OF WILDMERE."

CHAPTER XLIII.

There thou—whose love and life together fled. LORD BYRON. Have I then no tears for thee, my father? THOMPSON.

THE evening, which was now considerably advanced, had passed almost in silence, when Lord Elton suddenly turning to his companion, said:

"Wentworth, have you a father living?"

Startled by the abruptness of this query, and by its bearing so exactly on the subject of his thoughts, Wentworth's presence of mind deserted him, and he hesitated what to reply. It was but for a moment, however; and he answered with apparent unconcern:

"Yes, sir, I have."

"You never mentioned him to me, that I remember?" said Lord Elton, inquiringly.

"I do not think I did," answered his son; "and yet I must have

"Are you much attached to him? Is he kind to you?" asked Lord Elton.

"He is very kind to me, and I am extremely attached to him,"

answered Wentworth, with emotion.

"I am glad to hear it," returned his interrogator, earnestly. "Oh, Wentworth, what would I give to have such a son as you! and to be loved by that son, as I saw, by the expression of your face when you spoke of him, you love your father."

Wentworth was deeply affected by the manner in which these words were uttered, and the sorrowful look that accompanied them. In a few

moments Lord Elton added:

"Such happiness was not destined to be mine; and I cannot murmur, for I never deserved it. I am alone in the world."

He rested his arm on the table, and covered his face with his hand.

"My dear sir," said Wentworth, gently laying his hand on his arm, "if sincere sympathy and affection can in any degree console you, believe me you have, and ever will have, mine."

"Thank you, thank you, my dear young friend," said Lord Elton.

"But, Wentworth, we must part, and that soon."

A start of surprise was for some moments Wentworth's only answer, and then he said, hurriedly:

"Why, my dear sir-what is the matter? Have I had the mis-

fortune to-

"It is for this reason," said Lord Elton; "I am too sad, too gloomy a companion for you; and I feel that I grow more sad, more gloomy every day. I will tell you what you may probably have suspected from words occasionally let fall by me. I have for years been a victim of the most bitter grief and remorse. Thinking that the sight of scenes which I had once visited with my beloved Isabel and my little Charles might tend in some measure to soothe and tranquillise my feelings, restless and miserable I wandered thither; but, instead of soothing, it has rendered them ten times more acute. My health has long been undermined, and latterly I have felt convinced that I shall not have much longer to drag out an existence which has for years been burdensome to me. To-morrow, Wentworth, we part. I shall proceed to Italy; where next, I know not; but I never remain long in one place, even in one country. Believe me I shall often think of you, and of the short period of my life which your friendship gilded like a passing sunbeam. And if there is any way in which it is in my power to serve you, believe me nothing would give me greater pleasure than to have an opportunity, however slight, of testifying my gratitude, and the deep sense I must ever entertain of your kindness and noble con-And will you write to me now and then, Wentworth, and endeavour not quite to forget me?"

His voice faltered as he uttered the last words, and Wentworth was

for some moments too much moved to speak. At last he said:

"Do not be thus desponding. There may yet be happiness in store for you."

"No, no," exclaimed Lord Elton, mournfully; "what is there in this

world, that, circumstanced as I am, could give me happiness?"

"Suppose," said Wentworth, that you were to discover—what does not seem impossible, for I have heard and read of similar cases—that your son, who you suppose to have died at sea, was to return alive and well, improved in character and disposition, his heart yearning with love towards you, and his warmest wish to devote to you the whole of

his future life—would not this give you happiness?"
"Wentworth, Wentworth!" cried Lord Elton, in a voice that expressed the deepest anguish, "for God's sake do not torture me thus! I cannot—cannot bear it. The vessel in which my unhappy son sailed went to pieces far out at sea, and every soul on board perished. Charles, why did I drive you from me; why did I not, in spite of everything, keep you with me, and strive by patience and gentleness to correct those faults, which the sea-that makes indifferent characters bad, and bad ones reckless-would never, even had you lived, have done aught but aggravate. Oh, Isabel! with what horror must your blessed spirit look down upon him who was not only your murderer, but the murderer of your boy-of that son who, whatever were his faults, loved you, his neglected, broken-hearted mother, with a depth and constancy and devotion which surely in the eye of Heaven must atone for all!"

During the latter part of this speech he had risen and paced the room

with rapid and unequal strides.

"Listen to me," said Wentworth, much agitated, rising as he spoke, and grasping the unhappy man's arm to attract his attention-" listen Your son was not drowned, as you suppose; he changed clothes with a boy who went in his place; he lives—and—and Lord Elton, my father, my dear father, you see him before you. I am your son, your long lost Charles!"

Lord Elton looked in his face for a moment with a fixed gaze, as if he scarcely understood these words; his lips, which were parted as if to speak, grew white as ashes, and he fell into the arms of his newly-found son, in

a fainting fit.

Greatly alarmed, Wentworth called aloud for assistance. The people of the house had retired to rest, but his cries soon brought some of them into the room. Notwithstanding all that could be done to restore him, Lord Elton continued so long insensible, that Wentworth became seriously alarmed.

"Oh, Heaven! have I killed him by too abrupt a disclosure!" he exclaimed. "What is to be done?" he inquired of those around him.

"Shall we send for the village doctor?" said one.

"No, no; it is useless," replied Wentworth, remembering Essell.

They continued to use all the means at hand, until at last, to Went-

worth's great joy, his father showed signs of returning life.

A few minutes afterwards he opened his eyes, sighed deeply, and said, with the air of one who is but half restored to consciousness, "I have had a strange dream. I fancied that I had found my son."

"It was no dream," said Wentworth, eagerly seizing his hand. "Fa-

ther, dear father, speak to me-say that you love me!"

Lord Elton, without replying, gazed at him intently. "You-you my son," he said, at length. "Impossible-but, oh, that it were true!" "It is-it is true," said Wentworth, earnestly. "See, here is the portrait of her we both loved so dearly. Do you not remember how, the day the two miniatures were completed, which was on my eleventh birthday, you presented me with that which was set in diamonds, and retained the more simply mounted one for yourself, saying that the glittering gems were better suited to my age than yours. Then, turning to my mother, you added, as you drew her fondly towards you, and kissed her cheek, that the only diamonds you cared for were her eyes. That very day, but a few hours after, as you were sitting by my mother on a sofa, a letter was brought to you in Danvers's handwriting, marked private and confidential. Saying, with a smile, that you had no secrets from her, you broke the seal, and found another letter enclosed. There were a few lines written on the outer sheet, and as you read them, I, who was seated on a footstool at my mother's feet, perceived your colour change. She asked you, anxiously, if anything was the matter. You answered, 'No,' in a hoarse and agitated voice, and with the enclosed letter still unopened in your hand, hurried out of the room. From the windows my mother and I saw you cross the lawn with hasty steps. You were pale, and appeared dreadfully agitated. We followed you at a distance. Child as I was, I felt sick with apprehension, I knew not of what; my mother leaned on my shoulder, almost fainting. You paused when you had reached the river; you tore open the fatal letter, and glanced your eyes The next moment, pressing your hand to your forehead, with a frantic gesture you uttered a wild cry, and fell to the ground senseless. My mother sprang forward with a piercing shriek. I saw no more, for, thinking you were dead, the shock was so great that I fainted. came to myself, the first sound that met my ear was my mother's agonised sobs, and the words, 'Oh, God! Reginald—dearest Reginald, do you not know me?"

He paused, he could have added more, but consideration for his father's feelings prevented him. A deep groan from Lord Elton told that

his words had not been without effect.

"It is true," he gasped. "All that fearful scene is as fresh in my memory as if it had occurred but yesterday. You might have added, that she bent over me as I lay there, still stunned—stupified, faltering out words of love and kindness, and begging me to let her share my grief; that she would have thrown herself into my arms, but that I repulsed her. You might have added that, when on my starting up she clung round me with a scream of agony, I roughly tore myself from her grasp, and that when she fell in a swoon at my feet, I fled away and left her there, wretch that I was, regardless of your prayers and tears; that the next day, when weeping and agitated she sought me to beg for an explanation, I refused to give any; that from that day my demeanour towards her was altered; that from that day I made her life one continued scene of unhappiness."

"For Heaven's sake!" cried Wentworth, "do not dwell on these terrible recollections. I did not mean to distress you; indeed—indeed I did not. I wished but to prove to you that I knew the particulars of a

scene no other eye witnessed but Heaven's."

"Yes, yes!" cried Lord Elton, a gleam of joy brightening his countenance. "No one could have told all you have but Charles. You must—you must be my son. My heart yearned towards you from the first day of our meeting. But, after all that has passed, tell me, can you—can you love me?"

Tears filled his eyes; Wentworth was too much affected to speak, but the expression of his face was more eloquent than words. His father

folded him in his arms in a silent embrace.

"Oh, Isabel," he faltered, "if angels can look down upon those who once were dear to them, look down and smile upon us at this moment, and forgive me for the sake of him through whose eyes your spirit seems to be now gazing at me! Oh," he continued, after a moment's pause, "what would I not give to know that she forgave—that she did not hate me. Yet she must—angel as she was—she must have hated me, for when to all that had gone before was added, as she believed, my refusal

of her last request-"

"She did not hate you," interrupted Wentworth. "With her dying breath she spoke of her deep, unchanging love for you, and your name was the last word her lips ever uttered. 'He will one day be convinced he has wronged me,' she said; 'and when that day comes, tell him, Charles, that I loved him to the last; that I never blamed him, for that I knew his jealousy arose from the very excess of his affection; tell him that I freely forgave him all the sorrow that jealousy has caused me; that my last prayer was for his welfare and happiness; that if the spirits of the dead are permitted to watch over those they loved in life, I will watch over him; and that though latterly, through some evil influence, he has been estranged from me, we shall meet in heaven, and love again as we loved in the days of our first youth."

"Did she really use those words?" murmured Lord Elton, who was scarcely able to speak for the violence of his emotion. "Oh, Charles, do

not deceive me !"

"I would not for the world," said his son, with deep earnestness, almost solemnity of manner. "I have repeated to you her very words. Although nearly nine years have elapsed, still every look, every word, every circumstance connected with her last moments is indelibly engraven

on my heart. And, father, dear father," he added, after a short pause, "as you believe that her conduct was misrepresented, believe also that mine was. You alluded to-day to a letter written by me in answer to one of yours——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Lord Elton. "What of it?"

"That letter," pursued Wentworth, "I can swear most solemnly I never wrote. How my breast swelled with indignation as I heard the dreadful expressions attributed to me."

Lord Elton started, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and then

said:

"Thank God you did not write it! But who could? How did it

happen that---"

He paused with a perplexed air. A conversation followed, in which his son explained to him the deceptions which had been practised.

Lord Elton's indignation against Danvers knew no bounds.

"That he—he whom I loaded with favours, whom I raised from beggary to independence, whom I have admitted into the closest confidence—that he should be the author of all this misery! Oh, the wretch! the monster! But he shall yet be defeated in his ambitious schemes. He shall see you, whom he thought to have lost and ruined, restored to the rights he intended to usurp; he shall see himself driven away, as he thought to have driven you, for ever; he shall find that, not-withstanding all his depth of artifice, such heinous wickedness could not remain undiscovered."

Presently Lord Elton asked his son why he had not sooner disclosed

who he was.

"You will cease to wonder, dear father," said Wentworth, "when I remind you that until to-day I did not know that you believed my mother's innocence. Yesterday I would have died rather than reveal myself; but when I found what were your sentiments towards her and towards me, and gathered also how greatly you had been misrepresented to me—"

"I understand your feelings perfectly," said Lord Elton. "But how, believing me to be still more culpable than I am, could you stay with

me, and treat me with such kindness?"

"In the first instance," replied Wentworth, "I stayed from a sense of duty, and in compliance with a promise made to my mother. Before long I could not but become attached to you; I saw that you were unhappy, and resolved to remain with you as long as my society could afford you any consolation or pleasure."

Lord Elton now begged his son to tell him all that had happened from the time of his leaving home; with which request the young man

willingly complied.

"My dear, dear Charles," said Lord Elton, when he concluded his recital, which had been frequently interrupted by questions and remarks from his interested auditor, "I can yet scarcely believe that my happiness is real. All that has passed within the last few hours seems like a vision. Now as to our plans for the future. It will be better, I think, to return immediately to England. What say you?"

Wentworth replied that the proposal was quite agreeable to him.

"I am very anxious," he said, "to learn the reason why the friend whom I implored to send me speedy news of—of——"

"Florence Hamilton, my future daughter-in-law," said Lord Elton, with a kind smile.

"Has not written to me," concluded his son. "I cannot help fear-

ing that something is the matter."

"I trust not," said Lord Elton. "I can now fully understand and appreciate the honourable motives which led you to release Florence from her engagement. But at present—I mean when I shall have publicly acknowledged you as my son—surely the objections of her guardian will be over-ruled; for Lord Percival, eldest and only son of the Earl of Elton, must, setting personal merits aside, be considered by Lady Seagrove as a greater match than the baronet."

"But what if they have gone too far with Craven to break off?" said Wentworth, anxiously. "If a consent has been extorted from her, and the affair made so public that a rupture would cause the invidious world to censure and disparage her; or if," he continued, growing much agitated, "if—which God forbid—she has been already forced to marry

him, and is at this moment his wife!"

He clasped his hands in an agony of apprehension. "Perhaps," he said, "Pemberton is silent because he cannot find heart to tell me the dreadful news. Oh! how miserable the thought makes me!"

"My dear boy," said his father, "nothing that you have surmised

seems at all probable. Lovers are always ready to imagine evils.

Credimus, an qui amant, ipsi sibi somnia fingunt-

You remember the line?"

"I wish it may be so in my case," said Wentworth, sighing; "but I have a strange presentiment that all is not right. When shall we start for England?"

"To-morrow, if you please," said Lord Elton. "I am almost as

anxious as yourself to know the truth."

"Thank you a thousand times for your kind interest and sympathy!" exclaimed his son, pressing his hand. "Let me consider; we shall be in England in rather more than a week—a fortnight at the furthest."

"I little thought," said Lord Elton, "that I should ever return to my native country. It is now nearly seven years since I last quitted its shores. Still less did I dream of revisiting a home, the loneliness and desolation of which filled me with insupportable sadness."

A clock at this moment struck the hour of four.

"Is it possible the time can have flown so quickly?" said the young man. "It is scarcely worth while retiring to rest—at least, not for me: for your sake I am sorry we are so late. You cannot think, dear father," he added, with an air of deep concern, "how unhappy your ill-health makes me. You never complain; but I can see how ill you are only too plainly."

Lord Elton endeavoured to smile away his son's fears.

"Now that I have you, dear Charles," he said, "to love and care for, doubt not that such happiness will soon restore me to health."

They conversed a short time longer, and Wentworth then said, "Now, my dear father, let me beg you to retire to rest for a few hours; and I, in the mean time, will give orders and make preparations for our journey."

TOWTON.

A RHYME OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

FAREWELL! Sir Everard waves his hand, and shakes his broidered rein—Farewell! the scarf floats from the tower, the bugle rings again. The wife looks out till on the breeze no more the note returns, And casquetel and janetaire show but as dew-sprent ferns; Then hies her to the chapel dim, where, on the pictured pane, The mother of the Canaanite is waiting for the slain; The friar kneels, but misseth oft his bead-roll with a sigh, Thinking of Harfleur and King Hal, and battle-days gone by.

On! gallants, on! o'er echoing bridge, white road, and waving grass—On! but to stop where some weird crone curses ye as ye pass.

There, where the doves are sorrowing beside the lindens light,
A widow and her orphaned ones shall make their plaint to-night;
In yonder cot, where twisting vines are sparkling in the sun,
They shall lay down a dying man before the day be done.
No fisher-boy or gleesome maids they meet by Wharfe's fair stream,
Trampled are all the spring-tide buds, blood-red the riv'lets gleam;
No village groups have sought to dress the church with palms* to-day,
Not even in the harvest-time so few are met to pray.

Haste, doff thy helm to king and prince—haste, kneel thee to the queen, None but a churl would grudge to die for such a dame, I ween; Think on the murdered Tudor's fame, on princely Somerset, Fight as ye did last Christmas-tide, and we shall conquer yet. See, in the streak of pale March sun York's ensigns glimmer bright, The Rose shall change its coward hue, the Sun set red to-night. See, Edward clasps his visor firm, and marshals in his pride The sturdy bills from Derwent vale, the bowmen from Cheapside. See, jesting 'mid his courtier brood sweeps down the silk-locked George, And traitor Neville's swarthy brow glows hot as armourer's forge. On with a crash like Lapland bergs, on swift as Baltic spry, Cometh the line of straining steeds, and standards' blazonry. Broken is many a gilded shield, down plumes are scattering, As shower the flaky feathers down from wounded petrel's wing. The graven casque yon gallant watched last night in chapel old Is crushed beneath a charger's hoofs—the knight himself lies cold. The banner that his lady's hand had wrought with trembling pride Is rent and stained with blood that flowed from his stout esquire's side. "For the Red Rose and Avaline," shouts Everard, falteringly; Ah! who can stand the blinding foes that pour from that grey sky—Ah! who can stand where cannonade and whirling hailstorm beat, And dwarfish Glo'ster shakes his lance amidst the drifting sleet; And royal Margaret's cheek is pale, and Clifford sinks his sword, "God fights against us," Henry sighs, "the snow fulfils His word."

The wife looks out till sullen clouds have the cruel sun concealed, And crimson is the dun kite's claw that watched o'er Towton field; Till the day's wreaths of ghost-like smoke at last are vanished, And the white stars like seraph's eyes look gentle on the dead; Till in the court-yard standing mute, by the red flambeau's light, She sees a page all stark and pale—a steed without a knight.

^{*} The battle was fought on Palm Sunday.

VELTHINAS; OR, THE ORDEAL OF SACRIFICE.

A BIOGRAPHY.

The Tomb.

CHAPTER IX.

WE bent our way on foot towards the Piedmontese territories, reached Turin, proceeded thence to the valley of the Doria. We had provided ourselves with spiked shoes; all that we needed was a guide, and this we procured during our stay in the plain, where we spent some days in

constructing the cross.

Several of the peasantry, some impelled by curiosity, others by zeal, followed us in our pilgrimage. Our progress was slow; on the first day we had to encounter a heavy fog, and on the next a snow-storm. We entered the plain of Cenis, and in its lake, said by those who dwell near it to be unfathomable, we saw reflected the stupendous peaks which we

aspired to climb.

At this height we no longer saw the rich vineyards watered by the Doria Riparia, nor the oak and sweet chestnut, but only the spruce fir among trees; the birch even had disappeared. For nearly 2000 feet above this we tracked the rhododendron over an ascending common; it in its turn could rise no higher, but stopped like a worn-out traveller. Then with us ascended the herbaceous willow, the gentian, and saxafrage, and a few grasses; these last, like ourselves, struggling upwards to where lichens and mosses edge the border of eternal snow.

There, for awhile, we rested with our burden, and many of our followers, like the stunted forms of vegetation, could keep up with us no longer. We went on against the course of the torrent, and mounting from one platform to another, and walking over a pavement of avalanche with well-set foot, we reached, after a toilsome day, to the height of 10,000 or 12,000 feet above the sea, and there we planted our Cross.

On that awful peak, as the cross dropped into the deep hollow prepared by some of our followers to receive it, I uttered the heartfelt shout of thanksgiving which I had reserved for that glorious hour. Then did I embrace that emblem of mercy as it proudly stood on high; my burning tears fell upon it with the descending snow; they froze upon the cross never more to melt! What gratitude poured itself out with those tears—eternal tears, sacred to thankfulness, to penitence, and to love!

On its lofty site, above the vulture's nest, that emblem of mercy rose, baptized in the falling flakes of heaven, and admitted into the eternity of a virgin realm, burning in the midst with a radiance which cools not, impressed with the Saviour's warmth, animate with his love. It was as white as the mountain itself long ere we had completed our descent; mirrored in the glassy lake beneath, it became an object of admiration to the traveller.

Ippolito was obliged to return to his episcopal affairs at Volterra, and I remained alone on the plain of Cenis: in its cold shade I wandered, and thought of my child.

Happy, thrice happy, I stayed on, and often walked abroad by the light of the moon and of the bursting stars. Then all appeared in new distinctness; it was like gazing at the ruins of some divine habitation, the mountains around scattered and turned over upon their granite backs as when first thrown up from a level world.

How the big stars spoke, and beckoned me with their fingers of light! What activity they displayed in their stillness and naked beauty! what preparation for something understood afar!—some young, some, like the seed-pod, pregnant, and ready to shed new planets over the firmament.

And the moon, the fatal moon by whose light I saw my mountain-cross reflected in the lake! As I looked into that mirror, whom did I see ascend the steep?

Clothed in a grey habit, she creeps upward on her tender hands and feet; stopping to sit down on the icy avalanche; climbing up again, as if encouraged by some inward grace; pausing, as if arrested by natural weakness; pressing upwards once more, and seated at the foot of the Cross.

It was my sister Angela.

Yes, it was my sister; I dropped senseless upon the earth at beholding this signal of a coming fate; I felt that all was over.

I knew how much I deserved, but I deemed not that God would have afflicted me thus again.

Yet fear not, said the voice within, this is only Time! And somewhat reassured, I looked from the desolate earth where I was into the lake wherein eternity lay mirrored, and beheld the Cross. My sister sat by it still, with the image of my child, Angelina, at her feet; and Orazio was there, with my son beside him. Behind the Cross stood Adora and her brother; Giuditta stood in front of all; and thus the dead and living

were mingled.

The sight was too much to bear, but the same voice reassured me, so I looked once more and saw the Cross uninhabited no longer; the Saviour was upon it.

And there was a crowd below; it was like that which I had seen in the streets, and gone along with in life.

All were looking at that Cross, and some were struggling upwards towards it. Thanatos was passing through his last ordalium, his head radiant as the snow, and his sister at his side near his heart; the lost one restored

There, too, was Angus, travelling in the right path; there Abarbanel, walking in his sleep still, though towards heaven.

And I observed on high an image of myself—that phantom which had haunted me of old; it was among my kindred. It raised the Cross and moved on, followed by the procession of souls; and was then lost in the mists above.

CHAPTER X.

I DARED not return home, but lingered on the plain until my movements, now paralysed by grief, were directed by higher hands. Ere long Ippolito came to me, his head bowed down; and then I saw the worst, but still dared not ask what had happened. We hurried away by mutual consent; he tried to lead me to the subject of my children; he alluded to Florence, to the new tower at Aula; but I answered not. I was not calm; dark clouds chased each other over my soul in dreadful silence; a whirl-wind was gathering strength, it howled, and throes came and went like the tossings of earthquake. I compressed my forehead with my hands; I looked within, and asked the desolating madness to subside. But I was to be naked and striped; my mortality to be quite worn out; no peace, no hope awaited me on earth.

We posted on, we reached the Volterrana, we stood before the castle. Where was this tower which had been erected, where its costly chambers and their marble walls, where the painted roofs? Level with the upturned

Where were the bride and bridegroom?

I entered the sacred chamber where Adora, and last of all, Orazio had lain; it was now the bridal bed; the dead slept there. They were there, removed from the ruins; peace had supplanted joy. Then did I say with truth, my house is fallen!

But it was the will of Heaven. I submitted: nay more, exercised self-denial in renouncing the only gratifying idea that could have cheered my onward path. She, my beloved child, I determined should rest by her mother and brother in the sunny field of death, and I apart from the good who were gone; the event which had occurred proved me unworthy of the companionship of my own in this life. To have slept among them in the grave would have been sweet! This last bliss, however, my conscience refused me: all that was mortal in me was condemned; I was unfit to mingle even with the dust of the holy. No sympathy then should quicken my remains; self-mortified would I live; alone would I lie in the tomb!

CHAPTER XI.

When I had buried my last child, I had no tie left to attach me to this life. Thus situated, I resolved to prepare myself a cemetery, within whose aisles I might contemplate the bygone world in repose of spirit; thenceforth devoting all my thoughts to Heaven. I ordered a tomb to be excavated beyond the sepulchres wherein my ancestors lay, and of such dimensions as might, at the same time, fit it to be a temple, its walls prepared to receive the frescoes, and its pavements the marbles, of my native land. It might be permitted me in my last abode, the solitary tomb of the broken heart, to repose amidst a few minor records of my life, as my fathers had done before.

Meantime I still lived, and by degrees became reconciled to my desolate being. Then did I know how terrible are the laws of justice! Better, however, to go through the hard work of trouble in this world than in the next; better now to be thus alone, than to suffer hereafter in the society of impenitent souls. No one living could know what I had endured; no one had the gift of so enlarged a sympathy. Ippolito felt much, but even he knew but little of what I carried within me untold.

Here would I pause, had I not faithfully promised Pulci to conclude this history: but surely I may be spared the narrative of the darkest portion of my days. I have already said Justice is terrible; it is a mere law; it demands without mercy its own. How awful is it when no

means are left to satisfy its cravings! New years coiled themselves round me, I went on in comparative repose, and a sufficient time elapsed without interruption to my peace to give me confidence—to lull all dread. I lived to believe the last sacrifice that could be demanded of me was passed; I became once more reconciled to the ways of earth, and to the will of Heaven. I often lived with Ippolito at his palace; his life, like mine, was lonely; one early trouble, however, had sufficed to reconcile him to his lot in life. His habits were simple and regular as those of a monk; early hours of study, later ones of exercise, mental discipline, and duty. His judgment aided by a quick perception of truth, and a fount of purest motives, he offended not even those whom he admonished. His intellect, capacious as must ever be the case in the illustrious good, was then matured. He was a mathematician, and it is doubtful whether the opinions of the great Musonio had ever entirely forsaken his mind. His belief in them was slight: but who can boast only one philosophy?

We often sat up late and discussed the dogmas of our departed friend, whose memory we could not fail to cherish, and to whom, apart from his philosophy, it was difficult to revert. His position in life had been purely intellectual; he took no moral station, and had no social character. His wants were few, his fortune scanty, but poverty in his eyes was rather a curious relation of man to means, than an evil. If he knew it to exist around him, his absence of mind, coupled with his want of abundance,

disabled him from stepping forward to relieve another.

Our discussion one evening had been prolonged to a late hour; it bore on the Etruscan philosophy, and had brought Musonio so vividly before us, that more than once I thought him present. In the bishop's study there stood huge monuments which had belonged to the philosopher, and whose meaning we sought to unravel, our eyes resting on them as we conversed. My gaze was upon these figures which were placed on either side of a sarcophagus: they had a sitting posture, and their hands fell over their knees in the stillness of past life, yet not the death which overtakes the human form, but such as may be supposed to have suddenly arrested gods of old in their mild career. Such, indeed, were these, and their remote origin forgotten in their length of days, they had usurped the insignia of immortality. Still their end had come; and the memory of divine existence had lapsed into a mere monument of eternal being. With looks composed they had ceased to be; and a mighty unconcern bore scarce record of the spirit which had stamped that surviving feature.

Did they most assist the views of the philosopher who had left them behind to blend his past life with theirs, or the hopes we survived to cherish?

CHAPTER XII.

I BECAME impatient. Time passed slowly; no place of residence pleased me. One strong impulse grew upon me, and at length occupied me to the exclusion of all other subjects; it was the desire to behold Augus once more; and in search of him I determined to wander.

Whither in pursuit of the great traveller could I go? He might yet be in the East; he might be resting at Palmyra, reading inscriptions, or seated in the peristyle of the great temple, smoking his hookah, and

musing with the Arab; or, perchance, sailing among the many seas of

the North Pacific Ocean.

Yet so strong was my wish to see him, so great my hope that he might be on his return, that I went to Rome for the chance of meeting with him accidentally, as I had before done; but he was not there. passed into Naples. I saw the city, the burning mountain, and the bay. I breathed the sweet air, but met no one who had seen him. I next went to Sicily, crossing to Palermo, and walking through its streets, to afford myself what I believed to be the remote chance of meeting my friend, when least expected, in a strange country. I entered a church. Why, perchance, should he not be there as well as I? Many were kneeling on the rich pavement-men picturesquely attired in cloak with crimson folds, or in the red vest, and women in their morning dress, covered from the head in black or purple. The priests were kneeling before the altar in their albs of red and azure. The chapel was such a one as I had rarely seenthe interior one subdued furnace of warm colours-one mosaic on a ground of gold. But Angus I saw not there.

I left the city, went towards the gardens of La Cuba, still beautiful, and charming the fountain and pavilion. There did many walk in company, in conversation; I in silence, and alone. I overran Sicily; bathed in the cool stone baths of Cefalu, beneath their shady pointed arches and vaulted roof; clung to the melancholy of its cloisters; stood on the heights among the vestiges of Cephaledium, the ancient city, and

beheld the rock and the cathedral below reflected in the wave.

I reached the mountain of fire, and with great labour ascended, my feet sinking into the ashes, my limbs aching through fatigue and heat. But what a prospect! Fair enough to gratify the eyes and depress the heart. For who could look upon the island below, and the isles which, like children of light, enliven the sea around, and the shores in the distance, and not think of man in his mortal character? Not as the only created thing that laughs, but as the child of the children who saw the same prospect, loved it, and left it behind.

And the heavens there at night, what splendid divinity they contain aphorisms on religion older than the fathers; every star a text for the silent preacher, which instantly illumines the soul, and raises from its

buried depths a consciousness co-eternal with itself.

Towards Calabria, my mother's mountain-home, I next turned my eyes, and determined to make a pilgrimage to her birthplace. Leaving Etna, I hired a vessel, accordingly, to convey me to Cape Spartivento, where I landed from Messina. Thence I proceeded to the village of Valanidi. I had been there but once since my father's death, which

had occurred more than thirty years back.

I climbed the ascent, and walked through the village. It was a romantic spot on the side of a conical hill, surmounted by the chateau, where, almost ninety years before, my mother first saw the light. In view of the château I accosted several of the villagers, who replied to my questions with mistrust, yet wondered how I knew the names of their families. I could not find one who remembered me; so, without revealing myself, I sought the roof where I had a right to demand rest.

"She is," replied the young man; " but why do you ask? Is she

5.0

danger ? If so, let ber be warned against coming.

YOU EXIL

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES;

A Romance of Pendle forest.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ROYAL DECLARATION CONCERNING LAWFUL SPORTS ON THE SUNDAY.

Nor many paces after the king marched the Duke of Buckingham, then in the zenith of his power, and in the full perfection of his unequalled beauty, eclipsing all the rest of the nobles in splendour of apparel, as he did in stateliness of deportment. Haughtily returning the salutations made him, which were scarcely less reverential than those addressed to the monarch himself, the prime favourite moved on, all eyes following his majestic figure to the door. Buckingham walked alone, as if he had been a prince of the blood; but after him came a throng of nobles, consisting of the Earl of Pembroke, High Chamberlain; the Duke of Richmond, Master of the Household; the Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral; Viscount Brackley, Lord Howard of Effingham, Lord Zouche, President of Wales; with the Lords Knollys, Mordaunt, Compton, and Grey of Groby. One or two of the noblemen seemed inclined to question Richard as to what had passed between him and the king, but the young man's reserved and somewhat stern manner deterred them. Next came the three judges, Doddridge, Crooke, and Hoghton, whose countenances wore an enforced gravity, for if any faith could be placed in rubicund cheeks and portly persons, they were not indisposed to self-indulgence and conviviality. After the judges came the Bishop of Chester, the king's chaplain, who had officiated on the present occasion, and who was in his full pontifical robes. He was accompanied by the lord of the mansion, Sir Richard Hoghton, a hale handsome man between fifty and sixty, with silvery hair and beard, a robust but commanding person, a fresh complexion, and features by no means warranting, from any marked dissimilarity to those of his son, the king's scandalous jest.

A crowd of baronets and knights succeeded, including Sir Arthur Capel, Sir Thomas Brudenell, Sir Edward Montague, Sir Edmund Trafford, sheriff of the county, Sir Edward Mosley, and Sir Ralph Assheton. The latter looked grave and anxious, and, as he passed his relatives, said, in a low tone, to Richard,

"I am told Alizon is to be here to-day. Is it so?"

"She is," replied the young man; "but why do you ask? Is she in danger? If so, let her be warned against coming."

VOL. XXII.

2 6

"On no account," replied Sir Ralph; "that would only increase the suspicion already attaching to her. No; she must face the danger, and I hope will be able to avert it."

"But what is the danger?" asked Richard. "In Heaven's name,

speak more plainly."

"I cannot do so now," replied Sir Ralph. "We will take counsel together anon. Her enemies are at work; and if you tarry here a few minutes longer you will understand whom I mean."

And he passed on.

A large crowd now poured indiscriminately out of the chapel, and amongst it Nicholas perceived many of his friends and neighbours—Mr. Townley, of Townley Park, Mr. Parker, of Browsholme, Mr. Shuttleworth, of Gawthorpe, Sir Thomas Metcalfe, and Roger Nowell. With the latter was Master Potts, and Richard was then at no loss to understand against whom Sir Ralph had warned him. A fierce light blazed in Roger Nowell's keen eyes as he first remarked the two Asshetons, and a smile of gratified vengeance played about his lips, but he quelled the fire in a moment, and compressing his hard mouth more closely, bowed coldly and ceremoniously to them. Metcalfe did the same. Not so Master Potts. Halting for a moment, he said, with a spiteful look: "Look to yourself, Master Nicholas; and you, too, Master Richard. A day of reckoning is coming for both of you."

And with this, he sprang nimbly after his client.

"What means the fellow?" cried Nicholas. "But that we are here as it were in the precincts of a palace, I would after him and cudgel him soundly for his insolence."

"And wha's that ye'd be after dinging, mon?" cried a sharp voice behind him. "Na that puir feckless body that has jist skippit aff. If sae, ye'll ta the wrang soo by the lugg, and I counsel you to let him

bide, for he's high i' favour wi' the king.'

Turning at this address, Nicholas recognised the king's jester, Archie Armstrong, a merry little knave, with light blue eyes, long yellow hair hanging about his ears, and a sandy beard. There was a great deal of mother wit about Archie, and quite as much shrewdness as folly. He wore no distinctive dress as jester,—the bauble and coxcomb having been long discontinued,—but was simply clad in the royal livery.

"And so Master Potts is in favour with his majesty, eh, Archie?"

asked the squire, hoping to obtain some information from him.

"And sae war you the day afore yesterday, when you hunted at Myerscough," replied the jester.

"But how have I forfeited the king's good opinion?" asked Nicholas.

"Come, you are a good fellow, Archie, and will tell me."

"Dinna think to fleech me, mon," replied the jester, cunningly. "I ken what I ken, and that's mair than you'll get frae me wi' a' your speering. The king's secrets are safe wi' Archie—and for a gude reason, that he is never tauld them. You're a gude huntsman, and sae is his majesty, but there's ae kind o' game he likes better than anither, and that's to be found maistly i' these pairts—I mean witches, and sic like fearfu' carlines. We maun hae the country rid of them, and that's what his majesty intends, and if you're a wise man you'll lend him a helping hand. But I maun in to disjune."

And with this the jester capered off, leaving Nicholas like one stupified. He was roused, however, by a smart slap on the shoulder from Sir John Finett.

"What! pondering over the masque, Master Nicholas, or thinking of the petition you have to present to his majesty?" cried the master of the ceremonies. "Let neither trouble you. The one will be well played, I doubt not, and the other well received, I am sure, for I know the king's sentiments on the subject. But touching the dame, Master Nicholas have you found one willing and able to take part in the masque?"

"I have found several willing, Sir John," replied Nicholas; "but as to their ability, that is another question. However, one of them may do as a make-shift. They are all in the base-court, and shall wait on you

when you please, and then you can make your election."

"So far well," replied Finett; "it may be that we shall have Ben Jonson here to-day—rare Ben, the prince of poets and of masque writers. Sir Richard Hoghton expects him. Ben is preparing a masque for Christmas, to be called 'The Vision of Delight,' in which his highness the prince is to be a principal actor, and some verses which have been recited to me are amongst the daintiest ever indited by the bard."

"It will be a singular pleasure to me to see him," said Nicholas; "for I hold Ben Jonson in the highest esteem as a poet—ay, above them

all, unless it be Will Shakspeare."

"Ay, you do well to except Shakspeare," rejoined Sir John Finett. "Great as Ben Jonson is, and for wit and learning no man surpasses him, he is not to be compared with Shakspeare, who for profound knowledge of nature, and of all the highest qualities of dramatic art, is unapproachable. But ours is a learned court, Master Nicholas, and therefore we have a learned poet; but a right good fellow is Ben Jonson, and a boon companion, though somewhat prone to sarcasm, as you will find if you drink with him. Over his cups he will rail at courts and courtiers in good set terms, I promise you, and I myself have come in for his gibes. However, I love him none the less for his quips, for I know it is his humour to utter them, and so overlook what in another and less deserving person I should assuredly resent. But is not that young man, who is now going forth, your cousin, Richard Assheton? I thought so. The king has had a strange tale whispered in his ear, that the youth has been bewitched by a maiden—Alizon Nutter I think she is named—of whom he is enamoured. I know not what truth there may be in the charge, but the youth himself seems to warrant it, for he looks ghastly ill. A letter was sent to his majesty at Myerscough, communicating this and certain other particulars with which I am not acquainted; but I know they relate to some professors of the black art in your county, the soil of which seems favourable to the growth of such noxious weeds, and at first he was much disturbed by it, but in the end decided that both parties should be brought hither without being made aware of his design, that he might see and judge for himself in the matter. Accordingly, a messenger was sent over to Middleton Hall as from Sir Richard Hoghton, inviting the whole family to the Tower, and giving Sir Richard Assheton to understand it was the king's pleasure he should bring with him a certain young damsel, named Alizon Nutter, of whom mention had been made to him. Sir Richard had no choice but to obey, and

promised compliance with his majesty's injunctions. An officer, however, was left on the watch, and this very morning reported to his majesty that young Richard Assheton had already set out with the intention of going to Preston, but had passed the night at Walton-le-Dale, and that Sir Richard, his daughter Dorothy, and Alizon Nutter would be here before noon."

"His majesty has laid his plans carefully," replied Nicholas, "and I can easily conjecture from whom he received the information, which is as false as it is malicious. But are you aware, Sir John, upon what evidence the charge is supported—for mere suspicion is not enough?"

"In case of witchcraft, suspicion is enough," replied the knight, gravely. "Slender proofs are required. The girl is the daughter of a notorious witch—that is against her. The young man is ailing—that is against her too. But a witness, I believe, will be produced, though who I cannot say."

"Gracious Heaven! what wickedness there must be in the world when such a charge can be brought against one so good and so unoffending," cried Nicholas. "A maiden more devout than Alizon never existed, nor one holding the crime she is charged with in greater abhorrence. She injure Richard! she would lay down her life for him—and would have been his wife, but for scruples the most delicate and disinterested on her part. But we will establish her innocence before his majesty, and confound her enemies."

"It is with that hope that I have given you this information, sir, of which I am sure you will make no improper use," replied Sir John. "I have heard a similar character to that you have given of Alizon, and am unwilling she should fall a victim to art or malice. Be upon your guard, too, Master Nicholas, for other investigations will take place at the same time, and some matters may come forth in which you are concerned. The king's arms are long, and reach and strike far—and his eyes see clearly when not hoodwinked—or when other people see for him. And now, good sir, you must want breakfast. Here, Faryngton," he added to an attendant, "show Master Nicholas Assheton to his lodging in the base-court, and attend upon him as if he were your master. I will come for you, sir, when it is time to present the petition to the king."

So saying, he bowed and walked forth, turning into the upper quadrangle, while Nicholas followed Faryngton into the lower court, where he found his friends waiting for him.

Speedily ascertaining where their lodgings were situated, Faryngton led them to a building on the left, almost opposite the great bonfire, and ascending a flight of steps, ushered them into a commodious and well-furnished room, looking into the court. This done, he disappeared, but soon afterwards returned with two yeomen of the kitchen, one carrying a tray of provisions upon his head, and the other sustaining a basket of wine under his arm, and a snowy napkin being laid upon the table, trenchers, viands, and flasks were soon arranged in very tempting order—so tempting, indeed, that the squire, notwithstanding his assertion that his appetite had been taken away, fell to work with his customary vigour, and plied a flask of excellent Bordeaux so incessantly, that another had to be placed before him. Sherborne did equal justice to the good cheer, and Richard not only forced himself to eat, but to the squire's

great surprise swallowed more than one deep draught of wine. Having thus administered to the wants of the guests, and seeing his presence was no longer either necessary or desired, Faryngton vanished, first promising to go and see that all was got ready for them in the sleeping apartments. Notwithstanding the man's civility, there was an over-officiousness about him that made Nicholas suspect he was placed over them by Sir John Finett to watch their movements, and he resolved to be upon his guard.

"I am glad to see you drink, lad," he observed to Richard, as soon as

they were alone; "a cup of wine will do you good."

"Do you think so?" replied Richard, filling his goblet anew. "I want to get back my spirits and strength—to sustain myself no matter how—to look well—ha! ha! If I can only make this frail machine carry me stoutly through the king's visit, I care not how soon it falls to pieces afterwards."

"I see your motive, Dick," replied Nicholas; "you hope to turn away suspicion from Alizon by this device; but you must not go to

excess, or you will defeat your scheme."

"I will do something to convince the king he is mistaken in me,—that I am not bewitched," cried Richard, rising and striding across the room. "Bewitched! and by Alizon, too! I could laugh at the charge, but that it is too horrible. Had any other than the king breathed it, I would have slain him."

"His majesty has been abused by the malice of that knavish attorney, Potts, who has always manifested the greatest hostility towards Alizon," said Nicholas; "but he will not prevail, for she has only to show herself

"You are right, Nicholas," cried Richard, "and yet the king seems already to have prejudged her, and his obstinacy may lead to her de-

struction "

"Speak not so loudly, Dick, in Heaven's name," said the squire, in alarm; "these walls may have ears, and echoes may repeat every word you utter."

"Then let them tell the king that Alizon is innocent," cried Richard, stopping, and replenishing his goblet. "Here's to her health, and con-

fusion to her enemies!"

"I'll drink that toast with pleasure, Dick," replied the squire; "but I must forbid you more wine. You are not used to it, and the fumes will mount to your brain."

"Come and sit down beside us that we may talk," said Sherborne.
Richard obeyed, and leaning over the table, asked in a low deep tone,
"Where is Mistress Nutter, Nicholas?"

The squire looked towards the door before he answered, and then

said:

"I will tell you. After the destruction of Malkin Tower and the band of robbers, she was taken to a solitary hut near Barley Booth, at the foot of Pendle Hill, and the next day was conveyed across Bowland Forest to Poulton in the Fyld, on the borders of Morecambe Bay, with the intention of getting her on board some vessel bound for the Isle of Man. Arrangements were made for this purpose, but when the time came, she refused to go, and was brought secretly back to the hut near Barley, Vol. XXII.

where she has been ever since, though her place of concealment was hidden even from you and her daughter."

"The captain of the robbers, Fogg, or Demdike, escaped-did he

not?" said Richard.

"Ay, in the confusion occasioned by the blowing up of the Tower he managed to get away," replied Nicholas, "and we were unable to follow him, as our attentions had to be bestowed upon Mistress Nutter. This was the more unlucky, as through his instrumentality Jem and his mother Elizabeth were liberated from the dungeon in which they were placed at Whalley Abbey, prior to their removal to Lancaster Castle, and none of them have been heard of since."

"And I hope will never be heard of again," cried Richard. "But is Mistress Nutter's retreat secure, think you? May it not be discovered

by some of Nowell's emissaries?"

"I trust not," replied Nicholas; "but her voluntary surrender is more to be apprehended, for when I last saw her, on the night before starting for Myerscough, she told me she was determined to give herself up for trial; and her motives could scarce be combated, for she declares that unless she submits herself to the justice of man, and expiates her offences, she cannot be saved. She now seems as resolute in good as she was heretofore resolute in evil."

"If she perishes thus, her self-sacrifice, for thus it becomes, will be

Alizon's death-blow," cried Richard.

"So I told her," replied Nicholas, "but she continued inflexible. 'I am born to be the cause of misery to others, and most to those I love most,' she said, 'but I cannot fly from justice. There is no escape for me."

"She is right," cried Richard; "there is no escape but the grave, whither we are all three hurrying. A terrible fatality attaches to us."

"Nay, say not so, Dick," rejoined Nicholas; "you are young, and though this shock may be severe, yet when it is passed, you will be

recompensed, I hope, by many years of happiness."

"I am not to be deceived," said Richard. "Look me in the face, and say honestly if you think me long lived. You cannot do it. I have been smitten by a mortal illness, and am wasting gradually away. I am dying-I feel it-know it-but though it may abridge my brief term of life, I will purchase present health and spirits at any cost, and save ·Alizon. Ah!" he exclaimed, putting his hand to his heart, with a fearful expression of anguish.

"What is the matter?" cried the two gentlemen, greatly alarmed,

and springing towards him.

But the young man could not reply. Another and another agonising spasm shook his frame, and cold damps broke out upon his pallid brow, showing the intensity of his suffering. Nicholas and Sherborne regarded each other anxiously, as if doubtful how to act.

"Shall I summon assistance?" said the latter, in a low tone.

But, softly as the words were uttered, they reached the ears of Richard.

Rousing himself by a great effort, he said:

"On no account—the fit is over. I am glad it has seized me now, for I shall not be liable to a recurrence of it throughout the day. Lead me to the window. The air will presently revive me."

His friends complied with the request, and placed him at the open casement.

Great bustle was observable below, and the cause was soon manifest. as the chief huntsman, clad in green, with buff boots drawn high up on the thigh, a horn about his neck, and mounted on a strong black curtal, rode forth from the stables. He was attended by a noble blood-hound, and on gaining the middle of the court, put his bugle to his lips, and blew a loud blithe call that made the walls ring again. The summons was immediately answered by a number of grooms and pages, leading a multitude of richly-caparisoned horses towards the upper end of the court, where a gallant troop of dames, nobles, and gentlemen, all attired for the chase, awaited them; and where, amidst much mirth, and bandying of lively jest and compliment, a general mounting took place, the ladies, of course, being placed first on their steeds. While this was going forward, the hounds were brought from the kennel in couples-relays having been sent down to the park more than an hour before-and the yard resounded with their joyous baying, and the neighing of the impatient steeds. By this time, also, the chief huntsman had collected his forces, consisting of a dozen prickers, six habited like himself, in green, and six in russet, and all mounted on stout curtals. Those in green were intended to hunt the hart, and those in russet the wild boar, the former being provided with hunting-poles, and the latter with spears. Their girdles were well lined with beef and pudding, and each of them, acting upon the advice of worthy Master George Turbervile, had a stone bottle of good wine at the pommel of his saddle. Besides these there were a whole host of variets of the chase on foot. The chief falconer, with a long-winged hawk in her hood and jesses upon his wrist, was stationed somewhat nearer the gateway, and close to him were his attendants, each having on his fist a falcon gentle, a Barbary falcon, a merlin, a goshawk, or a sparrow-hawk. Thus all was in readiness, and hound, hawk, and man, seemed equally impatient for the sport.

At this juncture, the door was thrown open by Faryngton, who

announced Sir John Finett.

"It is time, Master Nicholas Assheton," said the master of the cere-

"I am ready to attend you, Sir John," replied Nicholas, taking a parchment from his doublet, and unfolding it; "the petition is well signed."

"So I see, sir," replied the knight, glancing at it. "Will not your

friends come with you?"

"Most assuredly," replied Richard, who had risen on the knight's

appearance. And he followed the others down the staircase.

By direction of the master of the ceremonies, nearly a hundred of the more important gentlemen of the county had been got together, and this train was subsequently swelled to thrice the amount, from the accessions it received from persons of inferior rank when its object became known. At the head of this large assemblage Nicholas was now placed, and accompanied by Sir John Finett, who gave the word to the procession to follow them, he moved slowly up the court. Passing through the brilliant crowd of equestrians the procession halted at a short distance from the doorway of the great hall, and James, who had been waiting for its

approach within, now came forth, amid the cheers and plaudits of the

Sir John Finett then led Nicholas forward, and the latter, dropping on

one knee, said:

"May it please your majesty, I hold in my hand a petition, signed, as, if you will deign to cast your eyes over it, you will perceive, by many hundreds of the lower orders of your loving subjects in this your county of Lancaster, representing that they are debarred from lawful recreations upon Sunday, after afternoon service, and upon holidays, and praying that the restrictions imposed in 1579, by the Earls of Derby and Huntingdon, and by William, Bishop of Chester, commissioners to her late Highness, Elizabeth, of glorious memory, your majesty's predecessor, may be withdrawn."

And with this, he placed in the king's hands the petition, which was

very graciously received.
"The complaint of our loving subjects in Lancashire shall not pass unnoticed, sir," said James. "Sorry are we to say it, but this country of ours is sair infested wi' folk inclining to Puritanism and Papistry, baith of which sects are adverse to the cause of true religion. Honest mirth is not only tolerable but praiseworthy, and the prohibition of it is likely to breed discontent, and this our enemies ken fu' weel; for when," he continued, loudly and emphatically-"when shall the common people have leave to exercise, if not upon Sundays and holidays, seeing they must labour, and win their living on all other days?"

"Your majesty speaks like King Solomon himself," observed Nicholas,

amid the loud cheering.

"Our will and pleasure then is," pursued James, "that our good people be not deprived of any lawful recreation that shall not tend to a breach of the laws, or a violation of the kirk; but that after the end of divine service, they shall not be disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreation—as dancing and sic like, either of men or women, archery, leaping, vaulting, or ony ither harmless recreation; nor frae the having of May games, Whitsun-ales, or morris-dancing; nor frae setting up of maypoles and ither sports, therewith used, provided the same be had in due and convenient time, without impediment or neglect of divine And our will further is, that women shall have leave to carry rushes to the church, for the decoring of it, according to auld custom. But we prohibit all unlawful games on Sundays, as bear-baiting and bullbaiting, interludes, and, by the common folk-mark ye that, sir-playing at bowls." #

The royal declaration was received with loud and reiterated cheers, amidst which James mounted his steed, a large black docile-looking charger, and rode out of the court, followed by the whole cavalcade.

^{*} This speech is in substance the monarch's actual declaration concerning lawful sports, promulgated in 1618, in a little tractate, generally known as the "Book of Sports;" by which he would have conferred a great boon on the lower orders, if his kindly purpose had not been misapprehended by some, and ultimately defeated by higots and fanatics. King James deserves to be remembered with gratitude, if only for this manifestation of sympathy with the enjoyments of the people. He had himself discovered that the restrictions imposed upon them had "set up filthy tiplings and drunkenness, and bred a number of idle and discontented speeches in the ale-houses."

Trumpets were sounded from the battlements as he passed through the gateway, and shouting crowds attended him all the way down the hill,

until he entered the avenue leading to the park.

Nicholas immediately dispersed, and such as meant to join the chase set off in quest of steeds. Foremost amongst these was the squire himself, and on approaching the stables, he was glad to find Richard and Sherborne already mounted, the former holding his horse by the bridle, so that he had nothing to do but vault upon his back. There was an impatience about Richard, very different from his ordinary manner, that surprised and startled him, and the expression of the young man's countenance long afterwards haunted him. The face was deathly pale, except that on either cheek burned a red feverish spot, and the eyes blazed with unnatural light. So much was the squire struck by his cousin's looks, that he would have dissuaded him from going forth, but he saw from his manner that the attempt would fail, while a significant gesture from his brother-in-law told him he was equally uneasy.

Scarcely had the principal nobles passed through the gateway, than, in spite of all efforts to detain him, Richard struck spurs into his horse, and dashed amidst the cavalcade, creating great disorder, and rousing the ire of the Earl of Pembroke, to whom the marshalling of the train was entrusted. But Richard paid little heed to his wrath, and perhaps did not hear the angry expressions addressed to him, for no sooner was he outside the gate, than instead of pursuing the road, down which the king was proceeding, and which has been described as hewn out of the rock, he struck into a thicket on the right, and, in defiance of all attempts to stop him, and at the imminent risk of breaking his neck, rode down the precipitous sides of the hill, and reaching the bottom in safety, long before the royal cavalcade had attained the same point, took the direction

of the park.

His friends watched him commence this perilous descent in dismay, but though much alarmed, they were unable to follow him.

"Poor lad! I am fearful he has lost his senses," said Sherborne.

"He is what the king would call 'fey,' and not long for this world," replied Nicholas, shaking his head.

But we probible all unlawful genues on Sundays, as bear contingened built-batting, interludes, and, by the common blice—that hypethat, and, by the common blice—that hypethat, and, by the

The royal declaration was received with load and reiterated chaers, amidst which James mounted his steed, a large black dock-routing chargor, and rode out of the bearty followed by the whole casuloade.

* This speech is in substance the mountable activation represents the two wholes are the tracked and spokes promulgated in 1618, in a light research researcher smown or the Tracked.

of Francis of which he would have contented a room too lower orders, if his kindly purpose had not been possible and the sow , who also not sign for the first and fanciated. Ming dance do errors he be recovered with pretitude, if only for this manifestation of some of by with the encourage of the first position of the restrictions imposed a son times had

"wer up this to reduce and drunt enters, and had a mamber of the and directtented speeches in the sis-houses."

The countries are the sis-houses."

The results is presented to the results of the results in the resu

gils a two tifiquord zod ods oter band aid guittug ban sonorofithui tsomter

BY R. J. DENMAN. Both W. Bellin of of

Should there be among our readers any admirer of life in its various phases who has never yet visited Stepney Fair, we advise him to do so at the earliest opportunity. Let him not tell us that he has, year after year, visited Greenwich—let him not allude to Wandsworth or to Battersea. We say again, if you wish to see a fair "as is" a fair, cast off the aristocratic prejudices with which you have hitherto regarded Stepney, and do not fail, next Easter or Whitsuntide, to pay it a visit. For our own parts, though we sometimes take a trip to Greenwich at holiday times, it is only for the purpose of observing the scenes in the park. Whenever we wish to see a fair, we avoid it, and betake ourselves to the

less aristocratic regions of the East-end.

On last Whit-Monday we renewed our acquaintance with Stepney Fair, after an unavoidable absence from it of nearly two years. It was a dry day—or almost a dry day—and the approaches to the scene of action were thronged with persons of all ages and of both sexes-females slightly predominating—on their way to or from it. Having arrived at the commencement of the fair, we were passing through a narrow passage lined with cans of gingerbread-nuts, heaps of toys, and numbers of fascinating females, when one of the latter seized one of our coat-buttons, and drew us, by the combined influence of physical strength and irresistible blandishment of manner, under the cauvas roof. Having ransomed ourselves by making a purchase of some of the gingerbread-nuts aforesaid, and wishing to avoid some other syrens who appeared determined to honour us with similar attentions, we crossed to the other side of the passage; when our progress was at once arrested by a man standing outside what appeared to be a four-post bedstead hung with green baize, who requested us to step inside and have our likeness taken for a penny, and who informed us, confidentially, that he had never been to a fair where there were so many good-looking people, but that we were decidedly superior to any he had yet seen there. Of course, we could not but feel flattered at this compliment from one who must know so much about beauty, and we inwardly wished that a certain young lady, who shall be nameless, were present to hear it. Out of gratitude, we entered and paid our penny; and after a sitting, or rather standing, of two minutes, were presented with a piece of black paper, which, the artist informed us, was cut into an exact likeness of ourselves; but which was so very ugly, that we destroyed it as soon as we got outside.

Near the studio a small knot of persons were collected, looking attentively at a round box in almost perpetual motion. This, we were informed by the presiding female—a slovenly-looking young woman with a decided black eye—was the wheel of fortune, at which we could try our luck for one penny, with the certainty of not losing all we invested, as there were "all prizes and no blanks." We are not of a very speculative disposition; neither, it appeared, were any of the other lookers-on. They all seemed "backward in coming forward;" and we were about to retire without seeing any person try his fortune, when a small boy, very shabbily dressed, and with a peculiarly sharp expression of countenance, swaggered up to the front, paid his penny with the

utmost indifference, and putting his hand into the box brought out a slip of paper, on which the name or description of the "prize" was supposed to be written. Without looking at the paper himself, and with the greatest confidence in the goddess, he presented it to her; while she, with an honesty that does honour to Stepney Fair, immediately on reading it informed him that he had won a pair of china ornaments; and at once presented him with a pair from the board, worth, as we heard one of the females in the crowd remark to another, at least half-a-crown. The youth received the ornaments with an affectation of surprise, and asked, in a loud voice, if there was nothing more to pay; but being informed by the goddess that it was "all serene," he departed, apparently in great glee.

The effect of this ruse was instantaneous. Several females pressed forward and invested their moneys. But, alas! they only experienced the fickleness of fortune! She no longer smiled upon her votaries. It is true they obtained "all prizes and no blanks;" but the "prizes" consisted only of small toys which might be purchased for a farthing. And, as we heard the manner in which the spectators were requested to try again and perhaps their luck would change, and were reminded that once winning would make up for a dozen losses, we could not resist the conviction, that though it may be true that Fortune is blind, her Stepney representative was, at all events, tolerably wide awake. When leaving the fair, we observed the same fortunate juvenile obtain as a prize another

pair of elegant china vases.

But we are now in the open space of some five or six acres, which constitutes the fair properly so called. The noise is at first almost deafening. Immediately to our left is a booth for the display of "the noble art of self-defence," where a particularly knowing-looking specimen of Jew humanity with a broken nose is introducing a young man of anything but prepossessing appearance to the crowd of ragged boys and men, who consider this booth the chief attraction. He is describing him as "Jem Burns, the best man of his size and weight in all England;" while Jem listens with total indifference to the praises that are being lavished upon him. Further on, a man is beating a gong, while another is announcing, through a speaking-trumpet, that this is the "cuccuss." The audience are leaving the next show, where the two-headed child and the fortune-telling pony are exhibited; and the proprietor is calling attention to the fact by hammering a large drum with one hand, and ringing a powerful bell with the other. And finally, to complete the Babel, the band at Peterson's are playing the drum polka, and the wizard of some point or other of the compass is spitting fire amidst the noise of another gong and two kettle-drums.

But there is no time to stand still and listen to these noises. We are caught by the crowd entering the fair, and propelled forward; and by the crowd leaving the fair, and propelled backward; and for some moments we resemble the body under the influence of two forces read of in works on mechanics. We soon, however, recover ourselves and join the crowd going in; but not till we are made painfully sensible of having had our only corn trodden on successively by the hob-nailed boots of three dustmen, and the colour of our coat changed by contact with a

baker in his working dress. A shaw letter

Finding ourselves in front of the "cuccuss" before mentioned, we

paid a penny, and took our place upon the platform. Eight of the talented members of the company—five females and three men—were about to dance the quadrilles; and the clown was in front, making frantic gestures, for the purpose of conveying the important information to the whole fair. When the quadrille was finished—and an exciting affair it was, very different from a quadrille at Almacks—the cry of "all in" was raised; and after waiting till the crowd had obeyed it, we entered, and took our stand near the circus, the vacant seats not being remarkable for their cleanliness. After we had waited about half an hour, the performances commenced; and consisted of a little horseriding, a little rope-dancing, a little gymnastics, and a great deal of dissatisfaction,—when the audience was informed that it was all over.

Leaving the booth through a canvas door at the side, we found ourselves close to Peterson's—the Richardson's of Stepney, and the only theatre in the fair for the performance of the legitimate drama. Two-pence procured us admission; and after another half hour, spent in listening to the various sounds outside, and in surveying the audience—which was mainly composed of boys and girls of the very lowest class, though there were some well-dressed men and a few respectable-looking females—the curtain rose, and the performances commenced with a tragedy

in one act.

There was the usual rightful heir and the usual wrongful possessor. The rightful heir was deaf and dumb, and appeared to pass the whole of his time in making motions, which no one could understand, with his The wrongful possessor—a thin, six-feet individual in flaringred tights and Hessian boots considerably too large for him-hired the usual robber—a short, stout man, with a profusion of black, fierce-looking whiskers, and great thickness of utterance-to murder the deaf and dumb youth. The robber sought the deaf and dumb youth for this purpose, and found him asleep; but instead of killing him at once, drew his dagger, walked up to him and back again some half a dozen times, making gestures all the time to inform the audience what he was about to do, and then, being tired of walking about, approached once more, and stabbed—the wrongful possessor, who happened to enter at that very At the same time a pistol was fired by some individual who did not condescend to make his appearance, and of whose identity we are to this moment in doubt, and the assassin fell dead by the side of his Then the rightful heir, being awakened either by the fall of the heavy assassin, or the firing of the pistol, got up, examined the dead bodies very attentively, and continued making highly interesting but unintelligible pantomimic gestures until the curtain fell.

After an interval of a minute and a half, it again rose for the pantomime. Of course, there was no plot in this. The time-honoured tricks with the hot poker and the string of sausages were introduced; pantaloon, as usual, had a tooth drawn; and, in addition, there was a grossly indecent scene, which appeared to be highly relished by the assembled

boys and girls.

Although the performances in both places had not occupied half an hour, we had had to wait so long before they commenced, that, on leaving Peterson's, we found it time to proceed homewards. We, therefore, declined to patronise either the "Child with Two Heads," the "Mermaid," the "Three-Legged Porker," or the "Live Bosjesman;"

and gave but a single glance at the collection of swings, turn-overs, and roundabouts, in the centre of the fair.

Having proceeded, without delay, to the opposite end to that by which we had entered, we found we had reached the sporting and provisional department. Boards, at which you could have "nuts for your money and sport for nothing," were there in abundance; so were "wheels of fortune," and other facilities for gambling on a small scale. But we were particularly struck with the immense preparations made for the refreshment of the visitors. There were barrows full of bread and cheese; heaps of fish and bread—the fish emitting the delicious odour of lamp-oil—overgrown land-carriage oysters; whelks of preternatural size; huge cans of "pickled eels;" trays of pigs' feet and ham sandwiches; fruit, ginger-beer, cider, sherbet, raspberry-water, "new milk a penny a pint," and saucers of red cabbage and "cowcumbers," pickled in very questionable vinegar.

When we left the fair, the state of our clothes would have forbidden the possibility of a doubt as to where we had been—we were literally covered with dust. We consoled ourselves, however, over a glass of brandy-and-water, warm, with the reflection that we had derived some amusement from our visit.

TO MY BROTHER ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

BY MARIA STEDMAN.

For thee, my own sweet (brother), in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine;
We were and are—I am even as thou art—
Beings who ne'er each other can resign.
It is the same, together or apart.
From life's commencement to its slow decline,
We are entwined—let death come slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first endures the last.

Byron.

Beloved companion of each childish hour,
With whom each game was played, each mischief shared;
Time which has changed so much, has had no power
To change my love for thee—still unimpaired—
Nay each day growing, like some twining flower,
Closer it winds around my heart's most hidden bower.

This is thy birthday, dearest, and a strain,
All humble though it be, must mark the day;
And thou I know wilt ne'er of it complain,
But for the love it breathes—accept the lay.
Fain would my Muse a higher flight essay,
And to my best beloved some better homage pay.

But all unworthy I to touch the lyre
In praise of love a Byron's Muse hath sung;
VOL. XXII. 2 I

Presumptuous were it, did I dare aspire

To echo tones that from his harp-strings rung,—

Tones of whose sweetness none can ever tire,

Strains of whose mighty glow none ever caught the fire.

He stood alone; and although none could guess
The anguish that his spirit proudly bore,
That sad, forsaken heart was not the less
Eaten with grief and canker'd at its core;
Without a friend his shatter'd lot to bless—
Deprived of all except a sister's tenderness.

A friend may change—the one belov'd the best
Perchance will soonest strike the with'ring blow;
The love you cherish'd deepest in your breast,
In sorrow's hour may be the first to go.
One tie alone can stand affliction's test—
A sister alters not, her love survives the rest.

Fraternal love, there needeth not a vow

To bind thee—thou art last of all to change;
And in thy heart, my brother, there is now

A love which time or woe can ne'er estrange.

For this, in thankfulness, to Heaven I bow;
False have some others been to me, but never thou.

Yet we are parted, and scarce one is near
Of those to whom my heart so warmly clings;
But love with absence ever grows more dear,
And Memory round each one her halo flings.
In fancied songs each well-known voice I hear;
In dreams each form I see, and thine is ever there.

Oh! could I shower down blessings on thy head,
All that could make thee happy should be thine;
Life's sweetest flowers should bloom beneath thy tread,
And changeless love and friendship should be thine;
Joy should for thee a daily banquet spread,
Nor shouldst thou have one care to fill thy soul with dread.

But such a lot not even love like mine
Can win for thee in this sad world of care;
But there are joys beyond it all divine,
In which each faithful one may have a share.
Although no earthly splendour on thee shine,
How blesséd wilt thou be if Heaven's peace be thine!

Then this, beloved one, my prayer shall be
Upon thy birthdays, and for evermore:
No earthly pleasures will 1 ask for thee—
But happiness which ever shall endure.
And, oh! mayst thou each vain allurement flee,
And, spurning fleeting shades, live for eternity!

ONE OF A THOUSAND.

RICHARD—no matter who, for he who may read this tale yet cannot fill the blank with a name has known little of the world, and the people on it; so little, that a pity 'tis his own name should not point the moral.

Richard, then, was the son of poor but industrious parents, who brought him up by their own precepts and examples in the way he should go, and educated to the best of their means. At the age of eighteen, with a sound constitution, a fair share of assurance—the most necessary quality to a young man entering life-and a small stock of money, so small that, although the savings of many years on the parents' parts, and all in silver, it might easily have gone into one moderate waistcoat pocket, and yet this careful youth had distributed the same among all the pockets of his habiliments, with the exception of those of the jacket, already designed for, and furnished with, the bread and cheese requisite for his first traveller's dinner. Moreover, in case of emergency, or rather, as the ready money, the which must positively be spent and gone ere a hand should be dipped into the sacred depositories of the pockets, the lad had secured a shilling 'twixt the palm of the hand and the left-hand glove. I am the more particular in specifying the left-hand glove, from the fact of my hero possessing but one—one glove, not one hand—and that one having been through so long a period the receptacle to the accumulated silver Richard bore about him. In fact, the glove had been the savings bank, and now didduty as a purse, and a mother's gift-for to her foresight was he indebted to its present application-after the ways of women, who generally, I am almost tempted to say invariably, carry the "marketmoney" in the glove. Richard's mother had once been "well to do" in the world, to use a common phrase, and to the last wore gloves out of doors; they might be old ones, different textures, other colours—still she wore gloves; it was her mania. But, alas! poor soul, she found little enough money to put in them at the time I am speaking of, when out

I have mentioned Richard's dinner as being in his jacket pocket; that it was intended to be eaten, no doubt, but wherefore in the pocket? The lad was off for London to tempt his fortune—to better his condition; so tears, kisses, and blessings, and he is gone. There was a rising in the throat, but Richard trod firmer upon the ground; there were friendly greetings from neighbours, and he waved his hands; he looked not to the right nor to the left, but passed up the village street, and soon had turned the corner of the lane, and then, old memoirs, old pleasures, pains, old faces, with a young face or two-he was only eighteen-came rushing There was none to see him there; there was no call thick upon him. upon that sorry pride, which feels the heart bleed yet denies the eye a tear; that stoicism worthy of a Red Indian-worthy! according to Red Tears !- nature gave them; give, then, tears to nature. And Richard's tears were honest. He wept not for gold, nor silver, for pleasant meats, nor dainty dress—things that we should not condemn one's weeping for, though the Indian might-rather to him was labour and privation, and yet he had to weep for: his household gods, his household

loves. The truth had borne him through all seasons, the fellowship had bound him in all times. He wept not for the home, but for the hearts he

left behind him.

Mind you, if he wept he walked, for Richard knew that sitting down to ery was not the quickest way of getting to London; so walking fast and long, in due course of time he felt as all people feel at times, walking or sitting, weeping or laughing, in all seasons, and in all states save one, Therefore, halting at the next milestone, sleeping—he felt hungry. which happened to be both broad and flat-headed, and formed a sufficient seat and table to one who was too hungry and too accustomed to "make shifts" to be fastidious, he began an attack upon the provender, and drinking from a running stream, proceeded refreshed in body, and, as generally follows, in mind also. That night he slept at a hedge-side generally follows, in mind also. public-house, and rising early in the morning, breakfasted, and paying the landlord-but there I mistake a little in this "true and particular," as is said of dying speeches and other like interesting intelligence for the public-in this true and particular history: the landlord was too sharp, and so were most of his customers, to wait to be paid; no, he "took" for the accommodation ere he gave it, or few of mine host's visitors had waited to pay "early in the morning." Well, after paying the landlord overnight, and purchasing some bread and meat in the morning for the next "table d'hôte à la pierre de miliaire," and replacing the absentee of the glove-gone in the night's lodging and the day's provisioningby an emigrant from the pockets, Richard went cheerfully on his way, and, as he neither lost the way nor his life, in all proper time reached London.

London must seem a strange place to a village lad upon his first arrival; but not having been a cottager at the time of my coming to town, I cannot say what those feelings consist of. No matter. Suffice for the tale that Richard arrived at his destination without meeting any of those over-kind Londoners who really feel so interested in the countryman, who are so particular as to the safety of his property, so ready to warn against unknown dangers, so willing to show how to avoid, and so determined to prove the dangers they have spoken of. No, Richard met none of these, but got to his journey's end as safe and sound as if he had been packed, directed, and delivered by Pickford and Co.

Mr. Hobbs was a shoemaker, who lived in an old-fashioned house at an old-fashioned quarter of London, and was especially patronised by all old-fashioned people. Mr. Hobbs made a boot or a shoe as his father before him made a boot or a shoe; as "their fathers before them wore a boot or a shoe," the old-fashioned people said, "and so they dealt with

Mr. Hobbs."

Now, with all due deference to the old-fashioned gentry, I beg to observe, that when the old folks, such as were parents, constituted Mr. Hobbs "family shoemaker," they well calculated upon the maturer portion of boys and girls objecting to wear such antiquated machines of leather and prunella; and the "family" tradesman being the only one that they the said old folks recognised, it followed of course that all innovations of dandy boots or pretty shoes were paid out of the private funds of their introducers; and really to see the care taken by rising members

of many a family in Mr. Hobbs's quarter of their boots and shoes, however reckless in the disposal of other and more expensive articles of dress, goes far to support my inference.

Cunning old-fashioned people!

Mr. Hobbs had a daughter, not at all old-fashioned. I don't know where her shoes came from—I rather think the apprentices worked them, in leisure hours, for "the love of her blue eyes." Certain such pretty little things were never seen in old Hobbs's shop-window; they would have scared all the old people, and I doubt much if among the young could have been found a foot small enough to wear them.

They were veritable Cinderella slippers.

Fast young men—there were fast young men years ago, ay! and ages ago, if they called them by another name—would oftentimes enter Hobbs's shop to get a peep at Fanny—that was her name; and as the only expense incurred the time and trouble of trying on, a fit being out of the question, why a look at her pretty face was undoubtedly cheap. But these gentlemen were, as they thought, too often disappointed; for Fanny greatly objected to being made a show, so kept in the back-parlour, "the ladies' fitting-room," as Hobbs called it; and the young gents—another new title, but not at all new species—after trying all the boots in the shop, and, in one particular case (let it be understood I am in no ways connected with this tale save in its relation), all the shoes likewise, obtained but the sorry consolation of seeing how ugly a foot could be made to appear under circumstances.

To Mr. Hobbs, Richard came; and, being highly recommended by several gentlemen of his village, was kindly received of the old man, and blushingly by Fanny; for Richard was a well-looking enough youth, and Fanny very impressive. Things went on quiet enough, and Richard soon learnt the business—I mean, so much as Hobbs could be expected to teach. And in truth Richard would have gone on doing no more than his old master, had not an incident opened his eyes to his own state and to that

I said I believed the apprentice for the time being—Hobbs took but one—made the boots or shoes that Fanny wore; I know that Richard made a pair, and I will tell you. He being by this time much in love with the girl, put his heart and soul into the work; but with the originals of the shop before his eyes, constructed such a shoe! You should have heard dear Fanny laugh when he presented the pair. I do not pretend to say how big they were; but she put both her feet in one—they were very little feet you remember—and then it was too large. So Richard blushed and stammered, and the dear girl forgot to laugh and——But if you don't know what came next, I don't think you fit to tell.

I may as well add, to prevent any mistake, he measured her feet for

It was as the opening of a new era to the business; and very soon the young gentry came to deal at Hobbs's, for the old man was talked over to allow one window of his shop to Richard's handicraft; but the old gentry would stalk into the right department without noticing the left division, and even pretending to be unaware of there being two sides to a shop. There was ever a battle royal going on in that old-fashioned and

out-of-the-way parish between prejudice and progression. The old, spite of their honest hearts, obstinate to remain as they were, while the young, with all their follies, and they were not few, going in advance of everything, themselves included. Hobbs's shop was chosen the neutral ground where the adverse parties might meet to "talk at" one another, the old and new counters having each its party. I do not mean you to infer that the father repaired to the shoemaker's "to blow up" his son, or that the latter came there "to make game" of his parent. No; the business took more of a general interest and political bias; on the one side new fashions, new comers, new thoughts, new wines, new anythings were voted radical and bad; on the other, old customs, old everythings, like pig-tails, requir-

ing reform and curtailment.

Well, years passed on: the old gentry tolerating Hobbs's "halfmeasures" because of the increased attention to their wants displayed by Richard, and, moreover, won by the gentle ways of Fanny; the young gentry patronising Hobbs because they could get all they wanted, shape and finish, and what is more, fit, without the nuisance of paying—Hobbs being the "family shoemaker." And yet I cannot say that the young people were better in pocket when no longer necessitated to provide their own chaussures, some other channel of expense being thereby opened-white kid gloves, chip bonnets, or anything you please, fragile and expensive. Very pretty things in their way, bonnets and gloves; but when the one is only put on to get caught in the rain, and the others expressly for riding, I think you will agree with me that the weather or the exercise is scarcely suitable to either material. When Richard had completed the term of his apprenticeship—his parents had died meanwhile-Hobbs gave him his daughter in marriage. But the honeymoon had scarcely passed—nay, it had not—when an old-established concern that the old man had become a partner in, failed, and completely ruined the shoemaker.

All, all went to satisfy the creditors; no remnant for his old age-no

provision to his child.

Hobbs tried to bear it bravely. "He had brought distress upon his child; but he would work—yes, work for her: she should not want;" and saying this, he took his tools and sat him to the task. But, alas! with the times had changed fashions, means, materials, everything, while age had taken the little cunning his right hand had known. So he sat looking at his fingers, and the things within them, hopeless and heartbroken, till Fanny—for he was so still, she feared—came and knelt before him, and he fell upon her neck sobbing, "I cannot, cannot do it."

They took him away kindly, for they must leave the old house; but his mind was gone. In that moment, with the implements of his craft before him, as memory recalled the past, the present, and the future, and the knowledge that he had brought ruin, however innocently, upon those he loved, the feeling of his inability, the thought that he was now a burden—a burden he could never lighten—in that moment, when the body felt its weakness, with despair whispering "he was too old to learn"—in that moment hope fled, and all was ever darkness.

Richard worked for all; he was a good workman, and a willing one; the old man was helpless—worse, he needed help, and Fanny, poor girl,

though strong of heart, was weak in body; and soon she had a little one to care for—a poor sickly little thing—and she without the means to nourish it. There was enough of grief to her, witnessing her infant's struggles—efforts it seemed more to die than for life—and yet she wept when the poor child was gone, and wished him back again, although she owned the mercy that had taken.

Poor Fanny, ere thou wast a second time a mother, the grave had opened for thee—thou hadst joined thy first-born. Happy mother! thou sleepest peaceful now—thou'lt never wake again to see thine infant dying, to feel the drooping head, to watch the glazing eye, and know—yes, know, that gold would keep him there. But thou hast none, and

he must go-must go from thee.

A year, and the old man had followed his daughter, and Richard was alone in the world—alone! "He had striven, when he had wife and child—he had striven while the old man was spared; but now—himself! it was not worth the while to struggle: he cared not for himself. Oh! he would lie him down and die."

His friends—for poor as Richard was, he had friends—did not leave him in his agony, but watched him carefully, heeding to speak to him. They knew not how to *comfort*, so forbore to *trouble*; and would to heaven that every *soi-disant* sympathiser should follow on this rule.

Sympathy! I hate the word, or rather its professors, for sympathy is indeed a great and noble feeling, and the parent of charity. But as the world goes, sympathy is little else than a cruel curiosity, which bares the wound to see if it be cicatriced or no; or worse, it is a stalking-horse to calumny and malice, while charity has become but the medium for advertisement to the "pride that apes humility." God forbid that sympathy and charity be lost to us for ever; but words and letter-press at present occupy their places. What has not society to answer for?

When the bitterness of the hour had passed, Richard rose up quietly to his duties day after day, and he was ever constant and methodical: he scarcely looked human—rather some fine-turned engine, so careful and so cheerless. Weeks passed, and months, and years; and then a day he came not, so they sought him. Dead? Go to. It was but that the machine had stopped: Richard, the man, had been dead long ago.

It is a common story. The world is full of such. Men live, and die, and are fogotten; perchance were never known. A life of trouble, toil, and privation: one weary repetition of what yesterday was, to-day is, and to-morrow will be: there is little to interest, much to distress.

The property of the lateral property of the second of the

T ESTERNO CONTROL CONTROL CONTROL CONTROL OF CONTROL OF

To such, what is life? A monotony of sorrows.

THE CONFEDERATES; OR, THE DAYS OF MARGARET OF PARMA.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LIV.

Public affairs were now rapidly approaching what most people considered a crisis. Defeated at Ousterweel, the confederates were everywhere baffled, the first disaster they encountered seeming to be the signal for their general downfal. Valenciennes was reduced by the combined efforts of Egmont and Noircarme—Bois le Duc having in vain made a valiant resistance under its bold and able leader, Anthony Bomberg, who, more fortunate than other confederate chiefs, succeeded in withdrawing himself in time from the town, lowered its banner before the forces of Meghem. Mansfeldt forced Brederode back upon his town of Vianen, where, in spite of his repeated attempts to make a sally, he kept him completely blocked up. In towns, in villages, and in the open plain, the Gueux were everywhere scattered or taken prisoners, and put upon their trials.

Most of the nobles had torn themselves away from the confederacy; and, refusing all aid to their former friends, hastened to throw themselves, humbled and repentant, at the regent's feet: thus they virtually broke up that party, and filled with chagrin and terror the breasts of the merchants who had paid for their protection, and those of the lower order who had

been misled by their assurances.

It was under these circumstances that the tact of the regent as a politician shone brightest. She had boldly begun the struggle, unflinchingly maintained it; but in her hour of triumph she understood the necessity of leniency, the only sure foundation on which to base victory. Some severe examples were made among the most outrageous of the rabble, such as had taken decided parts in the desecration of the churches; some ringleaders who had excited the towns to revolt suffered condign punishment; and unfortunately but too many Protestant preachers gained the crown of martyrdom, when a timely retreat did not shield them from bigoted persecution; but with these exceptions the elemency of the regent extended through all classes, and consolidated her power, which an ill-timed severity might, in spite of the success of her arms, have endangered. Nor did she question the fidelity of the great, binding them to peace by her politic silence. Thus were the provinces as suddenly restored to peace as they had been roused to arms; and the prosperity of the Netherlands, their liberties, and their privileges, laid at the foot of Philip's throne by the skill and unscrupulous tactics of his sister.

There seemed now nothing left to achieve but to ensure the stability of those in high places, and the shrewd mind of the duchess soon hit upon an expedient calculated to secure her aim. She exacted of all the governors of provinces and nobles in office a fresh oath of allegiance, or rather a new formula of that already tendered, which should bind them to serve and support the king against all persons whatever, without excep-

"I did madaon: but he opposed that such an outh would be little short

tion, who should be declared guilty of high treason.

As she expected, the Duke of Archot, the Counts of Mansfeldt, Meghem, and Barlaimont, her devoted adherents, were the first to give an example of cheerful compliance with this wish. The Count of Egmont, too, unhesitatingly took the oath, which surprised as much as it pleased her: the Counts of Hoochstraaten and Horn pleaded they were sufficiently bound by their allegiance, whilst Brederode and the Prince of

Orange refused at once, and resigned all their places.

It was all important to Spain that this master-spirit of the age should not escape the revenge and the policy of Philip, by whom he was considered the secret and sole instigator of all these troubles, and who dreaded him as much for the future as he hated him for the past. All other eyes might be blinded by self-interest and ambition—all other minds might be misled by false representations; weaker spirits might be enthralled by fear, or won over by flattery; but the eye of William of Nassau was ever open, his acute mind could not be deceived, nor his strong heart made to quail; and Margaret of Parma was determined to essay every means of persuasion to retain him ostensibly in the king's interest, or at least to detain him in the country a little longer. After having already made a few fruitless attempts, she had despatched Bertie, her private secretary, with ample instructions how to reply to whatever difficulties the prince might raise, and was now anxiously awaiting his

return, which she expected every instant.

In the closet where we have already seen her, discussing with her counsellors the very affair whose event had transpired, and tracing out the line of conduct which she had so successfully pursued, sat the duchess, counting the minutes as they flew. She was alone, and occasionally busied herself with a heap of papers strewed upon the table, whilst ever and anon she glanced impatiently at a large, turnip-shaped silver watch that lay among them. At the appointed time the door of the cabinet was slowly opened, and her page ushered in the punctual secretary.

"Well, how is it?" said the princess. "Does he consent to take the oath?"

"I am sorry," said Bertie, gravely, "to announce to your highness that not only does he pertinaciously refuse to comply with your wishes on that head, but also that he persists in his determination to resign his charges. He humbly begs your highness will appoint another governor for Holland, Zealand, Zutphen, Nimegue, Friezland, and the Marquisate of Antwerp, as he is about to return to his German states. Affairs in these countries being now satisfactorily settled, it has, he says, become necessary to look after his own, which have been too long neglected for those of the king."

"That is false!" said the regent, with an explosion of anger she could not control.

"He did not deny that there were other reasons," added Bertie.

"And what may be those he alleged for refusing the oath?" de-

"There were many," said the secretary. "First, he pleaded the non-existence of any precedent for exacting thus a renewal of their bond of allegiance from governors of provinces."

"But did you urge what I bid you, that the times demanded other

measures, stronger tests?"

"I did, madam; but he opposed that such an oath would be little short

of pleading guilty to having infringed his former pledge—that it argued distrust on the king's part—that he of all men could not bind himself by so comprehensive an engagement, no exception having been admitted, even in favour of the emperor, of whom he was no less a bounden vassal than of the King of Spain—that it would arm him against his friends and kinsmen in Germany who were of the Protestant faith."

"I had foreseen these objections," said the duchess, " and warned you

how to rebut them."

"I replied, madam, in your very words. I assured him that in consideration of his peculiar position, he would be exempted, so far as the emperor, to whom he owed allegiance, his friends and kinsmen, were concerned. He then said, somewhat peevishly, that he could not engage himself to act with violence against the thousands whom he knew would be declared guilty of high treason merely for their adherence to the proscribed religion."

"Did you point out to him the example of the Count of Egmont, who refused to draw his sword so long as they remained quiet, but who did not hesitate to punish them when they stood forward in open rebellion?"

"He answered rather evasively that the Count of Egmont had acted according to his view of the subject: that he, the prince, must follow his own—that he knew how it would be—when the king came he would allow none of his subjects to live with their Protestant wives—that his princess was of that faith—that he had allowed her a chapel in his own household—that he might be called upon to cause the death of his friends, even that of his wife."

"It is to be hoped that Anne of Saxony will justify so tender a solici-

tude," said Margaret of Parma, with a curling lip.

"I could not well touch on that point," said Bertie, and a smile involuntarily broke through the frigid gravity of his features, probably caused by the unusual length to which dislike and anger had led the austere regent; but it was instantly repressed by the angry frown that darkened her brow.

"So you have obtained nothing from him?" continued she, "not even, I will be sworn, the alternative I desired, that he would consult, at least,

with the Count of Egmont before taking any decisive step."

"This he readily granted, more, I think, with the view of converting the count to his own opinion, than with any ultimate idea of adopting his."

"That," said the regent, in a decisive tone, "he shall never do. But I cannot understand his mistrust. What think you, Bertie?" And the princess fixed a keen, inquiring eye on the secretary's countenance.

"I have not hitherto, madam," he replied, with unaltered features, busied my mind with the merits or demerits of the Prince of Orange, nor have I troubled myself with examining the wisdom or the folly of his measures, being perfectly satisfied that my gracious sovereign and your highness are the only competent judges of such matters."

"You are a faithful and honest servant," said the regent, with a wellpleased smile, "and shall be rewarded accordingly. But could you not

persuade the prince to tarry at least until the king's arrival?"

"I argued, madam, as you bade me-that he could not relinquish his

charges without the king's permission, any more than you had the power to confer them on another."

"And he answered?"

"As to the king's coming, that was not proved. It was not altogether impossible he might send one in his stead, whom it would ill beseem one of his lofty station to bend to."

"What!" said the duchess, "does he indeed suspect or know aught of

this matter?"

"The whole Netherlands, madam, suspect, and the prince doubtless knows-"

" Proceed," said the duchess, imperatively, as the secretary faltered.

"That the Duke of Alba is on his road to this country with a strong army of Spaniards. This news is in the mouths even of the lowest among the people."

"Ha!" exclaimed the regent, with marked surprise; and the colour

faded from her cheek.

"He did not mention the name of the duke," continued Bertie.

"He merely added, that it was impossible to say how matters might be represented to his majesty. He humbly trusted, however, he would deign to remember his great services, and from afar, as well as near, he would ever be ready to do his best for his interests. With that he abruptly broke off, and, by his silence to all I could add, seemed to imply that he wished the conference at an end."

"Was no one else present during your interview?" inquired the

duchess.

"No one, madam. The Count of Hoochstraaten, who, in character of his lieutenant, witnessed our former interview, has retired into privacy in the town of Antwerp."

"These are bad tidings," said the duchess, musingly. "Many will go

with him."

"Some have preceded him, madam," answered Bertie. "Counts of

Cuylembourg and Berghe have already taken wing."

"Of that I am aware," said the duchess; "but we must stop the emigrations daily taking place by thousands. An edict must be drawn up on that head. If we cannot prevent the great from departing, the more humble must not be allowed the same license. The former cannot take away with them their towers, strong walls, and broad lands; but the latter can flee away with their substance and their craft, and enrich other countries at the expense of the Netherlands. This must be looked to. And the other transactions in Antwerp, how have you sped with them? Have you inquired into this tapestry-merchant's affair—this Van Meeren—as I bade you?"

"I have, your highness, and my informants declare that he has always been considered a stanch Catholic. His case appears, indeed, a hard one. I have also taken the information you required in this city at the proper quarter, and have there also received clear and favourable answers. All this I have carefully noted down here." And he pointed to a parcel of papers regularly numbered and bound together, which he drew from

his doublet.

"It is well," said the duchess; "and you think I shall have no trouble in obtaining the liberation of this unfortunate man?"

"None whatever. The moment your highness's pleasure is made known it will be considered law."

"I know that—I know that!" said the princess, impatiently waving her hand. "But I would not willingly put my authority in opposition to that of those who hold so sacred an office."

"In this respect, madam," said the secretary, "I think your mind may rest perfectly at ease; they appear to entertain no great scruples of conscience about this person. Only the trial must come on at its appointed time."

"Of course," said the regent, "I have no intentions of infringing on that ceremonial; if he is innocent it will go well with him. You must not forget to let me know when the trial takes place, however. That man's daughter has deeply interested me; her mother and herself seem to be sincerely pious women, and ready to devote life and fortune to the weal of the Church. The daughter, I am informed, pleads incapacity to enter on her noviciate, because of the anxiety she feels on her father's account; uncertainty and apprehension withdraw her mind too much from the holy state of meditation necessary at such a time. I wish, therefore, this matter to be brought to a happy termination as speedily as may be. The girl will be no bad gift to the Ursuline's convent—she brings a queen's dower with her."

"Nor are the Van Meerens altogether of low extraction," said Bertie.

"I have discovered this is not their real name; they formerly bore another, and have only been traders for a few generations. I have even been informed that they come of gentle lineage."

"Indeed!" said the regent. "I will take the first opportunity of investigating this matter. If it be true, it will enable me to keep this girl near my own person for a few months, which will afford me pleasure, and, at the same time, answer other purposes. I myself have been the innocent cause of some mishap to this family which I am anxious to repair; and yet, for all that, I sadly miss the bad man who has wrought these wrongs. That Spanish spy was worth a host of slaves such as those by whom I am surrounded; he was, indeed, a most necessary evil! But," she added, suddenly interrupting her train of thought, "we must leave off discussing these matters till to-morrow; the time allotted to business is past, and that of my devotions is at hand."

At these words Bertie called the page in waiting, who instantly appeared to escort his mistress to her oratory.

CHAPTER LV.

When Margaret learnt from the Lady Abbess that her royal protectress had appointed her to form, for a short time, part of her household, she experienced some regret at exchanging the monastic retirement, that spread so soothing an influence over her perturbed spirits, for the busy scenes of a more active life; but when the superior informed her that, not being of sufficiently high birth to be named lady in waiting upon the princess herself, she was to fill a similar station near the person of one but lately elected to that honour, the lovely Lady Isabel of Egmont, her heart bounded with pleasure. She had heard Lamoral mention this sister's name, and the prospect of being again, in all proba-

bility, thrown in his way, was not without its charm; nor did she pause to consider how dangerous to her future peace of mind this new turn of fate might prove. It was, therefore, with an alacrity bordering on impatience that she prepared to enter upon her new duties.

Isabel of Egmont had not received with feelings of this nature the commands of her father to comply with the regent's wishes. To leave her home would have been at all times a trial; but with a heart full of boding fears, which she must conceal, of sorrows that engrossed her mind, it was positive misery to be thus removed from the quiet privacy of her own family, where some sympathised with, and all understood and

respected her constitutional sensitiveness.

The final interview which took place at Vilvorde between Orange and Egmont had been faithfully reported to Isabel by Casembrot, who had witnessed it. Vain had been the prince's entreaties and exhortations that Egmont would, by timely departure, at least secure his own safety; the count was inflexible in his chivalric purpose and confidence, and the prince had taken of him a tearful farewell, as of a tried and valued friend whom he was never more to see. Orange departed from the Netherlands with a long train of noblemen, who accompanied him to the frontier, as if to do him honour; but most of whom pushed the courtesy so far as to emigrate with him altogether, and rally round him at his court of Dillenburg. In spite of Egmont's resolution, this departure shed a deep gloom over his mind, which he could not master so effectually but that his own family became aware of it.

The more timid of his household now begged their dismissal, and those who still faithfully abided by him had been more and less concerned in the late affairs; nor had he the heart to repulse their warm devotion, a measure which prudence should have dictated. But the caution he spurned for himself his generosity remembered for others. Casembrot, however, continued deaf to his entreaties that he would follow those whose views he shared; nor could he have prevailed upon Kay to leave him, had he not devised some pretext, unconnected with worldly prudence, to persuade the artist from his side; and since Kay had not the heart to return to Antwerp, Egmont managed to get him quietly settled in Brus-

sels, in a more obscure but safer home than his own.

All alike in the mansion looked forward to coming events with doubt and fear, yet none could bring themselves to believe the count's life in actual danger, except Isabel, who, instead of regarding the future with the bright hopefulness of her years, crowded it with the dark phantoms of her teeming imagination. In this desponding mood was she compelled, in order to propitiate the duchess, to accept the most wearisome of all lives to her—that of a maid of honour. It was with speechless sorrow that she heard the fiat go forth; but there was no appeal to be made against it; nor, had there been one, would Isabel have known how to frame it.

But though a certain degree of restraint and self-control was necessary in her new situation, Isabel found it less irksome than she anticipated. The princess required but little attendance from her ladies; business and devotion sharing pretty equally her time, and leaving her very little for idle ceremonial or pleasures, which were alike distasteful to her austere spirit. Hence Isabel enjoyed long hours of uninterrupted solitude, to

which an occasional hunting party, or a summons to the oratory, were

the only and rare changes.

When first Margaret van Meeren was imposed upon her as the sharer of this solitude, she felt it an additional hardship; but soon learned to consider this companionship a comfort, and Margaret herself a friend. There was something in the strength of mind of the latter which afforded a grateful support to the weakness of the former. The daughter of a noble house, who amidst the splendours of her home had ever missed the solace of a friend of her own years and sex, now enjoyed this new found and long unknown source of comfort the more keenly for its having been so long withheld. The very diversity of their characters and positions seemed to throw a new charm over their intimacy; whilst sufficient points of similarity in their fate and views offered themselves to create sympathy. Both trembled for a father's life, and both looked forward to a cloister as their ultimate home, where they hoped to spend the remainder of their lives together. Even the intense pleasure with which both hailed the frequent and long visits of Lamoral formed a new tie between them, and swift did those hours seem which he whiled away beside their framework, as respite from sorrows ever appears.

CHAPTER LVI.

The bells of all the churches of Brussels rang as for a high solemnity or festival. The streets were crowded, the windows filled with curious gazers, and yet there was none of that cheerful alacrity in the countenances or in the movements of the people that, above all other things, characterises an occasion of public rejoicing. On the contrary, an air of gloom, dejection, and even defiance, observable in almost every face, plainly indicated that the merry peals vibrating through the air sounded harshly in the ears of a mourning people.

At one of the casements of a stone house, immediately opposite to the Hôtel de Ville, stood one, gazing sadly like the rest on the dense masses below. So wrapt was he in thought that he did not perceive the entrance of another individual, who, slowly advancing, roused him by laying his

hand upon his shoulder.

"You here, Van Diest!" said he, looking up in surprise; "this is

unexpected. I had long since reckoned you among the lost."

"I was pretty near it, Master Kay," answered Van Diest; "but, as you see, with the help of Providence and my own sagacity, I have contrived to weather the storm."

"But what has brought you to Brussels—and on such a day?"

"I risk but little or nothing," replied Van Diest; "the only man I ever had cause to dread is now quiet enough. There are few here who know me, and still less who have any clue to my late adventures; so I thought I would even come to witness the duke's entrance. I have been as far as the frontier."

"How could you act so imprudently! Methinks a timely attempt at flight would have been your safest course. If I can in any way assist you with money, or otherwise——"

"Nay," said Van Diest, "the duchess has cared for that—it were madness to attempt it. It is certain death to be seen approaching any of the

ports; the wisest part to play is that of a passive spectator, and I have adopted it."

"And you have now actually ridden to see in what manner a great

scourge may fall on an unhappy country?"

"If you mean Alba, I have certainly witnessed his coming."

"And is it true that he brings with him so formidable an army?"

"But too true!" said Van Diest. "The sight was, however, well worth the risk, and so far I am consoled for my enforced stay in these parts: it has procured me a spectacle I might have hunted Europe in vain for, and which shoals of foreigners are flocking from all sides to catch a glimpse of—those swarthy, grim-visaged soldiers grown grey in the victories of Africa and Italy, decked out with the spoils of the vanquished, doubtless, for every man is as finely bedizened to the full as his captain, and the captains—nay, as for that matter, the smallest drummers in the lines—strut along as gay as lords, and as proud. Their arms, too, are as queer as their braveries; new-fangled matchlocks, called muskets, of such cumbrous length as to need a rest, which a boy carries behind each soldier. All this is strange enough to us quiet burghers, Master Kay, but the rear of the army is stranger still."

"Surely," said Kay, "they have not dared to treat us as they do the wild Indians—they have not brought their bloodhounds upon us? I have often heard their dogs are trained in America to pursue man and pull him down, like a stag at bay, that their noble masters may have no

more trouble than the morte may give them."

"It is not quite that—but very nearly as bad," replied Van Diest.

"They have brought a woman and more to each man. I think they must have swept Spain of all the prostitutes that ever breathed there; and yet they say in that country they are as plentiful as blackberries. It was a queer sight to be sure—some on horseback, some on foot, decked out like princesses, defiling by hundreds and hundreds in the rear of these men."

"Good God! are such things possible?" exclaimed Kay, indignantly. "Is this the manner in which Christian men and soldiers exhibit themselves throughout this country? Are they so lost to all sense of shame and

decency?"

"Even so," replied Van Diest. "But I have seen worse yet—a sight that made my eyes ache to look upon. Among the nobles deputed by the regent to meet Alba—nay, indeed, foremost of them all—was the Count of Egmont. I wonder that he, whom we all love so well, should be the first to welcome the enemy into our country. I say, Master Kay, that's a matter for much wonder."

"Say, rather, for the bitterest regret!" said Kay, with a deep sigh.

"He whose laurels as a patriot might have cast into shade those which he has earned as a soldier! I fear me he risks even more than his glory

by such a deed."

"Doubt it not," said Van Diest. "I heard from a Spaniard who attends on the duke's own person, and therefore stood close by him at the time—a very personable man by the way, though a Spaniard—I have had many a merry bout with him for all his gravity in former days—this man, I say, informed me that when the count came up, Alba impatiently exclaimed: 'Lo! there—behold the arch-heretic coming!'

or 'the arch-traitor'—I forget exactly which term he used, but neither smack much of favour or courtesy."

"Alas, that my noble patron should need either at Alba's hand!" said Kay. "Had he but willed it, the duke had not been here this day!"

"And you, Master Kay, would have looked all the merrier. I never saw a man so altered—you look wretchedly ill—as pale and worn as if

you were in love .- He! he! he!"

"You are right, Van Diest, and well may I look pale and wan when my mistress is on the point of death; for I, like poor Van Meeren, acknowledge no bride but my country—I have, moreover, grieved for my poor friend more than befits a man to own, and I am anxious for my patron. If I lose him, too, what will become of me? I bear a very sad heart within my breast, Master van Diest, I do not deny it."

A loud flourish of trumpets, fifes, and drums, announcing the approach of the duke, now rivetted the attention of both upon the cortège as it drew near, and, filing beneath the window at which they were stationed,

wended through the arches of the Hôtel de Ville.

Kay could scarcely restrain his indignation on beholding the Count of Egmont among the Flemish nobles who heralded the duke, tempered though it was by the feelings with which the sight of that dreaded personage filled him, as he rode by with a look so menacing, and lip so contemptuous, that none could help reading his purposes in his countenance. The crowd, hitherto silent, could not repress some murmurs of hatred, which drew on them the fiery glances of the Spanish soldiery; and as Kay marked their air of discipline and daring, and remembered their long course of training in ruthless wars where they had displayed the malice, as well as the courage, of fiends, his heart sickened at thought of the horrors which the presence and rule of such men would bring upon his unhappy country. And when, as the troops marched through, his own eyes confirmed Van Diest's extraordinary statement about the strange appendage that Alba had added to his force, his acuter mind guessed the leader's cruel design, that no relenting scruple, no chance tie of affection, no honourable or honest thought, should plead in favour of the Flemings with his own fierce followers:-they were to remain throughout irreclaimably strangers to the land he meant them to desolate.

Kay turned from the window, unable any longer to look upon a scene so humiliating; but Van Diest kept his post till the last baggage-waggon had disappeared, and not till then did he again turn to Kay: and so dispirited did the artist feel, so much did he dread being left alone with his own thoughts, that he was happy in the companionship of the friendly gossip, whom he detained until a late hour, chiefly discussing the fate of Paul's surviving relatives, their mutual interest in whom formed almost

legani. Sanderat virula (volume orac meson entre in solat, act. 40 phil 1980 Z.

The East land Visited by San Line and Control of the Control of th

the only real tie between them.

August, 1852.—Our nautical season has commenced, and a yachting fever has broken out in all the seaports whose wooden walls keep guard round Great Britain and her sister isles. At Cowes, under the very presence and sanction of royalty, the symptoms of the complaint are more than usually demonstrative. A multitude of yachts are anchored at the mouth of the Medina, embracing all variety of sizes, and a wonderful inventory of names. Beautiful they look on the placid waters, with their rakish trim, and the gay dressing of their various flags. Boat races, swimming matches, and other rustic sports abound; booths, rich in gilt gingerbreads, and all the treasures appertaining to the fancy fair, line the road to the Castle, which has opened its doors to a select circle of the aristocracy, and a very flood of strangers are overflowing the principal hotels that look down upon the sea. Now is the time for steamers, as they keep dropping in from Southampton, Portsmouth, Ryde, and Yarmouth, whilst an occasional one plies round the island on a pleasure-trip, carrying their band of music with them, whose distant melody comes stealing over the waters like a low soft accompaniment to the winds and waves. But here is still greater glory for Cowes. This is the Queen's yacht itself that comes gliding in from Osborne, with the Queen, Prince Albert, the royal children, and most of the court on board. See, they take up their station before the Club House, where they are greeted with a cheerful salute of guns, whilst the lined shores testify to the interest of her eager loyal subjects, all anxious to catch one look at royalty. Now is the hour when the excitement of the boating and other races becomes fast and furious under the consciousness of the actual presence of majesty; now is the momentous question of the Queen's dress and appearance discussed, and an affectionate interest entertained for her household.

Cowes has always appeared to us one of the best samples of native nautical talent as upheld by these our yearly festivals. You will here see the English gentleman's idea of the fashion of clothes as peculiarly adapted to ocean wear-from the class of men with shining black hats, dark blue cloth suits, and club buttons, to those who dress themselves figuratively and imaginatively in large sun hats, pale kid gloves, turneddown collars and cuffs, and little white boots tipped with black, surmounting all with a nautically-cut coat or jacket. Others, again, are there who, under the impression of "doing the thing," allow their beards and hair to grow, and their complexions to brown at pleasure; whilst some dress the outer man in Guernseys and black hats, bearing upon them the name of their respective yachts, and others incline to pilot coats and coalheaver Ladies, too, are here affected by the ocean fashions. We see them walking out in large hats, polka jackets, and flounced dresses somewhat of the shortest, while the more knowing ensconce themselves in a kind of uniform of drab, and have ever a Mackintosh en réserve. Now, too, is the time that wives accompany their husbands on pleasuretrips, with the proviso that they shall always sail before the wind, and be able to be landed on the very shortest possible notice.

Mrs. John English is making preparations for a trip of this description. Mr. English thinks himself a real sailor—not one of your men who fit

VOL. XXII.

up a splendid yacht of one or two hundred tons burden, in which they never venture out of the Channel, but take short cruises in fine weather, and when it threatens to be stormy, order their crew to come round to certain ports, to which they post to meet them; also, for the most part, are for leaving their yachts anchored in some snug inland harbour, where in sunny weather they come on board to dine off delicacies served up to them by their French cook, and, if quite smooth, take an after siesta in their downy berths-no! Mr. English is quite another description of man-a regular Jack Tar in his own opinion-one who wishes to enjoy yachting in the broad nautical sense of the word. For this purpose he leaves a most comfortable home of his own, and takes measures for placing (or as he terms it "stowing away") himself and Mrs. English, their child, and nurse, into a cramped, uncomfortable, country-built yacht, of about forty He goes about it, however, systematically; he rations the party to one small portmanteau each; and though Mrs. English thinks she has furtively introduced her best bonnet into one of the closets, she is surprised by finding the next day that it has assumed somewhat the complexion of a pancake under the heap of cushions from which it has emerged thrown carelessly down upon it on the cabin floor.

Mrs. English has the misfortune to be a bad sailor: she experiences "sensations" in first coming on board, and finds her only relief is in assuming a recumbent position on the hard boards of the yacht's deck, and shutting her eyes and thoughts to the long low swell that is going on around her. No power, however, can prevent her hearing the rustling and flapping of the sheets and cordage, or the low monotonous splashing of the waves. She has a consciousness of a swimming motion in everything around her, and an intense desire that the yacht should stand still, if but for one single moment. Master English does not flourish under this state of affairs. The tender sex being too ill to attend to him, he has a rope tied round his waist, and is finally secured to the mast of the yacht, from which mastiff-like position he emerges on expeditions the length of his cable, always returning very red in the face, having committed every species of mischief, and gone through each imaginable grade

of disaster.

Mr. English has a great idea of combining science and safety with navigation; for this purpose he has all sorts of patent portable life-preservers ever ready for use. The very table you dine off makes up into a floating raft; and even the seats and cushions are pressed into the Great is he in mattresses filled with cork fibre, which answer the twofold end of turning the yacht into a life-boat, and serving as a safetyfloat in cases of danger. He has notions also about lamps, which, swinging with the vessel, give forth sickly odours from the dark recesses of the cabin, and are finally subjected to the strict ship discipline of being all extinguished by ten o'clock. Very wretched is this same cabin to the delicate nerves of Mrs. English, who prefers remaining on deck during the night rather than venturing down into its warm mugginess. Mrs. English has an idea of the beauty of a summer's night as passed on the ocean, with the yacht gliding placidly on into the still moonlight, and the stars reflecting themselves in calm loveliness on the sleeping waters. She finds, however, there is a theory of beauty as well as its reality, and reclining as she does on cushions placed on the yacht's deck, covered with

wraps and crowned with a canopy of stray sails, she yet shudders inwardly as the cold, damp mist rises like a shroud from the ocean, and the

fog clings round her like a leaden cloak. Mr. English is, however, in his element: he dines off a chop and potatoes, badly cooked by the dirty sailor-help, with as much complacency as if he was seated at a Lord Mayor's feast, and produces from his own stores various bottles and condiments, which he appears to regard with peculiar affection. The only drawback to his pleasure is, we are ashamed to say, the society of his wife and family. He soon finds that they do not "stow away" well, and he secretly resolves that he will not in future be hampered by having any women on board. He has an unworthy triumph in recalling his first cruise, and the Master Absolute that he then enacted. He tells a good story against himself, in having lived so long on board that he quite forgot the flight of time, and on one occasion, having landed at some small seaport town, he accosted a policeman to ask him the reason why all the shops were closed, as it appeared to be a holiday with the people, when this staff of peace, looking at him contemptuously, as though he was drunk, had inquired of him "if he did not know Sunday yet?" And he had really been forced to acknowledge, as well as he could for laughing, "that he had lived so long on board yacht, that it appeared he had forgotten to distinguish between Saturday and Sunday."

Mr. English has other yachting stories and experiences, which he will be very happy to enlighten you upon. Relations of the rare birds and wonderful sea monsters he has captured, and the still more extraordinary ones that he has caught a glimpse of. A vision is floating on his mind of having even once seen the tail of the Sea Serpent! and he can specify to various sharks of wonderful ferocity and extraordinary dimensions. His greatest triumph, however, is in his yacht itself—how she combines speed with safety, utility with pleasure. There is hardly one thing he does not think her equal to. He is certain, if properly managed, she might sail for any of the cups at the different regattas; and he knows that her boats are built on such improved life principles, that even half filled with water, and bearing an extra weight of cargo, it would be still impossible to sink them.

Mrs. English is, however, still languishing on the yacht's deck. has not moved from where she first took up her position; only through the night she has tried to catch furtive snatches of disturbed sleep, from which she has woke up with shivering tremors, and an abject sense of utter wretchedness and disgust. This has been varied by the intense heat of the succeeding day, which has penetrated through all the awnings of umbrellas and sails, while the yacht has seemed to lay still on the glassy waters (studded thick, as with jewels, by the bright floating jelly fish), the loosened sheets flapping ever as with ceaseless wings to the dead faint roll of the yacht, and the low, slight, sickening swell of ocean. She has tried reading, but the letters in the book have all danced and swum before her eyes; the sight of food has been misery, and connected conversation an impossibility. She has been, therefore, endeavouring, painfully, to think of something that may divert her mind from this giddy motion, and the creaking, flapping, unearthly noises going on around her. She has not, however, been able to succeed. Her pre-

sent misery (like an evil thought) has poisoned everything; and now we see her, a very captive let loose, hailing the fresh evening breeze, gazing with feelings it would be impossible to describe on the nearing headland that marks the entrance to the seaport town where tonight they are to anchor, and where, luxuriating once more on terra firma, she will yet require an hour or two's rest before she is able to persuade herself that she is not still on board yacht, or that the floor of the hotel's saloon is not moving under her. These are some of the pleasures (alias miseries) of yachting. There is yet a brighter side to the picture in the large, roomy, well-built, and well-ordered yacht. The pleasant group of people assembled there (not one of them knowing what sea-sickness, that green-eyed monster, means), the scudding before the breeze, with the yacht's side half buried in water as she dashes off the fresh glancing spray from her track, or laying listlessly in the sunshine of some beautiful bay, reposing in a very atmosphere of beauty. Again, pursuing her calm course, where the lovely moonlight lays like a silver veil upon the ocean, and gliding onwards, "walking the waters like a thing of life."

All this is very enjoyable to the favoured few. We confess, however, to be very much of the opinion of some men who composed the members of a band of music accompanying a yacht on one of these trips of pleasure. The day had been glorious; the party had landed and enjoyed themselves-eat, drunk, danced, and laughed; in returning, however, a sudden storm sprung up, the yacht reeled, the night gathered in, the rain beat down in torrents, and at last an order was issued for the deck to be cleared, and all useless hands to be battened down below. Here, amid the closeness and sickness, voices of lamentation, and thick gloominess, were seated the unfortunate musicians. "Oh! sir," said one of them, as we came near, "is this what you call pleasure? Oh! if ever I get out of this, may I not deserve to be forgiven if ever I put foot in a

yacht again!"

WRITTEN IN DESPONDENCY.

BY R. W. ALDRIDGE.

GIVE me to drink, O Heaven! or let me die: I cannot bear this creeping littleness,
In which my hopes, my aspirations lie
As in a grave. Why is the bitterness Of life alone for me, when Nature greets

Each other heart with ever-changing sweets? Oh! give me strength at least to chase the cloud

That now hangs over me; and I shall be Joyful as Nature when she laughs aloud To see how all things revel in her glee; And cherish once again those hopes that seem, Viewed through the darkness of the storm that lowers, Faint as a maiden sighing in a dream O'er hopes forbidden to her waking hours. where the asphalte of the Boulevards and invers from the equator, meet under the same roof, and where Brazilian carrots and Paris sparrows

won but a guidance houselog and (adapted live an easily grader than evening breeze a rate of the product of the control of the

FROM THE FRENCH.

By Frederick Marshall, Esq.

LIKE most other earthly wonders, the Champs Elysées have had a beginning and a history; and it is to be hoped that they do not blush, in their glory and splendour of to-day, for the modest times when wheat and

potatoes grew on their now grassless and dusty area.

-of erody away from

The name of Champs Elysées was given during the reign of Louis XIV., but their formation commenced in 1616, when the Cours la Reine was laid out and planted by order of Marie de Medicis. Later in the same century the trees were extended to the Faubourg St. Honoré, and the outline of the great avenue was formed. The whole was replanted in 1770, when the Allée des Veuves was added.

The grass was devoured, root and blade, when the Cossacks were en-

camped upon it in 1814; it has never grown again.

In 1787, the property of M. Beaujon, a rich banker, who had built himself a fantastic house, not far from where the Arch of Triumph now stands, was sold, and a large part of it was afterwards converted into a place of public amusement, containing a theatre, ball-room, concert-room, café, and, what were then quite new to Paris, "Montagnes Russes." The place became immensely fashionable. For several seasons everybody was mad about the incomparable delight of slipping down an imitation hill; but the accidental death of one of the commissaries of the army, by the upsetting of his car during a slide, caused the interference of the police, and the Montagnes Russes were forbidden. After a time the interdict was removed; but meanwhile the novelty and excitement had died away, the public came no more, and, after a vain struggle to regain its glory, the garden closed.

A few paces from what was once the Jardin Beaujon stands now the Château des Fleurs, celebrated for its tableaux vivants; and, at the corner of the Allée des Veuves, which formerly bore so evil a name, but which is now, with its range of aristocratic hotels, one of the most charming streets in Paris, rises the façade of the Jardin Mabille—the

paradise of the polka and sensitive hearts.

The fame of Mabille is more than European, and the names of Pomaré, Mogador, and their co-celebrities are known as widely as is the shrine in

which their charms were worshipped.

Its glory was, however, last year, for a time, most terribly endangered; its very existence indeed was threatened. A ruthless speculator actually succeeded in persuading nearly all the Mabillian beauties to emigrate, en masse, to California, in search of gold and husbands. For a month the garden was deserted; but the prodigious efforts of the manager by degrees provided it with fresh and equally seductive attractions, and the desertion of its polkeuses was forgotten.

Next to Mabille and the Château des Fleurs comes the Chalet; and last, though far before all in taste and elegance, the Jardin d'Hiver, where the asphalte of the Boulevards, and flowers from the equator, meet under the same roof, and where Brazilian parrots and Paris sparrows

chirp together. Concerts, children's fancy balls, balls of wise virgins, and balls of foolish virgins—the Jardin d'Hiver offers all; and its visitors are welcomed to a botanical crystal palace, adorned with pictures, statues, fountains, palm-trees, iron benches, banks of turf, steps buried in moss, stairs covered with lace, and every other fantastic form of ornament into which art or nature can be twisted.

The Chalet is a neighbour of the Jardin d'Hiver. Its orchestra plays out of tune, its chief refreshment is sour beer, its grisettes are shabby, the vast hands of its visitors are covered with phenomenal gloves, and the uniforms of soldiers of the line are many in the crowd. If you are rich, go to the Jardin d'Hiver; if poor, to the balls beyond the Barriers; at each end of the scale you will find amusement in plenty; but in the middle

On the opposite side of the great avenue stand the Hippodrome and Cirque National, the kingdoms of Franconi, whose ministers are horses, riders, and Auriol. What were the Olympic games, or the amphitheatres of Rome, to the Circus of Paris? The ancients made their horses walk, Franconi makes them waltz; they sat upon their saddles, Franconi dances, juggles, dines, and dresses upon his. Franconi and the Revolution of '93 began their respective exercises together; since that date he has provided the horses for nearly all great public festivals—bay for the fêtes of the Revolution, piebald for the triumphs of the Empire, and white for the Restoration of the Lily. Some people pretend that the same horse brought back Napoleon from Elba and Charles X. from Ghent; but we have too high an opinion of the equine race to believe it capable of a versatility of which public men alone have hitherto afforded the example.

The erection of the huge amphitheatres in which Franconi exhibits the talent and magnificence of his troupe was conceived by himself, and carried out by his energy and determination. Despising, from all the elevation of his noblest steed, the half-naked nomads who, until his advent, had been the only exhibitors of his art, he has raised equitation to a science, and has given it a palace for its home. His success has been apocryphal.

It is in the Champs Elysées that the public fêtes (national, royal, or imperial, according to the result of the latest revolution) are given; they are the classic ground of illuminations and fireworks; in the great avenue, beneath the trees which date from Louis XIII., the popular crowd disports itself on gala days. Under the Directory these fêtes were Greek; under the Empire, Roman; those of the Restoration distinguished themselves by a most copious distribution of garlic sausages; and the Republic of 1848 has reverted to the Athenian model, with its white virgins, antique car, and bull with gilded horns. The ibis and sphynx have as yet appeared only once; but perhaps the Egyptian style may become fashionable in its turn.

There are four or five cafés in the Champs Elysées which give evening concerts, where the singing is severely proper, and generally of better quality than the liquors. The proprietor of one of them has, however, immortalised himself by the introduction of forty American drinks, to which he gives no name, but simply distinguishes them by number.

When you enter the establishment the waiter asks:

" American, sir?"

"Yes, bring me an American."
"What is your number, sir?"

" Eh ?"

"Oh, I see you don't understand our system, sir; the doctor will come

A grave personage in black, with an impressive white cravat, approaches; he considers you with earnest thoughtfulness, feels your pulse, and sententiously remarks:

"You have a nervous temperament, sir; you must take number 27, mixed with 13, and, as you are just now a little excited, add a dash of 35."

You discover that the admirable philanthropist, who places these forty fluids at your disposal, also provides for you a guide in their selection, for, as the whole forty do not equally agree with every constitution, they must be amalgamated with intelligence in order to produce their intended result.

If this truly great man be not rewarded by his grateful country, taste and thirst must be lost to France for ever.

Near the musical cafés stands the restaurant of Ledoyer, a well-known place for suppers for two. It has also another source of distinction; principals and seconds come back there to breakfast after exchanging shots or sword thrusts in the Bois de Boulogne. Whenever, in the early morning, two cabs, with three persons in each, drive past towards the Barrier, M. Ledoyer prepares for the inevitable consequences; and when, an hour afterwards, the cabs return and discharge their occupants at his door, he is ready to receive them on the steps, and blandly observes:

"All is ready, gentlemen; I appreciate your wants: a breakfast of reconciliation, at once soothing and elevating. This room, if you please, gentlemen. M. Dumas breakfasted in it after his last duel; an admirable duel that, gentlemen—a duel of the most charming perfection. They finished it with six bottles of champagne."

This excellent restaurateur and sound philosopher gives duck aux

olives to duellists, and truffled partridge to lovers.

On fête days, the Champ Elysées are filled with shows and spectacles of every imaginable and unimaginable description. Singers, bands, giants, dwarfs, goat-chaises, conjurors, cooks, tumblers, Punch, games, archery, weighing machines, tableaux vivants, dioramas, panoramas, navaloramas, all other impossible ramas, and incredible forms of amusement which the intelligence of man cannot comprehend, contend for the

patronage of the holiday public.

Such are the Champs Elysées; the promenade of the great and the poor; the home of cheap pleasure. Everything is there, from brilliant balls to beer-stalls, from the magnificent Cirque Olympique to halfpenny theatres. On summer evenings the alleys are a perfect garden of graceful women, dressed to adoration; while, mingled with them, stroll the families of the labourer and the workman; and this assemblage of satin and calico, of black coats and blouses, of riches and poverty, the carriages rolling past, the gazers, the crowd, combine to form a spectacle of which the Parisian never wearies, and which stands alone in the world.

the phases of a heart, the mental changes of a character so varied and so

405

is so cold-like the

compleaned, in the fair creates of C. H A N G E. H observed some one

william and a section to say BY MARGARET CASSON.

ob bluce one on vinished it CHAPTER I. out mandy double vinused a

I and hoz a dim We are pressed by heavy laws, And often glad no more;
We wear a face of joy,
Because we have been glad of yore.

How mechanically and half-unconsciously did I continue repeating these words over and over again to myself, recalled to my mind, as they were one evening not long since, whilst I stood watching the graceful form of Lady Ravenscroft - "stiller than chiselled marble standing there, a daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair." Beautiful Eleanor! "divinely fair" did you, indeed, appear that evening; but when was the time that Eleanor Ravenscroft ever appeared otherwise? once behold her, and never again could she forgotten be, and it was such a proud beauty, it bore the impress of a will and a power stamped thereon. And yet, withal, spite of the lofty brow and the brilliant eye, spite of the haughty carriage of that small head, and the scornful lip of the beautifully chiselled mouth, there was therewith mingled a meditative softness, there pervaded a dream-like charm of expression, which lent a sweet womanly enchantment to the whole, and no one could say her loveliness was harsh or unfeminine, though so commanding, in its character. And though so indifferent and cold its usual light, there was at times a depth and a sadness in the large dark eye; and to one skilled in reading the intricacies and contradictions of the human heart, that look might suggest a thought, might speak a tale, that mournful glance reveals a past, he might therefrom argue that possibly Eleanor had not always been the calm statue she now seemed but to be to the careless gaze of the unobservant. I had not seen Lady Ravenscroft until this night since her marriage day, and it was with a strange interest I now beheld her. Her past history was so well known to me, with her real character I was so well acquainted; I was curious to see how the changes of time had acted upon her since we last had met. And yet, personally, I had but rarely crossed her path-never to be anything to her but the commonest acquaintance. Yet, as the dear friend of one who once had loved her sincerely, of one whose every thought was in those days confided unto me, in listening to him, as he spoke of her-her shadow, as it were, though not herself, had fallen athwart my life, and the old remembrances of days gone by had indelibly impressed her idea upon the tablets of my memory. Very rarely does the opportunity present itself thus to watch and study a human being so nearly, and yet so abstractedly. When it can be so, great is the insight it gives into the mysteries of the heart and mind. When undazzled by the hues which personal feelings throw around the object blinding with their light and about the real and the true you can object, blinding with their light and shade the real and the true, you can coolly, and yet interestedly, stop to gaze and ponder with clear vision; the scope given to you is great. And I, ever a quiet spectator, rather than an active participator in the great battle-field of life, loved to trace

CHANGE.

the phases of a heart, the mental changes of a character so varied and so complicated, in the fair creature now standing before me.

"How lovely Lady Ravenscroft looks to-night," observed some one

near me.

"Yes, even unusually so," was the reply. "Yet, I confess, it is hardly a beauty which pleases me. I admire it certainly, no one could do otherwise, but it is one which touches me not; it is so cold-like the sculptor of old; I long to endue the beautiful image with a soul, that I might fall down and worship it. She is so marble to look upon—no heart, no feeling breathes there."

Eleanor Ravenscroft! and "no heart! no feeling!" And the world could deem her so! Cold and feelingless? Nay, why should it marvel me; possibly Eleanor now believes herself to be so likewise; she had in early life felt and suffered so deeply. Her youth had been one continued struggle between her own bright natural character and the faults and marring of her education; from a brief dream of peaceful bliss she had awakened to the cold reality of life; and more, she woke to feel that it was the work of her own hand, that the sweet vision had been dispelled, the tranquil slumber rudely broken; and when later she roused herself, by a strong effort of her vigorous spirit, from the heavy sleep of apathetic indifference which had succeeded her first calm, child-like slumber, was it wonderful that the very effort itself, if no other cause had combined, left her changed and spiritless, callous to all future trials? Those who, like her, have drawn so deeply from the well of sorrow and of suffering, must find, at length, the spring from whence it took its rise exhausted, and so forget, or, rather, force themselves to remember no more the intensity of feeling which once flowed from their heart's source, even as a bright sparkling sunny stream; though now dried up, and only its empty channel remaining; and then they dream that its very existence was but a dream, or that, if it did exist, the warmth and ardour of impulse which then actuated them is for ever extinguished! It may be so; but, rather, may it not be that they have not broken, only "cracked the mould of nature?"-that, though buried deep and forgotten beneath the assumed world-mask with which they have invested it, the real character yet exists, waiting but for a touch, a breath, to relume and restore it to its lost brightness; even as the picture, once brilliant and glowing from the master's hand, but which time has darkened and obliterated, by the skilful touch of the restorer may reassume its pristine beauty, and gladden the eyes of the beholders. Blessed are those to whom that touch is sent, who, when affliction is their lot, can bow beneath the rod, patiently waiting for the testimony of the morrow, until the dry stick "blooms blossoms," and shoots forth the fair almond-flower yielding fruit. In your patience possess ye your souls, and even regret, then, "becomes an April violet, and buds and blossoms like the rest," and happiness once more beams on the past—the more prized for her previous loss. But it was not so with Eleanor; no morrow dawned for her; she did not wish it, nor did she seek for it, or it might have been. Through "the haze of her grief" only the twilight glimmered, and that twilight was no golden hour for soft and pensive contemplation; such Eleanor willed to ignore evermore—grave and solemn thoughts were those which best

accorded with her feelings now. She had begun life too buoyantly; the reaction had come too soon, too suddenly; and Lady Ravenscroft, beautiful, clever, rich in the riches of this world, and in every gift and advantage the world could bestow-Lady Ravenscroft, the admired of all, and the envied of many-was moving on through life with a desolation of spirit which dimmed the brightness of existence with its blighting power. It was the height of the London season, and at one of its most brilliant réunions that I now beheld her; and, as I gazed, I sighed with the intensest sigh of pity. She stood there in her noble loveliness, so many around her lie ening to that soft voice, and now and then her silvery laughter fell upon my ear. And yet I sighed! for, was it not the ghost of what I once had known? Oh, Eleanor! Eleanor! why should such destiny be thine? But whither are my thoughts wandering? Let me recal them; my reverie, my sorrowful reflections can have no interest to others, for her past is unknown to them; it is a sealed book to the world. The key is in my hand; why pause to tell the tale?—why hesitate to speak the Alpha of the life to which I have foreshadowed the Omega? And, indeed, the recollection of that beautiful face haunted my imagination so painfully after I had looked upon its sadness, I could not banish the vision from before me, and I found a melancholy consolation in spending my hours recalling my memories of Lady Ravenscroft, a rest to my disturbed spirit in weaving them into the following narrative.

This prelude has prepared thee,
The time is come to raise the veil,
Behold her there as I beheld her first.

CHAPTER II.

A boy and girl love! 'tis a tender thought, Let it be ever thus.

THEY were sitting beneath the old hawthorn-trees in her father's park, she so absorbed in her book, and he, that happy boy, so absorbed in her. It was near the sunset hour of a lovely evening in the beauteous month of May, after such a day as we sometimes meet with in that fairest possession of the spring-time, a herald of the coming summer, balmy, soft, and smiling as are its bright hours, but without its withering heat. The parting beams of the god of day tinged with a rich mellow hue the landscape; down the uneven slopes and ridges of the park glistened the sunshine; it danced athwart the tender green of the young foliaged tree, it played upon the yet unleafed ash; as a hand laid in a parting blessing it rested upon the stately chestnut-trees, on "the deep dark green of their unvarnished leaf," on their white taper-like blossoms, so delicately tinged with pink; as a glory did it radiate upon those hawthorns, where lingered the youthful pair, whilst the shades of evening solemned and deepened the glades and dells around. And oh! the beauty of those hawthorntrees, for the which Morley Park had been for ever famous, with their strange twisted stems so gnarled and contorted by wind and weather, and their heavy clusters of snow-like flowers, so fair and sweet to look upon, even as a happy old age crowned with good deeds. Beneath the tall

oaks they grew, and the stately oaks towered above them, those grand and magnificent oaks, old time-grown trees, shadowing o'er the land of that ancestral domain, stretching out their giant branches over the humbler tree, as the baron of old protecting his feudal vassal; and again beneath the hawthorn-trees sheltered in its lowly beauty the young fern! But some of these hawthorns were independent, and, as many a vassal has ventured to dare to do before them, they, too, had adventurously left the protecting side, and sought a freedom apart; and so for some little distance on the outskirts of this knot of forest-trees might be seen scattered the hawthorns, and still further on, some six or seven had formed a clump together, on a gentle rising ground, and this was Eleanor Stanley's favourite haunt. Court of Morley had been for centuries in the Stanley family; they were a proud, haughty race, keeping themselves apart from . their kind in an exclusiveness almost Chinese in its character. This rejection of the human certainly had the same effect upon them as that mode of conduct has upon those celestial people, making them many a year behindhand in extension of idea with the rest of the world, if there be any peculiar advantage attached to so being; I suppose they thought there was, for I never discovered any other benefit accruing to them therefrom, but that may be my ignorance! Indeed, I believe they considered themselves a separate people from the generality of mankind; the world to them was made of men, women, and Stanleys, or (of what am I thinking, that I could so forget myself?) rather, the Stanleys should be reckoned first, men and women their dependencies. It is related that in the palace of the Duc de Choiseul is some tapestry representing the Deluge, where a man is seen hastening after Noah, and calling to him, "Mon ami! save the archives of the Choiseul family." But that sinks into utter insignificance before the legends of the Stanley race; many have they carefully treasured of equal antiquity; nay, I have heard that they, and they alone, can trace their genealogy in direct descent from They scorn the introduction of the Flood, for do they not trust Adam. with untiring faith in the dim tradition that the wife of one of the sons of the fortunate patriarch, Noah, had been a member of the Stanley family? I think it was Mrs. Jeptha who was the individual so honoured; but there rests some little confusion in my mind on that point, and I will not be certain.

Court of Morley was the great house, par excellence, of its neighbour-hood; the sun, as it were, round which the smaller dwellings moved at a respectful distance; and, indeed, Morley was a place well calculated to inspire respect—a strange, rambling house, gloomy and grand, of irregular architecture, having had additions made thereto at various times by divers owners without much regard being paid to the unities of the whole. I have noticed it myself, and seen it noticed by others, the character there is observable in houses—such a varied expression—and this place was a striking exemplification of the theory. The house was so like its owner; l'air sévère was stamped thereon; no one could look at Morley Court and companion therewith the blessed word home, with all its endearing associations, and I do not believe any one but his own family did feel at home there—who could with Mr. Stanley? Heaven forbid that I should be thought to be one to depreciate the benefit of birth or of ancestry; well-

directed it is a priceless possession to man, one which appeals to his most exalted feelings, and adds to his strength and dignity. When he dwells upon the thought of his dead forefathers; when with a swelling heart he muses upon their noble deeds and great exploits lettered in the storied past, does it not act as an incentive to keep intact, pure from stain, the time-honoured name they have bequeathed to him? Do not the voices of the dead speak to him from their tombs, calling him to prove worthy a place in their sepulchre? Moreover, a family who through many generations have been raised above the level of the mass of mankind, unless its members have misused the great gifts and advantages bestowed upon them, their minds from cultivation must become refined, and proportionally idealised and ennobled; that is to say, if they have duly considered the . responsibility of the trust confided to them, placed as they are as a beacon on a hill to warn and to guide their more lowly brethren in their passage through the perils of the stormy sea of life, to be as an example and a comforter to the less fortunate world; -their lot so viewed is truly a great and a high privilege; thus redeeming the time, does it not lessen the fatal effects of the primeval curse? Does it not elevate the soul from earth and the world's strife, and restore man more nearly to the resemblance in which he was formed in the blissful days before the fall, when in the image of his great Maker man became a living soul? But, when pride of birth degenerates into excess, what sight more piteous for men and angels to look down upon, nothing more fatally becomes the wickedness and weakness of a character, nothing so deteriorates the human heart than does this poor vanity. Then, indeed, do "noblest things find vilest using," and under its blighting influence existence becomes purposeless, the higher powers of the intellect run to waste, and in their place stands the frightful combination of a deliberate uselessness, an overbearing arrogance, and a deadening of intelligence. Thank Heaven, but few such characters, comparatively speaking, now exist; the race is becoming ex-In this wonderful age, when "mind is up and stirring," with a depth in all its doings, there also is an awakening of the impulses of the long-slumbering soul. The cry has gone forth, rousing the dormant energy of those with whom rest power and influence; that little word, duty, is no longer passed by unheeded-it is now, I trust, becoming not only a word, not only a subject for the composition of fine sentences and well-rounded periods, but a deep-rooted feeling, rapidly springing up in the heart to bring forth fruit to perfection. The grain of mustard-seed, so long treated by man as the least of all the seeds, is becoming a tree greater than all the trees, so that the birds of the air (the shelterless, the homeless, the previously uncared for) may come and roost in the branches thereof. But with the present owner of Morley it was not so; in him the besetting sin of his ancestors might be found in its fullest development, but of the nobler portion of their spirit woeful was the diminution-distant and cold to his equals, barely tolerant when necessity obliged him to hold intercourse with those he deemed beneath him, he had cherished his pride, nourishing it with thoughts of his long descent and his own importance, until all other feelings became subservient and impotent, all sympathies, all commingling with the sensibilities of others, checked and deadened; the inevitable consequent ensued, and though

CHANGE.

409

his manners bore all the courtesy of the punctilious politeness of the old school, though in his own house carrying his civilities to an inordinate excess, the spirit worthy to bear "the grand old name of gentleman" was by no means his; the orbit in which moved this sadly contracted mind narrowed with each revolving year, and weakened the consciousness of the intelligence. Such was Richard Stanley. I have dwelt upon his character as the type of a race to whose errors may be traced many of the evils of the present day, whose children are even now bitterly expiating the sins of their fathers, even to the third and fourth generation. A melancholy specimen he of the once noble family of the Stanleys of Morley, and poor as he was proud.

Of course for many a long day the Stanley family had been far above the demeaning of themselves sufficiently to heed the care of the estates committed to their keeping; "the land might cry against them, and the furrows thereof complain," but the duty of their stewardship still remained unheeded, or was entrusted entirely to the hands of agents, unlooked after, and unthought of. All this, added to their own natural extravagance, had sorely impoverished their finances; the place was mortgaged to its fullest extent, resources began to fail, and when the present owner came into possession, he found himself very much in the position of the gentleman "whose estate was barely sufficient to support himself and his heirs in the dignity of killing game!" Yet, notwithstanding this cheerless prospect, it had been a severe disappointment to Mr. Stanley that no son had been born unto him. True, he had a brother, but between that brother and himself there existed a sad estrangement. There had been a time once, in the far distance of the past, when Richard Stanley had given way to tenderness like other men; he had really loved once, and believed himself loved in return; but his younger brother, the light-hearted, generous-souled Henry, had come between him and happiness, unconscious of the misery he was preparing for another, or of the feelings which actuated the heart of the elder brother, whilst in Richard Stanley's mind was warring a furious strife between his love and his pride, each emotion contending in turn for the mastery: Henry had already whispered the tale of his love to Alice Cunliffe, and found a responsive echo in her heart. Delays are always dangerous-in such cases especially; and when Richard, conquering his pride, his haughty heart subdued by that all-powerful passion, which in its strength wields dominion alike over the hearts of the rich and the lowly, kneeling at her feet, in faultering accents told her all-all his devotion, all his hope, he found that Jacob, like his younger brother, had supplanted him—that now no love could Alice give him, save the gentle sympathy of a sister. Then "love himself took part against himself," and this involuntary offence Richard Stanley never forgave. Yet soon after his brother's marriage he wooed another bride, and success smiled upon his suit, and he wished to marry now; he did not choose that Alice should think he was mourning or pining for her, whilst her path in life was strewn with flowers. His wife was a distant cousin of his house, whom he chose, not for love, but because she was the only one he knew in his limited sphere of acquaintance he deemed worthy of the honour. He trusted to find in her as proud a heart as was his own; but Mrs.

Stanley, I fear, proved a most unworthy scion of her haughty race, though a representative of all there is most lovely and noble in a woman; but she did not please him. She was a fair and gentle being, so unlike all its other members, that how she ever sprang from that family was always a mystery to me. She really loved her cold, unloving husband; and angel that she was, endeavoured to the last, as best she might, to win him to be other than she found him; but in vain. But one child blessed their union, and when the birth of the little Eleanor was announced to him, it was a bitter mortification to Mr. Stanley; and this was their only child, and he thought destiny had dealt very hardly with him.

During her lifetime earnestly did Mrs. Stanley strive to counteract the hereditary failings which early betrayed themselves as radically inherent in her daughter's character; and under her guidance Eleanor's youth gave promise that the bright jewel within would eclipse even the fair casket which enshrined it; but she lost her mother at an age when most that anxious fostering care was needful to the poor child, to watch, to restrain, to elevate the conflicting qualities of her versatile nature. And Eleanor was left to the perilous guidance of her own impulsive, ungoverned heart, and to the indirect influence of her father's character. Time had in a manner reconciled Mr. Stanley to "his hard fate;" Eleanor "grew like a living flower beneath his eye," and as she advanced towards womanhood, her majestic beauty contented him well; on her he placed his every hope for the re-establishment of the primitive grandeur of his house; she was the object on which centred all his vain, ambitious dreams; he rejoiced to find in her nature feelings congenial with his own-an unbending pride, a love of state and grandeur, of power and sway. And the subtle sin gained force, and, snake-like, wound around the heart-alas! too willing to receive it-and, imperceptibly, it abode there and flourished. Eleanor's chief salvation lay in the remembrance of her mother, and of her mother's counsels; they often rose beseechingly and reprovingly in the mind of the wayward one—a shield they were against evil thoughts, which ever bore away the victory; but her memory now, as time passed on, was becoming more distant and less vivid, and when the sweet voice spoke, only dim and faint as an echo fell its tones on the ear of her child; yet unmarked was this change by Eleanor. Moreover, as yet she was not quite bereft of compass to guide aright her erratic course; the young mind of that boy who sits beside her had been of more value to her than ever Polar star to wandering mariner. The associations of childhood wield through life a strange power over the heart of man, and he had been her companion from her earliest youth, and the sway his spirit had acquired over hers was very great. are exceptions in all rules, and he was ever welcome at Morley Court; he had been a great favourite of Mrs. Stanley's, and it might have been some dim particle of tenderness in her husband's breast for her which induced him, after her death, still to encourage the boy's visits, which had been so frequent during her lifetime. And so it went on, until he seemed almost a part and parcel of the household, and went and came as he listed. Some might wonder, that as he grew to maturer years, how it was that Mr. Stanley felt no fear in this intimate companionship between

the young Eleanor and Dugald Annesley. But, the very idea of such a thought glancing even through his mind! His beautiful heiress to fall in love with the nephew of a country clergyman! Pshaw! the very imagination of the thing was utterly preposterous; and, besides, he had been long used to see Dugald near him, and there is a great deal in that every-day custom which serves to check imaginative faculties being expended upon things which go on constantly before us; and so, whenever Dugald was with his uncle, Dr. Markham, an old bachelor, and the rector of the parish in which Court of Morley was situated, and with whom he principally spent his school and college vacations, many an hour did he pass in the society of Eleanor Stanley.

The sunlight is waning, and the shadows of evening more darkly falling, the hawthorn trees no longer glisten in its bright beams, the day is fast sinking into the twilight hour, yet still Eleanor remained unspeaking, intent upon her book, and still the boy lingers, quiet, musing by her

"Eleanor!" said he at last, in a slow, pondering accent, breaking

through the lengthened silence. "Oh, Dugald!" half startled by the sound of his voice, half deprecatingly answered she, "I do beg your pardon a hundred times, and more. I have been a most uninteresting companion, but I was so charmed with my book, I forgot all else, even you," she added, playfully; "but will you not forgive me the neglect?" (more earnestly again she spoke, for he still looked so very grave,) "it was not indeed my fault; but oh! this glorious, glorious volume, if you will be cross, Dugald, you must blame it, not me; it does one good to read such things; it rouses the soul, and makes it feel its power; it raises it from earth, where, grovelling, its wings but too often droop and weaken through misuse, and makes it soar towards its native heaven. Oh! glorious ambition to be great," added she, her whole face illuming with a noble light as she spoke, "to carve for oneself a name, to raise oneself from the common herd, to cultivate the intellect, to strain to their furthest reach the powers of the mind. Oh! Dugald, intellectual ambition is a proud career to run."

"Eleanor," interrupted he, with ardour, "do you feel this; oh, I know such impulse well. You are right, Eleanor, your words are good and true-nay, your enthusiasm inspires even my dormant energy once more with a desire to tempt the perils, to enter the lists of the race for fame. I have often wished it; I have often had such visions; but they have sunk back within my heart, feeling powerless and exhausted."

"You to faint thus, Dugald?—you, whose glorious abilities might do anything they would? Oh! why, with such powers, do you lack the endurance. Forget the dangers of the way; go on with the great work from your heart and not your head; -look forward, and see the goal striven for and won—and you—you could not fail."
"Mine is not an ambitious nature, Eleanor."

"Ah! Dugald, I know you better than you know yourself. I should say you were very ambitious in your heart of hearts, only you prefer dreaming to working; yet is ambition, nevertheless, the ruling star of all your actions, and your capacity is well able to grasp its object. Now here, in this very book, have I been reading of one who, with much less

capability than nature has bestowed upon you, living in an age far, far behind the present in all things great and good, of lowly origin and unpatronised merit—who, unassisted, by the effort of his own strong heart, by the power of his own strong will, won the glorious meed he sought for, and with his brows encirled by the imperishable laurel crown, lives an everlasting life, even in the world here below, in the memories of countless ages of mankind."

"The imperishable laurel crown—ah! 'it rustles most as the leaves turn brown.' And for the few who succeed, how many fail, Eleanor?"

said he, despondingly.

"Because they want faith," answered the girl; "faith both in Heaven and in themselves. Those men who dare to be great will be great."

Dugald Annesley's eyes rivetted and flashed a kindred feeling as he gazed upon the beautiful excited face of the speaker; but, after a moment's pause, he added:

"I fear, Eleanor, greatness would be insufficient to make my happiness,

if won for myself alone."

She looked at him in amazement, such a strange child-like look of

wonder passing over her fair face.

"Greatness in itself insufficient, Dugald? I do not understand," said she, thoughtfully. "Well" (in a brighter tone), "if you must e'en have another incentive to action, oh! unenergetic one, allow me to suggest that possibly there may come a time when you may not only have yourself to please; some fair being by your side may share your lot, and at her feet you may lay your laurels, and her voice approving, perhaps may have the charm for you the loud acclaim of the multitude appears not to possess."

"Ah! to work for her," he repeated, somewhat moodily, in a low suppressed tone—"for her." And he looked down, oh! so thoughtfully

for one so young.

"Have I struck the right chord, Dugald?" pursued Eleanor. "Do you feel more zeal aroused now in the good cause?"

"Do you know, Miss Stanley," said he, suddenly, "that I am leaving

Morley to-morrow?"

"Yes," replied she, laughing; "but why do you ask? Do you think my ambitious soarings have quite removed me from all remembrance of earthly things?—have acted as a 'Lethæan stream' to all terrestrial matters? Alas! I remember this fact well. I shall miss you very sadly, Dugald; but you will come back to Morley ere very long, will you not?" said she (more seriously, in a softer voice).

"To-morrow I leave you, Eleanor," said he, unheeding her laughing merriment; "to-morrow I shall not see you; in the words of Goethe,

Eleanor, 'oh, not, to-morrow is never!'"

She gave one hurried glance, and then her eyes sought the ground; she did not raise them again; the voice had startled her; she had never heard those tones before; but there needed no interpreter. In such a case, no experience, no teaching is required. Heart spoke to heart, and in that momentary look all was made clear.

"Eleanor," continued he, rapidly, "I am leaving you, and for long. I have striven to retain my self-possession, but in vain. I know my

CHANGE. 413

conduct is selfish and reckless, blamable and inconsiderate to any degree, in speaking thus; but, Eleanor, reason has no power now. When I learnt I was to leave you, that moment told me how I loved you; and, Eleanor, will you not pardon me, but I could not say adieu, leaving that love unspoken." She did not speak, but the large tears gathered in her eyes, and she looked very sorrowfully upon him. "I thought," continued he, his utterance each moment growing more hurried, more confused—"I thought I could have borne to have parted from you, with my love treasured in my own heart. I have sat here for long, Eleanor, nerving myself to the task, but your words have undone all; resolution has proved folly—it is too late now to think or to resolve. Your words, Eleanor, have awakened dreams of ambition in my heart; they have overthrown all my boasted wisdom, all my self-control; Eleanor, your words have—have—Eleanor, I love you, deeply, passionately love you. Eleanor! oh, God! will you not speak to me?—not one word, Eleanor?"

Her tears rained fast, her head was drooping low; she was but a child in years—a child in heart then; of what avail the haughty pride that had been cultured in her breast? She saw before her the friend of her childhood, her heart's brother, in sorrow and anguish of spirit; she heard from his lips words which might have thrilled even through a stranger soul, and, sweeping o'er its chords, raised a vibrating echo. What wonder, then, that hers in unison responded to the sound, when in his voice uttered; the pride was lulled to rest, the heiress of Morley was forgotten, the haughty spirit sunk merged into the loving woman—one moment more, and Eleanor Stanley's hand lay trembling in the

clasping grasp of her lover's.

VOL. XXII.

Poor children! they were so happy as they sat together there, weaving in the bright woof of hopeful fancy the silken web of the future, each thread Iris-tinted and of gold. Scarce pausing in the present, but flying onwards with rapid flight into the beauteous regions far awayregions glowing with gorgeous colouring, such as the hand of the painter, Hope, loves to delineate. Portrayed images of happiness such as this world ne'er bestowed upon her creatures, yet fresh from his vivid pencil, inhabiters of his own distant land. From the bright promise of the present, overleaping in the impatience of their spirit the measured course of time, the slow, lingering progress of the revolving, the intermediate years, there rose before them the vision of the full-blown flower, the completeness of the destiny. The tree of life shone fair to look upon, but the eyes, dazzled by the sunlight, resting thereon beheld not (though the very blossoms commingled with the unfathomable depth of its dark foliage) its branches pendant o'er it, that with Upas shade drooped the mournful boughs of this world's knowledge and experience; -but they "They deemed that naught could shadow o'er the lustre saw it not. love had wrought"—that destiny could not change for them. And, oh! the dreams of ambition he saw fulfilled in long array before him, now that the bright divinity was found at whose feet to lay the laurels, to encourage and to forward him in the immortal strife he was about to enter. And she, blushing and trembling, spoke but little; but that little was enough for the young lover: it was a blissful moment in life's waste, when the present was the all-sufficient—when they could rest

2 L

content, living in the actual hour. And even when the parting moment came—when the last, last farewell had been spoken, its sorrow was but "sorrow's shade"—even as when the noon-day shadow falls dark reflected on the flood, yet over it, chasing the gloom, and drowning the sadness, sparkle the sunny waters, so there was joy gleaming and scintillating

above, around them.

"And, oh! remember, dear Eleanor," said Dugald Annesley, "that I leave you free, unfettered by vow, unbound by promise to me. I shall not dare to call you really my own until I have won a name to justify my presumption, to make me somewhat worthy of my bride. I can trust in your love, Eleanor, and I know you will not doubt in mine. If you only knew how I loved you, Eleanor, you could never fear forgetfulness in me. My every thought reflects your image; my whole soul bears its impress. As it is now, it will be in the far-off hour; for time is powerless to enthral with change my love for you, Eleanor."

And so they parted.

Her father was from home that evening, and she was all alonealone, spell-bound, to muse upon remembrance; to think of him, to dwell upon his words, to recal, to repeat them in sweet, low tones, so gently to herself; to slumber softly; his image her last conscious thought; to wake in the lonely night hour, and hear the accents echo 'mid its stillness; waking and dreaming to believe she loved him. But the morrow dawned, and with it came the every-day existence; and things look so different, so coldly grey in the garish hues of morning, to what they do when subdued by the rosy tints of eve, they blend therewith harmoniously. Yet her waking thoughts were happiness and peace. Why was it, then, that when she met her father, with his cold, stately, unsympathetic manner, his pompous words, and unidealic talk, a chill as of the early frost upon the flower, sapping its vitality, fell upon the young joybreathing heart? Why so thoughtful all the day, and why, when in the evening hour she sought her favourite resort, when the first smile of happy gladness had passed away, did Eleanor stand beneath the hawthorn shade, with knitted brow and countenance perturbed, scattering the white blossoms to the wind as she gathered them with impatient hand from the scented boughs? then to relapse again to visionary gladness, and then once more the troubled eye, the perplexed air, the restless step wandering to and fro, bespeaking the mind so ill at ease. Oh! strong, trusting heart, beware and tremble! Oh! loved one, be true and fail not. And already has the spirit strife begun? present appearance of the

must be an immense quantity. Speaking of the streets I may here observe that the little paving we have seen is of a very rude land and of but little service. The hammer used by the pavious is on a much larger scale than those used in England, having four handles worked by as many men, and to see four Chilian pavious raising and letting full—the hands being withdrawn with its descent—the clausy-looking implement, me might imagine by their looks, and the time allowed to clapse between the applications, that they deemed each stroke to be an achievement in itself, whereas two Enghshman would containly consider it next to child's play. It seems that for the future no houses will be created in Valparties of more usen one story, in consequence of the frequency of cartiqualies.

above around them.

content, living in the actual hour. And even when the parting moment came-when the last, last farewell had been spoken, its sorrow was but

"sorrow's shade. OSIONATA NAS OT OSIANACIAV dark reflected on the flood, yet over it, chasing the gloom, and drowning the sadness,

guidellianes bus g(ROUGH NOTES FROM MY DIARY.) vumus and ablance

I tant " , yelsenn A b By Joseph Anthony, Jun. Imemer I do ,bn A "

July 25, 1851.—One and all tired of this place, and are not a little annoyed to learn that the ship's repairs will cause fully a week's further detention. The theatre is closed, and there is no other respectable place of public amusement open. An excellent café, fitted up in first-rate style, is to us the most redeeming feature of the town, and here every kind of refreshment, including a very prime cup of coffee, may be ob-At all hours of the day may be seen, at this place, the principal merchants, captains of vessels, men-of-war and military officers-the latter of course Chilian, their uniforms very showy—and, indeed, all the first-class men resident in or visitors of the town. As well as availing ourselves of this cafe, where, by the way, I may mention my German companion and I made the acquaintance of the first lieutenant of her Majesty's steamer Gorgon, who politely invited us to lunch with him on board, and inspect the vessel. We have access to the Exchange, and English and German Clubs' Reading Rooms. Of English publications in the first, we found the Times, Morning Herald, and Bell's Life; in the second, the principal English magazines, together with the Athenœum, Spectator, Atlas, Liverpool Albion, and Punch; and in the third, the Economist and Punch. The German Club Rooms are fitted up in a very superior manner, having also a billiard-table and a pianoforte for the use of subscribers.

In their bearing towards purchasers, the shopkeepers of Valparaiso present a striking contrast to the obsequiousness and overdone politeness of the same class in England. Wearing their hats, they may be seen lounging about their places of business, smoking, and if attending upon a customer, withdrawing the cigarette from their lips only to pronounce the price of the article under inspection. The goods of the drapers are chiefly kept in glass-cases ranging the shop walls, which, as well as to protect them from the pilfering propensities of the natives—which the universally worn poncho much favours—are evidently intended to answer similar guardianship against the dust; and of this article, judging by the present appearance of the unpaved streets in the height of summer, there must be an immense quantity. Speaking of the streets, I may here observe that the little paving we have seen is of a very rude kind and of but little service. The hammer used by the paviours is on a much larger scale than those used in England, having four handles worked by as many men, and to see four Chilian paviours raising and letting fall-the hands being withdrawn with its descent—the clumsy-looking implement, one might imagine by their looks, and the time allowed to elapse between the applications, that they deemed each stroke to be an achievement in itself, whereas two Englishmen would certainly consider it next to child's play. It seems that for the future no houses will be erected in Valparaiso of more than one story, in consequence of the frequency of earthquakes.

2 L 2

to my great amazement, I saw the houses tumbling down.

In the rayines of the hills around the town the mud-dwellings of many of the lower class of Chilians are situated, perched in the most extraordinary places, some of them having not more than five or six feet of platform before the doors, terminating in a steep, shelving, or precipitate descent, not unfrequently from forty to fifty feet in depth, there being but the protection, if any, of a clumsy slender rail; one naturally marvels how the young Chilians are safely reared in such apparently dangerous locales for gambolling years. That they do not altogether escape, I was on one of my rambles withese to, in seeing a fine, chubby-cheeked, black-haired little fellow, who was playing before the door of one of these eyrie-like dwellings, fall down the unguarded steep that fronted his boyhood's home. The full in this case, however, was fortunately not more than some nine feet, and, as he lay roaring in the dry bed of a rocky gully which received him, I expected nothing less than a broken leg or arm to be the consequence of his mishap; but the air of indifference displayed by the woman who, summaned by his eries, issued from the hut to his assistance, picking him up, and immediately after administering a sound cuffing, whilst revealing that nothing serious had happened, suggested also that the tumble to him was no novelty, and that from pracfice he in all probability knew how to fall. Many of the lower order of Chilians appear to obtain their livelihood by washing, spreading the clothes to thy on the numerous rhododendrons and other plants profusely growing around their mountain-dwellings, their drying-grounds, where goverally from flight steepitess there seems scarce a footing, appearing to the eyes of a stranger not a little remarkable.

Situated on the rise of one of the hills, and commanding a delightful view of the town and harbour, is the German, and in close proximity to it the English, burying ground. In the latter I observed the ranks of death had been chiefly recruited from British ressels, many of the headstones bearing, with the record of the name of the occupant of the tomb, the expressions of respect and esteem of brother officers or fellow-shipmates. The grounds in both cemeteries were tastefully laid out, ornamented with a great variety of plants and rose-trees, which, although at the time of my visit the close of their winter, were in fall bloom, and were particularly abundant. Pieces of marble sculpture of the most exquisite workmanship adorned some of the monuments, and though they had been exposed to the air for years, appeared in their spotless whiteness as though fresh from the hands of the sculptor. Whether executed in Valparaiso or elsewhere I had no means of ascertaining, but have little

hesitation it saying that, as works of art, there were some of them well worthly of being ranked with the productions of our own Westmacott, of whose perhaps masterpiece, in Rosthorne Church, Cheshire, to the memory of Beatrice Egerton, I was foreibly reminded by a similar recumbent female figure and kneeling angel in this last resting-place of the

English dead in South America. well amit ad in gra

The rise of San Francisco has been the making of this town. the great gold discovery in California, the average number of vessels in the harbour were some thirty; there are, at the present time, at least three hundred, and I understand that during the last few years they have frequently had more. The bay, however, being entirely unprotected from the north, a long stay is anything but desirable. I have already alluded to the severe norther which had been experienced about a week before our arrival, and mentioned its disastrous effects in the wrecks and general damage to the shipping at anchor in the bay. When penning that account, little did I think that I was soon to behold a similar scene of destruction arising from the same cause. But such was to be; and I vesterday witnessed one of the most fearfully interesting sights connected with the sen that it has been my fortune yet to look upon. the absence of all sorts of places of amusement in the town, the darkness of the streets, and the early hours at which the people retire to rest, we have generally returned to the ship at gun-fire, visiting the shore each day after breakfast. Our customary morning visit was one day rendered impracticable by the roughness of the sea and the threatening indications of the sky, announcing an on-coming severe gale. About mid-day it blew very hard, and we were soon aware that a severe norther was upon us. Our own burque, and all in sight, were tossing in the agitated waters like mere corks, and on deck it was scarcely possible to maintain an unsupported footing. The work of destruction within our range of vision was first commenced in the collision of a large American ship and a Chilian brig which were anchored near us, the bowsprit and foremast of the latter giving way beneath the o'ertopping stern of the ship. This was followed by another collision right shead of us, though further out in the bay. A schooner dragging her anchor, with a signal of distress flying, came across the bow of a brig, where, amidst the crushing and splintering of masts and yards, she became locked; at the same time, numerous pieces of timber and spars floating around us too clearly indicated that the work of destruction was very general throughout the bay. Secure in the weight of his anchor and chains, our captain entertained no apprehension beyond that which wose from the probability of some other vessel dragging her anchor and running foul of us, and which, ere the gale abated, was very near taking place. It was about three o clock in the afternoon, heavy rain falling at the time, when, about half a mile ahead of us, we beheld a brig drifting, slowly dragging her anchor, and, in a short time, coming in contact with a Dutch ship, her masts in rapid sucression were smashed as though they had been twigs, She was just in a line with us, and as we stood amidst the pelting rain observing her with thuck anxiety, the probability seemed very great that the would fall foul of as on her course to the shore. The reader must judge with what interest we watched the movements of this wreck, as slowly surging from the Datchman, rising and falling in the heavy trough of the sea, her

masts dragging at her side, with threatening aspect she gradually drew towards us. When she had neared within a hundred yards, her broadside to our stern, a collision seemed all but inevitable. But we were more fortunate. We had plenty of chain on, and running up a trysail, the wind caught the canvas just in time, and our craft veered sufficiently from the track of the helpless deserted wreck as to escape contact with her bow by a space of some six feet, and she darted past us, whilst we mentally uttered our thanks for the escape from the danger. As we were anchored not more than half a mile from the land, we contrived to watch her until she struck on shore, and the hungry-like waves with their white tops dashed over her just below the spot where the wrecked steamer, the victim of the former norther, lay. The gale abated about sunset; and next day, it being fine, we took a boat and made a tour through the bay, when we beheld the effects of yesterday's unwelcome visitor, in the more or less injured state of half the ships in the harbour. In allusion to this subject, the Neighbour, a small English newspaper published here, has the following remarks:-" One thing is certain, the reputation of the port must suffer abroad through such losses of property and life as have occurred lately. Four men have been drowned, and five vessels have been wrecked in this bay within four weeks. The pecuniary loss alone will rise to near a hundred thousand dollars. Indeed, during the late norther, sixteen vessels were more or less injured."

This appeared only a few days prior to the setting in of the norther which we experienced, and whose disastrous effects fully equalled its pre-

decessor. The same publication has also the following:

"A strong steam-tug would be of inestimable advantage to our harbour. By its means, in time of danger, succour, now almost out of the question, could be extended to vessels in the bay, and much that is valuable be saved. With the high prices of labour, damage to vessels in this harbour becomes a somewhat serious matter, which will be at once evident when it is stated that ship-carpenters are receiving at the present four dollars per day, and cannot be depended upon to work each day in the week even with such wages. Well might the captains, one and all, with whom we conversed on the subject, cry out against Valparaiso, with its exhorbitant prices, and its all but unprotected bay and treacherous northers."

The election for President of the Republic of Chili has just terminated, Moutt being the successful, and General Cruz the unsuccessful candidate. Chilians by birth or naturalisation have the right of suffrage if they are twenty-one years of age and married; and twenty-five, if bachelors. They must also know how to read and write, and possess a certain amount of property, to be determined in each province every ten years, or an employment yielding an equivalent income. Each voter is required to be registered three months prior to the election. The qualifications for president are, birth in Chili, possession of the rights of suffrage, an income of 500 dollars at the lowest, and to be at least thirty years of age. The president is chosen for a term of five years, and is re-eligible for one term only. For re-election to the office a third time, five years must intervene.

A railroad from this place to Santiago is projected—a work of great national importance; but, from what we can learn, it is likely to remain

for some time in abeyance, waiting the most essential part of the requisite material—or, in other words, the needful amount of dollars. Pipes for the purpose of supplying Valparaiso with gas and water are now being laid; the machinery for the manufacture of gas has, however, not yet arrived. The delay is caused by the desire on the part of the contractors to await the results of certain experiments at present being carried on in Manchester, England, regarding the manufacture of gas made from resin as compared with gas produced from coal. The following are the customhouse returns for the last seven years: 1844, 1,763,954 dollars; 1845, 1,788,396 dollars; 1846, 2,033,013 dollars; 1847, 2,103,066 dollars; 1848, 1,950,539 dollars; 1849, 2,323,679 dollars; 1850, 2,626,956 dollars.

Gambling is carried on to a great extent in Valparaiso by all classes of society. During our stay in the place, a certain captain, whose name it may not be advisable here to mention, or to state more than that he had a vessel in the harbour, was the observed of all in the gambling circles. Previous to his honouring Valparaiso with a visit, it appeared that at San Francisco he had played a somewhat prominent part, and cleared large sums of money by his skill at billiards, speculations at monti, and other games. I saw this gambling lion at a monti-table of the first class in Valparaiso. The room in which the game was played nightly belonged to an artist, and during my visit heavy sums were staked, the captain alluded to being particularly conspicuous amongst the heavy speculators. At billiards it seemed that he could not get up a match, although there were several celebrated players of that game in the town, the success which he had met with on his first coming, combined with his San Francisco reputation, having scared all competitors; but at monti, as regularly as the night came, there was the captain, staking his pile of gold ounces with as much sang froid as though they had been but piles of penny-pieces. The artist, in whose studio the game was played, and who received nightly a large sum for the use thereof, was a somewhat remarkable individual, being well known throughout all the principal towns of South America, where, in his time, he had played many parts. I was present watching the game, he hovered about the table and the doorway, scrutinising each comer with a searching eye, as well he might, if what we were informed was correct, viz., that he was acting illegally, and, in letting his room for the purpose, running the risk of transportation or some other severe punishment. He wore a rich, showy dressinggown, with a silk scarlet gold-tasselled belt; a massive gold chain encircled his neck; his cap, a really elegant affair, was also ornamented with gold tassels, and his hands glittered with rings. Wearing a moustache, being tall, and having a military bearing, as may be supposed, he commanded some little attention from those who for the first time visited the place.

Hearing that, in accordance with his appearance, he was very far from an every-day character, that he had brought down his man many a time and oft, and thought no more of such a deed than of smoking a cigar, I entered into conversation with him, during which he informed me that he was an Irishman, and had originally been an officer in the English Life Guards; that he proposed visiting the States shortly, to purchase a first-class roulette-table—there not being one in Valparaiso—with

which establishing his son, he should himself again leave the place for the Sandwich Islands, where a leading military post of command awaited him. He spoke English like a native; and whatever truth might have been in the rest of his story, his stated intention of leaving for the States was carried out, as I subsequently learned from the captain of the Alceste. which was to sail a week after us, with which vessel he had taken a lpassage. At this monti-table, another out of the common character was presented to me in the person of a doctor, who, returning from an eightmonths' sojourn in California - the vessel to which he was appointed being in the bay loading was shortly about to return to England. He was also a heavy player, ranking, indeed, next to the captain already mentioned, for the large sums he staked at the game. The doctor was a very intelligent, gentlemanly fellow, and following my introduction to him, he gave me an account of his doings in the auriferous regions, which, as illustrative of life in California, I will briefly recapitulate. "When I first landed," said my informant, "I proposed commencing practice, but unfortunately began to gamble, and speedily lost all my capital-eleven hundred pounds. / Completely cleared out, I joined a party of eight, and went with them to the mines, where we worked very hard, gold-digging. For the first month, living almost on grass and water, we cleared next to nothing, but the month following were more fortunate, obtaining upwards of six thousand dollars' value to each man; when I, and two brothers, of the name of Roberts, started on the return to San Francisco. Having one day walked close upon thirty miles, as night approached we made our customary fire, took tea, and immediately afterwards, I, being excessively fatigued, lay down and fell fast asleep, leaving the two brothers at the fire, very merry, singing and smoking. Not long afterwards, I was awoke by a fearful Indian yell, and the voices of the brothers calling my name: the Indians were upon them. But what could I do against numbers? Any attempt on my part to save them, would, I knew, be useless; I therefore crept away in the darkness, on my hands and knees, and concealed myself amongst the bush, where I lay until break of day. On proceeding to the spot of our encampment, I found my two ill-fated companions both dead, stripped stark, and covered with wounds. The sight made me sick : but I lost no time in pushing on my journey. In San Francisco I fought one duel. An American took offence at something I had said, and sent me a challenge, which I declined accepting, sending him word that I was not so great a fool as to stand to be shot at. His rejoinder was, 'Well, if he won't stand up fair, like a man, I'll blow his brains out the next time we meet, After receiving his message, I thought it best to fight; we therefore met, the paces were measured, at the first fire I smashed his right arm, which I afterwards set, and he became a devoted friend. Another time, at a monti-table, two players had some angry words; I was standing between them, when, turning round, preparing to endeavour to pacify them, over my right shoulder one of them presented a revolver, over my left the other quarreller presented another, firing simultaneously, and one of them fell dead at my feet. In San Francisco I commenced practice, and opened a large druggist-shop; also attended the night-sales, from which I realised a good deal of money. I have bought gold watches at these night-sales for twenty dollars each, and sold them again next day for 150 dollars. These night-auctioneering disposals of property are the result of the misplaced confidence of parties in Europe consigning to the hands of swindlers, who, receiving the goods, and never entertaining the most remote idea of making a return, at once convert them into cash, no matter what the price. This was a very common occurrence during the time I resided in the place. My health failing me, I sold my shop and appurtenances for a large sum; and, although but eight months in California, have more than realised the expectations that induced me to make the venture."

An excursion which I made to a place called Villa de Marr, distant some ten miles from the town, and which is a favourite place of resort of the Valparaisians, furnished an additional illustration of the paucity of the resources of the country around, and its uncultivated state. Villa de Marr we found to be nothing more nor less than a small, miserable village; boasting a smithy and a tolerable posada; the latter finding its support chiefly from the numerous pleasure-parties which visit the place. The roads to it are not only execrable, but indeed dangerous, and scarcely practicable by any other means than horseback. Our party consisted of some twenty, composed chiefly of American and English captains of vessels in the harbour. Our own captain had arranged the excursion, being acquainted with the greater part of his brother-skippers in the place; and as we were glad of anything by way of change, we accepted his invitation to join the company. All were on horseback, except our captain, myself, and two of our other passengers. We had hired a double-bodied velochee for the jaunt, but the greedy Chilian, at the time appointed for starting, refused to take us unless we increased the sum originally agreed upon-three dollars. The party being all mounted, and waiting only for us, the rascal believed that we should consent to his demand, rather than cause any delay by seeking another vehicle; and, indeed, we were on the point of consenting, when a Mr. C., an English resident in Valparaiso, and who well understood the natives, interfered, soundly rated the velochee proprietor for his attempted extortion, and bidding us await his return, he galloped off to seek another conveyance. The Chilian called after him, announcing his willingness to abate his demand a couple of dollars, but he was unheeded; and after some ten minutes' delay, Mr. C-- returned, announcing that he had been unable to obtain a double, but had engaged two single-bodied velochees, which soon after drew up for us at the door of Aubrey's hotel. Yah Yah and I occupied one of these, our captain and St. Patrick the other; and all being now ready, the whole party set off at a smart trot. We were a numerous company, and most unmistakably did we draw upon us the attention of the people in the streets and the loungers in the balconies. By the way, speaking of balconies, one of the most pleasing features of Valparaiso is the numerous picturesque groups in Juliet-like attitudes of the senoras taking the air in these agreeable addendas to the superior dwellings of the place. Horsemen and velochees kept together until we had cleared the town, and then Yah Yah and I, like Lord Ullin, were left behind lamenting-not on the banks of a river, but at the foot of a mountain, up whose steep road the horsemen had cantered; and our captain's velochee also disappeared, the two horses which drew it being aided by a leader, attached on commencing the ascent. Our steeds came to a dead stand-still, and, in spite of a vigorous

application of our driver's whip and spurs, obstinately declined making an effort to draw the velochee through the mud into which the wheels had sunk pretty deeply. They seemed to be aware that it would be useless to make the attempt, resigning themselves to the whipping, spurring, and anathemas of their driver most stoically. After some quarter of an hour passed in this useless contest, during which I and Yah Yah vainly endeavoured to make ourselves understood, in urging the Chilian to procure another horse, and by our pantomine to show him that we would quit the vehicle unless he did so; his arm tired with whipping, and his tongue with—as we had little doubt, though not understanding his language vigorous swearing, he unharnessed one of the animals, and, addressing us with some unintelligible jargon, rode away. And thus stuck fast, we were left at the foot of the mountain, not exactly comprehending the driver's intention; and around us gathered several groups of Chilians, whose miserable mud-hovels were scattered around, and as they stood contemplating us, by their oft-repeated cachinations we were left but little room to doubt that we were affording rich subject for their native wit. We were somewhat annoyed to be thus left behind, but seeking consolation in our cigars, we resigned ourselves to the untoward circumstances, smoking and speculating upon the groups assembled round us, their mode of life, and on the philosophy of the line, "Where ignorance is bliss, &c." At the expiration of about twenty minutes our driver returned, leading another horse, which he quickly fastened to the vehicle; the harness was composed entirely of ropes and packthread (the conveyance, I may here observe, was in good keeping with its appointments, being old, rickety, and very dirty); and following this arrangement with a vigorous application of whip, spurs, and voice, we set off once more on our mountain-way. The summit of the ascent presented a magnificent view of Valparaiso, the bay with its shipping, and a fine, bold, sweeping coast.; but the pleasure which the prospect would otherwise have afforded was considerably marred by apprehensions which we could not but entertain on the score of our safety. To avoid the deep ruts, of which there are many between the blocks of rough rock composing the road, our driver thought nothing of driving within a few inches of the edge of an almost precipitous steep, descending many hundred feet to the sea, a circumstance, as may be supposed, highly calculated to make great inroads upon the most enthusiastic admirer's enthusiasm in his worship of the sublime and beautiful.

As we proceeded these ruts became more numerous, and Yah Yah, with much reason, began to question whether our so-called tour de plaisir was likely to deserve the appellation. The road was almost entirely up and down mountain sides, and the descents were certainly trying to one's coolness and equanimity. Having been much accustomed to driving, to rattle down these mountain-roads as fast as the cattle could go, the driver shouting at the top of his voice, gave a zest and excitement to the journey, which, spite of the jolting, that had we not firmly held on, would inevitably have pitched us out. Yah Yah, as we approached one of these formidable steeps, insisted upon getting out, and he accordingly left me to run alongside the velochee, and we dashed onward at a pace that might justly be termed terrific, considering the road, and the state it was in. Seeing, however, that to the horses it was an every-day

matter, and that their sure-footedness was something approaching wonder, I had little or no apprehension of disaster, and accordingly enjoyed the excitement which our mad career occasioned. The horses were but sorry-looking beasts, and that they worked as they did was little short of a miracle. After accomplishing about half the journey, we walked up the hills, as they began to exhibit unequivocal symptoms of distress; our Jehu, meantime, regarding the proceeding, expressed by his looks and signs, as quite unnecessary; indeed, he urged us to remain in the vehicle.

We arrived at Villa de Marr some half-hour later than the rest of the party, whom we found engaged playing skittles for champagne: and judging from the empty bottles and the relays which appeared with our advent on the spot, intimated that it was a beverage highly relished by the general taste of the skippers, who, I may here observe, consisted of Americans and English. Dinner was to be served in an hour and a half after our arrival, and in that interim, after the gentlemen had finished their game, the party, with the exception of my German companion and myself, mounted, and again sallied forth to visit a hill in the neighbourhood, where was to be seen-what does the reader suppose?-nothing more nor less than a windmill! Having some feeling for the overtaxed brutes that had brought us, and which were lying down on a little plot of ground near to the inn, Yah Yah and I preferred taking a walk, which presented to us a flat, uninteresting, marshy country, entirely uncultivated, and where there was scarcely a tree to be seen. What attractions Villa de Marr possessed, we could not conceive; and save the windmill, which we certainly did not see, the conclusion we arrived at was, that the gaining of a good appetite for the enjoyment of a good dinner was the leading feature of the tour de plaisir to Villa de Marr. Well, we sat down to dinner, and a more amusing scene I never witnessed. The landlord and his waiters were smoking cigarettes as they attended us, and I only discovered, after assisting numerous applicants alternately from two dishes which were before me, that the proceeding on my part was not one of the usual customs of the place; for I soon found that the system here adopted was, each one to help himself, and that if I did not direct my attention a little to my own quarter, I should get no dinner at all. Somewhat chagrined at witnessing the selfish rapacity of the people around me, with the disappearance of the contents of the two dishes from which I had been assisting, I thought it time to look after myself, when, lo and behold! my knife, fork, and bread had disappeared, as also my wine-glasses. With some difficulty I ultimately managed to procure a knife and fork, and what with snatching at this, and grabbing at that, I succeeded in bolting what I suppose must, perforce, be called a dinner. I was glad to quit the scene, and resolving, if possible, not to risk my neck in being overtaken by the night on our return, immediately after dinner I ordered our velochee, and we drove off, some of the party remaining over their wine, whilst others were preparing to follow our example. Whether or not the poor beasts had been fed, we could not learn from the driver; that not a hair of their hides had been groomed, was too clearly evident, and from their jaded appearance, we were anything but sanguine of their being able to accomplish the homeward journey. Our progress was pretty tolerable until we arrived at the first steep ascent, and then came the

shower of blows, the spurring and the ejaculations of the driver again. It was cruel work, and to ease the poor brutes as much as we possibly could, my companion and I turned out, putting our shoulders to the wheel, and at every long descent we ran alongside the vehicle, not caring to trust ourselves to the break-neck speed with which our driver, to make up lost time, here urged his distressed cattle over a road which, in the morning, we had found to be anything but safe, and particularly so with the uncertain light of the gloaming-hour around us. And yet we had not accomplished more than half the journey when the horsemen overtook us, galloping like mad, their boisterous mirth sounding strangely amidst the mountain-wilds; and drawing rein for a moment to exchange a few words with us, they swept on, up and away, like spirits, through the deepening grey light, over the rest of the mountain road; and again the angry ejaculations of our driver, and the thwack of his whip on his wearied steeds, alone broke on the stillness brooding around. We were some four miles distant from the town, when the jaded brutes came to a dead standstill, the wheels being up to the axles in mud: all punishment was in vain. budge they could or would not; and thoroughly tired of the whole affair, we quitted the velochee, and struck out, knee-deep in mud, for Valparaiso. It was now pitch dark, and, as the reader will perceive, our situation was anything but agreeable. The lights gleaming from the interiors of the mud dwellings of the villages occasionally bordering the road, momentarily revealed our figures as we passed their doors; and here and there a group of the copper-skinned natives gathered round a doorway, smoking, their ponchos giving to each wearer's figure an attitude of grace, were suggestive to us of warriors in council; and easy was it to conceive ourselves adventurous pale-faces gliding in the still night through an Indian village. Glad were we to reach the last mountain descent, and to see the lights of Valparaiso shining beneath us. Very tired, and covered with mud, we reached the town about eight o'clock, where about an hour afterwards the captain and St. Patrick arrived also; their conveyance, like ours, having broken down, but not until it had accomplished some two miles more than ours of the homeward journey. The boat was waiting for us, and we returned to the ship much enlightened on the subject of South American roads and South American mud, and for some time after formed the subject of our conversation the events attendant upon this amongst the Chilians invests him at least with anising ab ruot bellar os

I have already observed, that, although their winter at the time of our visit, the temperature was like our English summer—indeed, somewhat warmer. We wore only light dresses, and not a little strange appeared to us the residents of the place, attired in clothing the sight alone of which was enough to make one perspire. I think I have already stated that it was common for us to see the women in the huts as we passed stooping over and warming their hands at their pans of burning charcoal, whilst we perhaps were perspiring with the gentlest exercise. Horses and mules are abundant, and lowly indeed is the estate of the family which does not possess one of these animals. They are all good horsemen, bestowing, however, but little care on their cattle. To an European eye, anything but sightly is the huge, clumsy-covered stirrup universally adopted. Water, bread, fish, &c., are brought to the houses on mules: water is a most expensive item, being thus conveyed; such a thing as a pump or a

water-pipe the town did not boast, although, as already observed, with pipes for gas, they were about to be introduced when we were there.

back, wearing the universal poncho, but distinguished by caps having bright-red borders and long sabres, with which they are furnished. The watchmen at night are called serenas, and the shrill whistle and peculiar singing of these night guardians, announcing the hours as they pass, is most striking to a stranger's ear. So powerful is this whistle which precedes the singing-announcement of the hour and the state of the weather, that we frequently heard it on board ship in the stilly nights, although anchored more than a mile from shore.

The barracks is a miserable, straggling structure; the soldiers a low-statured body of men, wearing shabby uniforms, and almost destitute of military bearing, being in good keeping with the building. On one of my rambles I saw a troop of Chilian foot on the march; they had come from Santiago, and I met them descending the last mountain-road, at the base of which commenced the outskirts of the town. They did not preserve the slightest order in their march, straggling all over the road, whilst the officers—their horses being led—rode in velochees. The baggage-waggons were drawn by oxen, moving lazily along; and the men, being footsore, tired, and covered with dust—their disordered array—and the officers in the shabby velochees, with their heads wrapped up, looking as much like old women as aught else—presented altogether as miserable a martial display as could well be imagined. At the foot of the mountain, however, the officers, having made a hasty toilet, quitted the velochees to mount their steeds, and ordering the men to fall in, the Chilians, anything but looking heroes, entered the town.

In taking leave of Valparaiso I may observe, that although a rapidly rising town, for some years to come it will be anything but a desirable spot to reside in. The climate is indeed delightful, but there is a roughness about the place, a sort of semi-civilisation as it were, which only a very powerful talisman in the shape of L. s. d., could possibly render tolerable in the eyes of an European There are, indeed, but few really good houses in the place; the best, is a mansion erected by a Mr. Warrington, an English merchant, who has been a resident many years, and has realised a large fortune. His reputation for wealth, indeed, amongst the Chilians invests him at least with an Aladdin's lamp; and the estimation in which he is held, and the view taken by the natives of his residence, may be inferred from its being by them designated "the Palace." This gentleman reflects much credit on his country. I was given to understand that he has been the architect of his own fortunes, and is held in high estimation in Valparaiso for more exalted and far nobler qualifications than his wealth -a liberal mind and a warm heart. I received from him a letter of introduction to a Mr. Bayess, a well-known naturalist, resident in Valparaiso, whose collection of curiosities I was informed was well worthy of a visit. Mr. B. was, however, from home when I called, and I was therefore obliged to be satisfied with looking over his gardens the only private grounds that I saw, with the exception of Mr. Warrington's, deserving of that appellation in the place and out at vitigis and

Water, bread, fish, &c., are brought to the houses on mules: water is a most expensive item, being thus conveyed; such a thing as a pump or a

But dark clouds were winging their way to the castle halls. The weight of was upon in bowed in the OLD CLOCK. The when he will not length it bowed in the morning when he

L'Eternité est une Pendule, dont le balancier, dit, et redit, sans cesse, ces deux Toujours! Jamais! mots seulement dans le silence des tombeaux,

Jamais! Toujours!

JACQUES BRIDAINE. DERING THOS

In an ancient castle, in the sunny province of Picardy, there once lived a little child. "He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." They were a sad and lonely pair, for the gentle lady's heart was bowed with sorrow, and the fair child, though he loved his mother fondly, wanted young hearts to echo back his gladness; so his laugh was seldom heard in the castle's halls, and his fair head drooped lower and lower as the weary days rolled on.

In a corner of the dark corridor near his mother's room there stood an ancient clock-so ancient that none knew how long it had stood in

that gloomy spot, or whose hand had placed it there.

Its ebony case was curiously carved, and inlaid with brass and ivory; and its great brass feet, like lion's claws, rested on four broad steps of polished marble, which reflected the dark form and the bright face far below. Now, the young child, in his yearning for companionship, and his want of something to love, had conceived a great reverence and affection for the old clock. Day after day he would creep to the foot of the marble steps, and gaze with innocent wonder at the quivering hands that crept so softly round the silver face, and listen to the gentle voice murmuring mysteriously within. At length it seemed to his childish fancy that the lonely clock was glad of his companionship—that the face grew brighter, and the ticking louder, as he approached; like the bounding pulses of a friend, when a loving heart draws near. Often, when some childish grief hung heavy at his heart, he would fly for consolation to this sure refuge. and with his pretty head pillowed upon his arm, and his soft hair flowing over the marble steps, would lie at its foot till the gentle ticking lulled him into sleep; while, if perchance some unwonted pleasure had filled his little soul with glee, he still turned here for sympathy, so that at last, not a joy or sorrow had the child but he must share it with his aged friend; and many an hour he passed, sitting on the marble steps, tracing with his tiny fingers the strange figures inlaid upon its surface, and talking all the while in a soft, low whisper, that sounded like the cooing of a dove. At length, as time passed on, and thought grew riper in the young child's brain, he fanced he could trace out words in the unceasing murmur of its mysterious voice.

One day he climbed in sport to the top of the marble steps, and, standing on tiptoe, he pulled open the creaking door, and stood transfixed with surprise and fear at the wonders disclosed to view. This, then, was the throbbing heart that beat so loudly at his approach—more loudly then than ever !- this was the gloomy cave where dwelt the un-known voice! He knelt, and gazed with trembling awe; and as he knelt, it seemed to him again as if the old clock whispered mysterious words; and listening yet more closely, as the huge pendulum swung to and fro, he clearly traced the words, "Toujours! Jamais!"

But dark clouds were winging their way to the castle halls. The weight of woe upon his gentle mother's soul grew heavier and heavier, till at length it bowed her to the earth; and one morning, when he awoke, they unclasped his arms from where they had been twined around her neck, and told him she was dead! Alas! for the lonely child! there was no warm, pitying breast to lay his weary head on now; no soft, pale hand to wipe away the gushing tears!

That breast was cold and still for ever, and the gentle hand lay, paler

yet, beside the stiffening corpse.

Night after night the child crept to his dead mother's side, and laying his soft, wan cheek against the pallid hand, wept for the bitter tears of hopeless sorrow. The menials around him had no pity for his grief;

they forced him from her side at last, and bore her to her grave.

Oh, then his yearning heart felt lone indeed! While the daylight lasted, he kept down the choking sobs; but when the dark night fell upon the earth, he left his little bed, and, lighted by the glimmering lamp that hung aloft, he crept to his mother's room, that he might look once more on the place where she had lain. But they had fastened up the door that none might enter, and all his efforts were in vain.

As he paused, the recollection of the fond words—now hushed, alas! for ever—which, in days gone by, would have greeted his lightest footstep, smote on his heart, till he mouned in an agony of woe too deep for

tears.

Just then, however, as he turned away to seek his lonely chamber, a sound struck upon his ear—low, faint, and broken, like the reproachful voice of a forgotten friend; and when he raised his drooping head, it seemed to him that the old clock was looking down upon him with a pitying smile, and that its great heart was beating in responsive echos to his own. Then he ran with yearning love, and flung himself at its feet.

"Oh, friend! dear old friend!" he cried, between his sobs, "tell me but one thing, if thou canst. Will my sweet mother be happy now?"

And the soft voice answered him, "Toujours! Toujours!"

"And, oh! old friend, in her far-off home, will she never forget her

lonely boy?"

"Jamais!—jamais!" said the voice once more. And at the instant—for it was midnight—the clock pealed forth its chimes for the departing hour, so glad and cheering a peal as the child had never heard before. It seemed to chase away his sorrow, and to fill his soul with visions of gladness yet to come. And as he listened with clasped hands and suspended breath, floating amidst the sweet sounds of music around him, he fancied he could hear his mother's loving voice, whispering, in gentle tones, "Jamais! Jamais!"

Then he raised his eyes with joyful gratitude to the old clock's face, and he saw that both the hands were pointing heavenward, as if to remind him of the happy resting-place to which her soul had fled. Then he stretched his little hands towards heaven too, and suddenly the holy prayers which she had taught him came rushing into his mind, and with trembling lips he repeated them again and again, till, as he prayed to God to love him, and to take him home at last, his tears ceased

flowing, and he fell asleep with his head upon the marble steps, and a sweet smile resting upon his parted lips.

Years rolled away, and many a knell the ancient clock had rung for days, and hours, and souls departed, and the child returned—a man!

Warfare and toil had marred the fair young face, had furrowed the careless brow, and strewn the flowing locks with grey, while sin and care had set their seal upon the bounding heart, till it was well-nigh turned to stone.

The warrior trod with heavy clank through the lonely halls, and thoughts of bygone days were busy in his breast.

He mounted the marble staircase, crossed the dark corridor with hasty

strides, and paused at last before his mother's door.

His hand is on the lock; but see, it trembles! From a distant corner comes a well-known sound—a whisper, like the welcome of a changeless friend-and with tottering and uncertain steps the soldier turns and stands once more before the aged clock. What tides of memory rush o'er him now! Once more he was a child!

Once more his heart was pure, and free, and warm with holy love! And memory led him on, till echoing upwards from the sepulchre of the

past, he seemed to hear again his own soft babbling voice.

"Oh! in her far-off home will she never forget her lonely boy?" And once again the words seemed floating around him-"Jamais! Jamais !"

He stood there like a culprit before his judge; his hands were clasped,

and his head hung down upon his heaving breast.

"Oh, clock! old clock," he said, at length, while big tears coursed silently down his furrowed cheeks, "how changed! how worthless! how degraded! Say, can a mother's heart love on, when sin and folly have so stained my soul?"

But still the faithful friend said on - "Toujours!"

"Oh!" cried the warrior then, and his proud frame shook, "time was, old clock, when I have knelt and prayed upon these marble steps. Now, did I raise these blood-stained hands to God, just Heaven would surely frown upon my prayer?"

Solemnly came the answer forth-" Jamais! Jamais!"

When the hour of midnight tolled, the warrior still knelt before the marble steps, his hands were clasped in prayer, and his eyes were raised in trusting confidence to heaven. Well might the aged clock ring out a gladsome peal that night, for it rang a jubilee over the soul of a penitent sinner, and the echoes that answered to its music were not alone of earth.

That ancient castle is long since crumbled to decay, and the voice of the aged clock is hushed for ever; but those who wander near the ruins still may see the monument that marks the burial-place of the godly hermit, who lived and died in this deserted spot—once the proud master of those lordly halls.

On the rude stone that covers his remains is carved the figure of a clock, and beneath it you still may trace the words-"Toujours! Jamais!"

> gained to the furtherance of my education. 2 11 VOL. XXII.

flowing, and he fell asleep with his head upon the marble steps, and a

CONFESSIONS OF A PRIVATE TUTOR.

Ir it be true that some men are born to greatness while others have it thrust upon them, still the converse of the proposition is established on equally valid grounds. Before later events induced me to reconsider my opinion, I ever fancied myself strangely predestined to become the shuttlecock of the eldest daughter of the Fortune family, and might join with honest Panza in saying, "had mitres been suffered to rain from heaven on my head, not one of them would have fitted." whom tornew ad I

In my very name I was singularly unfortunate. Smith-can anything be conceived more adapted to floor a man and keep him down when levelled than such a patronym? Did any of that huge family ever climb the rugged path that leads to eminence? If they attempted it, they were either certain to o'erleap theirsel' and fall o' the other side, or else their first care was to disguise the name of which they felt so heartily ashamed; thus-Smithe, Smyth, Smythe, or I even fancy I have seen it spelt Smitjhe. Who would be bold enough to deny that the "crop," so undeservedly bestowed on the hero of Aliwal, stands in some peculiar and intimate connexion with that horrid - But I will do violence to my feelings, and refrain from entering on a subject on which I am ever too On! in her far-off home will she

apt to grow eloquent.

My good old father—peace be with his manes!—was the happy and contented vicar of the salubrious village of Hobhole-cum-Wrangle, situated in the midst of Lincoln's marshy fens. From my birth up he seemed to anticipate great things of me, and honoured me with the prænomen of Edwin Fitzalan. The first, I have a shrewd suspicion, had its rise from one of his stock quotations, "In truth young Edwin was no vulgar boy," which, with another equally well known, expressing the rapid growth of surprise at the amount one small cranium was able to carry, formed the Alpha and Omega of his poetic wares. But here I must correct myself: he also admired Horace almost as much as he did port wine, and had a predilection for a rhyming skit, called the "New Bath Guide," not through its intrinsic merits, but because in his hot youth, when George III. was king, he had been fortunate enough to know some of the Bath heroes preserved, Solemnly came the answer forth as in amber, therein.

Now, though it is true I could have no objection to these high-sounding names per se, yet, when connected with Smith, they only resembled the gold lace attached to the actors' bedraggled skirts whom I used to

gaze upon at our annual statutory fair. sevend of endedines guizant air

My father took charge of my education for the first few years; and, I may say without egotism, I did full credit to his exertions. Our village was a retired, out-of-the-way place, and he had little call for his interference either in a clerical or magisterial capacity. The only person who caused him any serious trouble was the landlord of our one inn, who, whenever he got drunk and quarrelsome, would rip up the beds, shake the feathers out of window on the heads of passers-by, and stick out a broom as an intimation that he wanted a new wife. But this worthy, after a while, quitted us to seek a larger scope for his peculiar talents in London, and my father was rejoiced at being able to devote the time thus gained to the furtherance of my education.

VOL. XXII.

When he considered me sufficiently stuffed with Latin and Greek, he sent me as a boarder to a neighbouring collegiate school, in order that I might gain one of the numerous scholarships attached to the foundation. This I may consider the turning-point of my destiny. Being soon at the head of the school, I naturally associated with boys, or rather men, whose knowledge of the world appeared to my viridity stupendous. Their tales of college life, retailed to me at second-hand as they had received them from their elder brothers, seemed to open to my enraptured view visions of fairy land all "green" and gold, and I became all impatience to throw off the trammels of home, and launch into a world of pleasure, where I would prove myself no fool by following old Martin Luther's advice,

> Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib und Gesang, Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang.

The long expected day soon arrived, and still but a child in years, but a man in precociousness, I passed my examination, and became entitled to a scholarship of sixty pounds a year at St. Crispin's College, Oxford. The necessary arrangements were speedily made; the tailor called into requisition, and my first tail-coat brought home in time for me to parade it in our church, while mounting the reading-desk in order to deliver, "with proper emphasis and good discretion," the lessons of the day. My father being laid on the shelf by a severe attack of gout, was unable to accompany me on my first flight into the world, and therefore sent me off with a number of introductory letters to college dons, his former acquaintances (and which, by the way, I never left, because it was deemed slow to associate with men of talent), and fifteen pounds, the first instalment of the annual allowance he intended to add to my stipendium. He stated, that in his "common room days (poor innocent! nous avons changé tout cela) such a sum was amply sufficient to defray all expenses, and leave a handsome surplus as pocket-money." Of course he read me many exhortations on the folly of running into debt, to which I dutifully listened, and really intended to obey, as I thought myself possessed of a gold mine in the sum I was for the first time in my life enabled to call my own.

In those days railways were not, and I, therefore, went to Birmingham, and thence to Oxford, by the coach, which was tooled by that Black Prince of whips, whose deeds and misdeeds have been already chronicled in the pages of "Peter Priggins." By some peculiar interposition of Providence, I reached St. Crispin's sain et sauf. After subscribing to the Thirty-nine Articles in the shape of three pounds odd, my college life may be said to have commenced. I soon decided on a set of chambers next the sky, partly because the furniture was in remarkably good condition—which was far from the case in other rooms I visited, which had been tenanted by "rowing" men-(N.B. This word is derived from "row," explained by the Lexicographer to mean a great noise or disturbance)-and partly through the advice of the old scout that it was expedient to rise as high as possible, and so avert the danger of "hay being made in my rooms," which, though I did not understand, seemed

to menace some latent evil.

I was, however, soon to become acquainted practically with the meaning of this phrase. I had gone out to take a walk round Christ Church meadows in all the dignity of my new cap and gown, where I whiled

away the time till Merton bells reminded me of afternoon chapel. A true freshman, I rushed to my rooms dreadfully alarmed at the prospect of being late, and, on opening the door, stood utterly petrified with astonishment. When I had quitted them some two hours previously, they had been very decently furnished, and now there was not a single article in either of my two apartments, save a huge pile on the floor, which I found, on examination, to be composed of my sheets carefully wrapped round large lumps of coal. This was the St. Crispin method of making hay.

However, after a little while, I became acquainted with a very jolly set of fellows, and became initiated into life, that is, the university sort. Breakfast and supper parties, wines and lunches, filled up most of the spare time, accompanied by visits to "the High," and lessons in the art of going tick. The stock of classics I brought with me from school answered all the purposes of the lecture-room, and as long as I attended there, and at chapel, no one troubled himself as to the way in which I

spent the remaining nine-tenths of the day.

When I come to look back on this portion of my existence, I blush with shame at the thought of the melancholy way in which it was spent. I am sure, now, I could not by any possibility sit out a "wine." Heavens! what insufferably dull affairs they were! A heap of bad port, raw ices, and rank cigars, were consumed, together with a delectable beverage our scout was pleased to call "coffee." On very great occasions—such as a man passing his little or great go—healths would be drunk, with the accompaniment of "He's a jolly good fellow," harmony being completely ignored; and some very fast young man would indulge us with a flash song, which had been en vogue perhaps two years before at the Coal

Hole, but which delighted us as much as the greatest novelty.

During my first few terms I had determined to read moderately hard, and would, probably, have done so, could I have indulged myself with any agreeable recreation. I had been very fond of cricket when at school, and on reaching the university looked about for some club which I could join. But the outlay of "ready" necessary before becoming a member of either of the two then flourishing, drove me to turn to those amusements which could be procured for nothing, that is, on credit, and comprising rowing in the summer, hunting in the winter, and riding and driving all the year round. I believe, however, in the present day, a favourable change has taken place in this respect: the columns of Bell's Life are now filled with matches between colleges, which lead me to conjecture that this harmless amusement has been patronised. In my day, the members of one of the cricket clubs used to wear green cutaways with gilt buttons, and lined with white silk—an expense to which, I trust, the common sense of the present practical age has put a stop.

In deference to my father's wishes, I also became a member of the Union, which your gentlemen of the old school regard as the mental palæstra for sucking politicians; but I soon cut it, through sheer disgust at the mawkish insipidity it was my hard fate to hear. I really believe they talked greater nonsense than they do in St. Stephen's, though my readers may fancy that establishment nulli secundus in that regard. In my time, Puseyism was coming into bud, and fierce were the debates as to Anglo-Catholicism, varied now and then by the all-entrancing subject, "Shall Cromwell have a statue?" The Coningsby of the day would now

and then invoke "the sainted image of the murdered Charles," call old Noll a triple-dyed villain, and so on. It was a pity that he paid so much attention to the common weal, for he got plucked for his little go; and latest accounts represent him as tending sheep in Australia, and probably charming the woods by his own verses "On seeing a Picture of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester," which he went to the expense of having printed for private circulation, though in the hurry of his de-

parture he forgot to pay the printer.

It seems to me a great pity that youths are, by the very nature of college life, forced into expenses which they would not dream of incurring elsewhere. The university authorities would do well to alter their system before the promised revelations of the Commission compel a change. In my time, and I fancy at the present moment it is the same, the student was an anomaly—if I may use the term—a man-boy. At one moment treated like a schoolboy, and punished like one by impositions which a barber or a bookseller gets done for half-a-crown; at another, allowed to do just as he please, as long as he keep out of the proctor's clutches. I will not speak of running into debt, for this is impossible of cure as long as tradesmen exist; and besides, the latter, take them as a body, are as honourable and fair-dealing men as can be found on a long day's march; but I would propose a proper settlement of the status of the student, let him be either a man or a schoolboy, not an amalgamation of both. Talking of tradesmen, I remember a freshman getting into a violent passion because a grocer refused to take his order. He went into the shop, and requested ten pounds of green tea, at 8s. 6d. a pound, to be sent to his rooms. The tradesman very properly refused to do so, and evinced a moral courage which would be very desirable in the rest of his confreres. But this will show the magnificent ideas entertained by boys just fresh from their mother's apron-string, and revelling in the luxury of unbounded credit.

A truce, however, to moralising. I dare say a few of the adventures which happened in my time will be more acceptable to my readers. At one of the head colleges, a man much like Pendennis's friend Blundell Blundell managed to gain admission, and like him, introduced gambling to a considerable extent. Unfortunately for him, a proctor happened to be a member of the college, and he received information of the goings on. He was a very stern man, and his course of action was soon decided. He contrived to make his way into the room, concealed himself behind a screen, and took down the names of all engaged. The next day he expelled the guiltier parties, and rusticated the weaker vessels, who were, in fact, more sinned against than sinning. The rest of the college did not, however, feel satisfied with this display of summary justice, and swore most horrible revenge. On the next Saturday night the college was startled by the most diabolical shouts and screams, and the dons, on flying to their windows, were horrified at beholding an immense bonfire, composed of all the fire-wood in college, burning in the centre of the "Quad.," and a demon dance going on round it. The dons dressed themselves in all speed, and flew down stairs in order to put a stop to the nocturnal revels, but, like Sterne's starling, they couldn't get out, every door had been previously screwed up, that is to say, long gimblets had been driven in as far as possible, and the handles then knocked off with a coal-hammer. They therefore were fain to return to their windows, and be spectators instead of participators. The conspirators, after painting the doors and statues of a bright vermilion colour, retired to their couches. The most absurd part of the proceeding was, that most of the dons were also rectors of outlying parishes, and, on the Sunday morning, many of them were forced to descend ladders in order to get out of college in time to serve their churches. Many, however, would not trust their precious carcases to such frail staircases, and the college was turned into a workshop for nearly the whole of the day by the noise of the carpenters, who were busily engaged in cutting out the gimblets—the only way of

withdrawing them.

Another event that caused a marked sensation during my time, was the fact of a proctor getting what is classically termed a "jolly good hiding." One of our men was reading, during term, at a village some eight miles off, and would persist in driving into town in a tandem, partly through the wish of being looked upon as fast, partly because there was a fine of five pounds on being caught in the fact. The proctor had long been on the look-out for him, and one night actually set out in a fly, with his myrmidons, and entrenched himself in a dry ditch near the turnpike-gate. Sharp eyes, however, had been kept on his movements, and a stableman was despatched to meet Mr. Brown (as we will call him), and warn him of the impending danger. By cutting across country he managed to outstrip the proctor, and met the tandem-driving animal (the definition once given of an Oxford man) about a mile the other side of the pike. A hurried consultation was held between the pair, and they had almost come to the determination of unhooking the leader, and trusting to night to escape the The driver was an old proctor, when the X — mail came rolling up. friend, and soon settled the dilemma. He changed coats with the gownsman, and bade him tool the mail in, while he determined to follow with the tandem a short distance behind. The scheme was perfectly successful. Brown got safely past the proctor, handling the ribbons as if brought up to the profession. When coachy came up with his trap, out rushed the proctor with his merry men, shouting "Siste per fidem;" to which a rough voice replied, "Let go that leader you precious fool, or I'll make Still the proctor held on with a frantic grasp, and Jehu, who was no respecter of persons, double-thonged him to his heart's content. No serious result came from it, as the proctor was only too glad to keep the affair dark; but of course the story oozed out.

One more tandemising adventure occurs to me in which I shared. Four of us went out for the purpose of assisting at a "mill" between the Norwich Bantam and the Hardbakeman, which came off one hot summer afternoon, just before the end of term. After witnessing a display of ruffianism, which Bell's Life was good enough to call manly British courage, we took a considerable amount of that liquid which gladdeneth the heart of man, and makes a fool of him in the bargain, and consequently, on our return about six o'clock, we would not suffer the ministering stableman, who was waiting for us, to take off the leader, but boldly resolved on driving into town. As we were pelting up C—street we saw, to our horror, a Pro, who was just setting out on his postprandial visit of inspection, and coming fast toward us. Had he nailed us, rustication at least would have been our fate. We had scant time for reflection, but still sufficient. We dashed into the entrance-

gates of the Seven Sisters, an old-fashioned inn where farmers most did congregate. On one side of the passage was the ordinary, on the other the stairs leading to the upper rooms. Three of us rushed up these stairs, and managed to make our way over the leads into an adjoining house; the other of our party was not so fortunate; being hard pressed, he had not time to cross the yard, but flew into the room where the farmers were assembled, and hid himself under a pile of great coats. The Pro soon popped his head into the room, but the farmers were The difficulty was stanch to the backbone, and had not seen anybody. for him to join us. This was, however, effected by an artful feint, which summoned the Pro to the back of the house, and gave him time to cut across the passage. The Pro, thus far baulked, left one of the marshal's bulldogs in charge of the trap, determined to find out to what stable it belonged, and so obtain a clue to us. But in this he was unsuccessful, for about four in the morning the man was seduced away by a glass of brandy-and-water, and ere his return cart and horses had disappeared.

I will not fatigue my readers by any further details of so-called fun,

but will resume the thread of my story.

In my fifteenth term the crown was set upon my misdeeds by the death of my father, who had long been ailing, and the consequent loss of my allowance. Creditors began to press, and I was glad to pass through the schools in a great hurry, and accept an offer made me by my college tutor of a situation as domestic usher in a gentleman's family. Mr. Dobson—such was my new master's honoured patronymic—was the senior partner of the eminent firm of Dobson and Huggins, merchants of far-famed London town, and rejoiced in a country house near Streatham. His whole family consisted of five daughters, in an ascending scale of ugliness, and two sons, respectively aged twelve and fourteen; the two cubs it was my task to lick into shape.

I cannot say that I was uncomfortable in my new position, although it was a strange change from the riotousness of college life. The daughters were very good-natured, though frightfully learned, and prone to examine their brothers as to their progress, especially in history and geography, two departments which I had not hitherto found it necessary to count in the repertoire of my accomplishments; for, albeit perfectly acquainted with all the heroes of antiquity and Lemprière's dictionary, I must candidly confess the whole amount of my knowledge of modern history had been derived from so-termed historical romances. I managed, however, to cover my ignorance, and set to work diligently at a study which I had heretofore looked upon as contemptible, because useless for university

honours.

One small anecdote will suffice to lay the senior Dobson's character before my readers better than any catalogue raisonnée of his manifold perfections. On the occasion of the annual boat race I plucked up sufficient courage to ask him for a holiday, but, rather to my surprise, he replied that this was not in the bond; he had engaged me at a liberal salary, and could not afford to make me a present of a whole day, which would cost him, at an estimate, seven-and-sixpence. With great fierté I proposed to pay him the sum; but to that he demurred, as he could not procure a tutor for his sons at a moment's notice, nor for so short a space as one day, and his sons could not afford to lose the time; in fine, I did not get the holiday.

I stayed nearly two years with the family, when Mr. Dobson, in a prudent spirit, thought his sons old enough to enter the counting-house, and the idea of saving the expense of two clerks, as well as a tutor, determined him on giving me my congé.

I had saved some money in my capacity, and therefore thought I would see a little life. But a month's stay in town soon compelled me

to look out for fresh employment. This I soon procured.

The Honourable Lancelot Fitzochre had lately taken unto himself a wife, en secondes noces, the daughter of an old roué peer, and had been rewarded for his audacity by an appointment as H.B.M. Envoy to the Court of Henry the Seventy-seventh, by Grace of God ruling Prince of Reutz-Kreutz-Schleitz-Lobenstein-Ebersdorff-Gera, &c. As portion of his ambassadorial suite, he required a tutor for the only offspring of his

first marriage, and I was selected for the post.

I was ordered to join the family at Reutz, &c., and soon reached the capital of that flourishing principality by help of the Batavier steamboat. I might here have a glorious opportunity of favouring my readers with at least four pages of "Mes Impressions du Voyage," but I am a conscientious man. The Rhine of course disappointed me. I never knew any one yet who was satisfied with the first view of that father stream; but then, on the other hand, I was delighted with the wine, and revelled in the "Baierisch Bier." I have certainly tasted better salmon than we had at the table-d'hôte; but then the coffee was superb; so, taking everything into consideration, I cannot say my first impressions were unfavourable.

After joining the Herrschaft, a few days convinced me of two facts; the first, that mine was a very anomalous status,—as I afterwards discovered, below the Jäger and above the butler; the second, "horresco referens," a continental abode was requisite to gloze over her ladyship's peccadilloes. In England, and in the sphere in which I had hitherto resided, she would have been considered no better than she should be; but here she only followed the example set her by the court and courtiers—Heaven forgive me, I had almost written courtesans. Yet, with all this, she bore a most unblushing front, and her husband, who, in point of fact, was only le mari de sa femme, consoled himself for her backsliding by dutifully following the same road: consequently the ménage was maintained on the most comfortable and harmonious system.

My right honourable pupil of course took advantage of this state of things, and though young in years was old in iniquity. We might now and then grind a page of Virgil together, but he either allowed his attention to be drawn away by the peerage—the only book he was well acquainted with, and from which he delighted constantly to copy his armorial bearings—or else the Jäger would march in with a haughty bow of condescension to inform us that the "Gnädige Frau was waiting for his

young excellency to take a drive to court."

Besides his other sins, he was continually getting into scrapes, for which I was made the scapegoat. One morning, I remember, the town was frighted from its propriety by finding that the whole of the chains ornamenting the Parade Platz had disappeared—of course by the honourable youth's agency. After a long and diligent search everywhere else, they were eventually found in the stream running along the bottom of the field. Or else he would prowl about the town till he found a sentinel

asleep on his post, and then his delight would be to fire off his musket for him, causing the whole residency to fancy the French were coming. short, he was such a nuisance, that I really believe the prince was sincerely glad when the revolution of '48 broke out, and drove the Fitzochres to re-seek the shores of their own fatherland. It some vel

This event was a sad floorer for me, for it temporarily ruined me. The prince could not contrive to make both ends meet without permitting gambling-rooms in his residency, and I fancy the old rogue was a partner in the concern. I had lent my pupil all my savings at various times, which he had left behind him at the rouge et noir table. On the break up of the establishment I found myself minus the sum; for his father, with that Brutus-like expression which he knew so well how to assume toward every one save his wife, refused to pay up, for he did not consider it his duty to encourage his son in his profligate career by paying his debts.

However, thank the Gods! it is impossible to starve in a country where living is so cheap as in Germany, and I contrived to rub along; I cannot say exactly how. I used to translate English novels into German, with the assistance of a literat, who licked the crude mass into shape, and received in consequence five-sixths of the honorarium. I gave English lessons at sixpence an hour, played the interpreter, wrote advertisements, and lived serenely in the midst of the surrounding troubles. I had even some thoughts of setting up as member of the Frankfort parliament; but before I could make up my mind, that august assembly was dissolved, and

I modestly retired once more into my nothingness.

One fine day my services were called into requisition as interpreter for an American, who had contrived to embroil himself with the guard by smoking in front of the palace, and the free and enlightened had added to his offence by knocking down a gendarme or two. By a deal of special pleading I managed to save him from durance vile, and in gratitude he left me a file of old English newspapers—a present which can only be properly appreciated in a foreign land. While perusing them, my eye accidentally fell on an advertisement, stating that "Edwin Fitzalan Smith, late of So-and-So, might hear of something to his advantage by applying forthwith to Messrs. Cheatham and Docket, of Fur-How I blessed my father for giving me two such Christian There could be no mistake in the fact that I was the individual meant, and I lost no time in making my whereabouts known to the firm. I soon received a reply from them, with a twenty pound enclosed, stating that a maternal uncle had lately arrived from the Mauritius, and desired my presence, as I was the only one of the family who had never bothered him for money. This was, however, no fault of my own, for had I known where to find him, I have no doubt I should not have left him quiet so ik to brave the storn long.

The rest of my tale may be soon told. I managed to kill the old gentleman in a few months by sheer kindness, and found he had left me a comfortable fortune of—but, hold! as the minor melodramatist would say-I must not be too confidential, for fear the Commissioners of Incometax may surcharge me. Suffice it to state, I can live comfortably, enjoy old wine and new books, ask a friend to dinner, and find time to favour my readers with these my "Confessions."

Thou shalt be free to do and will-Then, panting heart, lie still.

off his musket for	ild be to fire	lelieht won	bis c	and then	is nost.	d no o	malee
ere coming. In	PANTING	HEART,	LIE	STILL.	g the w	ciusin	mid

short, he was such a nuis. YNOHTRA SAIRAD WE the prince was sincerely

elad when the revolution of ; flits still; lo moitulove the litsuching to

Thy time, thy time shall come, and to sprode oils also son

sall sam beauty viru Soon thou shalt take thy fill has a saw move sall.

quitting and the drive Of other things than gloom; quitting ton blood soming Thou shalt be free to do and will—
Then, panting heart, lie still.

Cold death, pale and grim, builded that had addidw

Cold death, pale and grim,
Thy strugglings, heard, to live,
When trembled over limb

When trembled ev'ry limb, And I no hope could give,

Dejected, bleeding, pale, and wan,

it his duty to encourage bi.no battled on.id server by paying his

Warfare with the world,

Brave heart, begun with thee, o and slands novement.

Johnso I a gooda dur Ere others from them hurled at an quado os at gaivil

Their youth's simplicity; or bosu I would ylonger yes

we have marked and a Yet we the struggling flag unfurled, he commission salt

And hoping, onward whirled.

Panting heart, lie still ; mod no conogzie in motesi

This breast I feel thee beat : and my laments bould but

bine haveough sawy

Art telling of each ill,
This world of deep deceit,
Has heaped upon us day by day,
While toiling on our way?

and plantamenting the

aged to kill the old

If so, take thy fill:

A rotten world of cant Its brimming cup doth spill; and to have at guidema beable had benefited

Its piety is rant, a nwob guideonal yd concilo sid ot

thing at how sales son Truth and love are imagery, amon I guideold faisogs.

All, all is vanity. and blo to alit a ant itel ad about

only be properly appreciate shird behand bloaded pride perceing thum,

niwhal a tark grait Stalk forth in ev'ry grade; Hol viladoobioon ave var

While justice is belied, and of so of all dime malastill

Corruption is arrayed In flaunting robes and tinsel bright,
And sheds a sickly light.

Art thou asking me

Art thou asking me

When we to scenes more bright, and enclosed, stating

Over the dark blue sea,

Shall take our happy flight, berealed never bad on When thou shalt beat with stronger life personal your

him for money. This was arrise and strife aw side . young not mid

where to find him, I have no trush gaiting los II have left him quiet so

Thou'rt weak to brave the storm,

Make strong, ere weldepart, lat you to save odT

This thin and sickly form:

Grim death poor me might smiling greet,

Then thou wouldst cease to beat.

Panting heart, lie still;

Thy time, thy time shall come,

Soon thou shalt take thy fill dood wen but eniw blo

my readers with these my; moolg nant sgnish rendo 10

Thou shalt be free to do and will-

Then, panting heart, lie still.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE first outbreak of England's sorrow for the loss of her hero is past, and although her tears will shortly flow again when all that remains of the renowned warrior and statesman shall be consigned to the tomb, the poignancy of the nation's grief has yielded before the calm contemplation

of the Duke of Wellington's long and illustrious career.

Mourn him we must, for his was too bright a ray to be quenched without being followed by wide-spreading darkness; but our mourning will be mingled with none of the bitterness which accompanies the decease of too many of the world's greatest men. Unlike the foremost of his contemporaries-from Pitt and Fox to Canning and Peel-the Duke of Wellington had achieved the whole purpose of his life; his mission was ended, there remained nothing that could be added to his fame, and, long as he lived, that fame suffered no diminution. His was no progress suddenly checked in mid-career, his powers of mind sunk beneath no exhaustion, he left behind him no half-executed task to be accomplished by others. Sagacious, he foresaw the result of all his calculations, and steadfast, he persevered till his work was crowned with success. How often, in turning the page of history, do we exclaim, "Had this been done, its author would have gained an immortality?" But the Duke of Wellington, in all that he attempted, vast as was the field of his labours, left nothing to be done. Therefore it is that our natural regret for his death should gradually be effaced by the pride which we take in his life.

To pursue that life through all its eventful phases, each a new transit to a brighter glory, is not the purpose for which we have addressed ourselves to the subject which now occupies us. The most careless newspaper-gleaner, no less than the most attentive and studious reader, is familiar with the splendid achievements by which "the greatest commander whom England ever saw" won his undying name. From the walls of Seringapatam to the plains of Waterloo, from the supreme moment of victory to the tranquil hour of death, all the public acts of the Duke of Wellington are as "household words" to his admiring countrymen. His biography has already been written by a hundred pens—and minutely to track his course from Angers to Walmer would, at the present moment, be only a work of supererogation. What we propose in these pages, is rather to exemplify his career by his character, and to illustrate the latter by collecting into one view the most remarkable

anecdotes which it has been our fortune to meet with.

There are few works that have earned for their author greater or more deserved reputation than "The Wellington Despatches." They are the unobtrusive record of the principle by which the Duke was invariably governed, and show without effort the exact picture of his mind, and the motives of all his actions. "There," says an eloquent political writer, whose words we quote—"there will be found, in constant action, an intellect for whose grasp nothing seems too great, nothing too small; a mind unaltered and undaunted in every shade of fortune; in everything a subordination to principle; the exactest measurement of means and ends; labour without limit, but no labour in vain; the essential points

seized always, and the rest put aside as surplusage; what is impossible set apart from what is merely difficult, with the highest instinct of genius."

It is in "The Despatches," therefore, that we find the truest exposition of the Duke's character, and to them we shall presently turn, to exhibit some of the most striking qualities which distinguished the man whom we have all so highly honoured. But, first, let us present the unanimously-expressed opinion of the leading public journals on what was essentially the watchword that guided the Duke of Wellington's conduct under every circumstance of his life.

"His whole career," says the Times, "shines with the steady light of day. It has nothing to conceal, it has nothing to interpret by the flexible organs of history. Everything in it is manly, compact, and clear; shaped to one rule of public duty, animated by one passion—the love of England, and the service of the Crown."

"The leading and pervading idea of the Duke's mind," says the Morning Chronicle, "was the sense of duty. In the common meaning of the word, the Duke was not a man of prejudice. He might have a distinct and very impregnable personal sense of what was right and reasonable, but he always accepted facts and a changed position, and worked in deference to them. He might think the bargain a bad one, and he might say so in language idiomatic and intelligible to a fault; but he always made the best of the bargain. He was just as likely to have served under Richard Cobden, had the Queen's service demanded it, as he did serve with the worthless indigenous Generals of Spain. He asked, and with no little bitterness, 'How was the Queen's government to be carried on?' and yet he knew it to be right, and honest, and loyal to help to carry it on, and to keep in office the very men whose principles had, as he considered, made all government an impossibility. And shallow talkers think this an evidence of inconsistency; or they point to it as a proof of the Duke of Wellington's selfish desire to appropriate power. The nobler, and we believe the truer, view-the reconciling and the mellowing estimate—is to believe that, in all such cases, Arthur Wellesley saw but plain, intelligible duty. If the University of Oxford deemed him likely to be a good and useful chancellor, he accepted the office because it was, or because he thought it was, his duty. So with his premiership-so with his various offices and commands, subordinate or paramount. He would have defended London against the Chartists, or have taken an Afghan command, or have mustered the Kentish Fencibles, or have bored through the drudgery and foppery of the Trinity Board, or have presided at an uncongenial Oxford Encania-or, if nobody else had been ready, he would have sailed in the Channel fleet, or have become a poor-law guardian-all on the same simple, if uninquiring, principle of duty. fought the Spanish campaigns, not because he had confidence in Downing-street, or in his commissariat, or in his recruits or allies, but because it was his definite personal work. He went to the Chapel Royal in the grey morning, because he knew it to be right; and he was present at every levee-and was ever the earliest and the foremost at every ceremonial and pageant, at drawing-room, and at Opera and wedding-because it was expected of him, and he thought it his duty not to disappoint legitimate expectation. In others this apparent love of the monstrari

digito would have easily degenerated into the common-place passion for distinction; but in the Duke of Wellington it was sustained by a high and elevating principle. The Duke was above vulgar vanity. One who recognises duty in minute particulars, and who answers all calls, however trifling or onerous, on that true-hearted, self-devoting sense of duty, must

obviously make himself prominent, and fill the public eye."

On the same theme the Daily News observes: "The English people are not so ready as other nations to worship a soldier merely as a great military commander. But everything about Wellington showed that the predominant feeling in his military career was that of the duty which was being performed by the work in progress. The English admired and respected him for that element, more even than for his commander's qualities. They felt that if he was a great man among them, he had a man's genuine right to be so; and that it was because he was a great man, that he was a great soldier. He had—combined in himself—in a singular degree, the national qualities on which the English people pride themselves-clear practical honesty of intellect, patience, probity, fidelity of character. He had the qualities which make Englishmen, not perhaps more personally attractive at first sight, but which make them a historical people, and will keep their name alive in the latest annals of the world. He had the qualities which found colonies-establish commerce—which make great towns, and roads, and canals—which make men suffer hardships, submit to labour, and which make them 'pay.' You should calculate him like a planet. The comparatively trivial circumstance which we all felt to be so characteristic of him-we mean his formal punctuality in answering all manner of notes, and which people smiled at as the characteristic ways of some old and loved friend-was itself a significant symbol of his whole life. He always did what ought to be done, because it was his business. He destroyed an army or took a town with the same punctuality with which he arrived at a dinnerparty, and marched into a territory as he would have done into the Horse Guards. What else was he there for ?-you may fancy to be his first question. It has been admitted that war was never conducted so purely, so decently, with so much regard to the considerations of the social rectitude of civilisation, as under him. Who has done such work, and come away with hands so clean? What soldier could you ever be so safe in expecting to achieve the 'came, saw, and conquered' with the most perfect certainty? The work to be done was with him the primary consideration, for the sake of duty and England; and he expected rigid subordination in others to him, as he acted with rigid subordination to principles himself."

"Duty," says the Herald, "was the guiding star of the Duke of Wellington's career. His ambition was to serve, not himself, but his

country and his sovereign."

The Examiner, whose general summary of the Duke's character was worthy of the subject, remarks: "The idea of the Duke of Wellington's life was duty. All that the ancients held necessary to constitute the hero, the gifts of nature and the accidents of fortune, met in him. But it was in the path of duty he found the glory which has made his name immortal. He held himself the servant of the English crown, and had no thought or aim that were not centred there."

But it was not amongst ourselves only that this concurrent opinion

"The only dominant passion of the Duke of Wellington," says the Paris Constitutionnel, "was the love of his country," made manifest by the expression of "duty;" and this, observes the Assemblée Nationale, "was the only rule he admitted, or imposed on others."

We might multiply these examples ad infinitum; let us select but one more, from the general orders issued to the army by the Queen on the appointment of Lord Hardinge to the command-in-chief. This exalted

testimony runs as follows:

"The discipline which he exacted from others, as the main foundation of the military character, he sternly imposed upon himself; and the Queen desires to impress upon the army, that the greatest commander whom England ever saw has left an example for the imitation of every soldier, in taking, as his guiding principle in every relation of life, an

energetic and unhesitating obedience to the call of duty.'

Through good report and evil report, at whatever sacrifice of personal feeling, the Duke of Wellington steadfastly adhered to this great principle. Nor was he content with making "duty" the rule of his own conduct, but strove, on all occasions, to impress it upon others. We find traces of this as far back as the period of the Dake's services in India; for on the occasion of a letter of remonstrance addressed, in 1803, by Colonel Murray to General Nicholls, the Duke, then Colonel Wellesley, comments upon it in these terms:

"An officer in the service of a government, let his rank be what it may, has no right to, and cannot with propriety, address such sentiments as that to government, even supposing that they are merited, and had been excited in his mind by a long course of injurious treatment by

such government."

He destro Fortified by this strong sense of duty, the Duke was utterly indifferent

to undeserved censure. Here are instances:

Writing to his brother from Badajos, in November, 1809, he says:

"With respect to the blame that will be transferred to us for the misfortunes which there is reason to apprehend will be the result of these operations, I am too much accustomed to receive blame for the actions of others, to feel much concern on the subject, and I can only endeavour not to deserve any for my own."

And again, while at Vera, in 1813:

"There is no end of the calumnies against me and the army, and I should have no time to do anything else were I to begin either to refute, Very lately they took the occasion of a libel in or even to notice them. an Irish newspaper, reporting a supposed conversation between Castaños and me (in which I am supposed to have consented to change my religion to become King of Spain, and he to have promised the consent of the grandees), to accuse me of this intention; and then those fools the Duques de ___ and * * *, and the Vicomte de ___, protest formally that they are not of the number of the grandees who had given their consent to such an arrangement !!! What can be done with such libels and such people excepting despise them, and continuing one's road without noticing them?"

Every feature of the Duke of Wellington's character was coherent.

Its basis was so firm that all his actions were but a natural corollary.

Hence his resolution and perseverance under difficulties.

"I believe," he says, in a letter from Pombal, of the 2nd of January, 1810, "there never was any officer, but certainly never a British officer, placed in so difficult a situation as I am in. Everybody looks for British assistance in everything, and conceive that I have all at my command, and have only to say the word to supply all wants and satisfy all demands. The fact is, however, that I have not more than enough for my own army, and have received the order of the Government to give nothing. You see the dash which the Common Council of London have made at me! I act with a sword hanging over me, which will fall upon me, whatever be the result of affairs here. But they may do what they please, I shall not give up the game here as long as it can be played."

Whatever was inevitable, no matter how little welcome, the Duke never hesitated to accept, as freely as if it were an offered boon. It was his creed, as it was that of Lady Macbeth, that "Things without remedy should be without regard;" and he gave a striking proof of this in the very outset of his Indian career, when illness prevented him from joining the expedition to Malabar. Writing from Sombay on the 11th of April,

1801, he says:

"When I shall be well, God knows! but, in the mean time, I cannot join the armament. I see clearly the evil consequences of all this to my reputation and future views; but it cannot be helped, and to things

of that nature I generally contrive to make up my mind."

It was long the custom for people to suppose, because of the Duke's strictness of discipline, his dispassionate mind and equable temper, that he was insensible to the softer feelings that stir the human heart. The "Despatches" have happily shown how entirely this notion was unfounded. The evidence which they afford cannot be too often reproduced.

Colonel Gurwood tells in a note, appended to a despatch of the year

1800, the following interesting anecdote:

"Among the Nizam's baggage was found Salabut Khan, a son of Dhoondiah (who was killed), an infant of about four years old. He was taken to Colonel Wellesley's tent, and was afterwards most kindly and liberally taken care of by him. Sir Arthur, on his departure from India, left some hundred pounds for the use of the boy in the hands of Colonel John Hely Symons, the judge and collector of Seringapatam. When Colonel Symons retired from service, the Hon. A. Cole, the resident at the court of Mysore, took charge of him, and had him placed in the Rajah's service. He was a fine, handsome, intelligent youth. Salabut Khan died of cholera, in 1822."

In the annexed letter, addressed to R. Borough, Esq., from Lourinha, 18th of August, 1808, the kind feelings of a generous and compassionate heart are evidenced in a manner best calculated to convey the consola-

tion the Duke desired to give.

"I do not recollect the occasion upon which I have written with more pain to myself than I do at present to communicate to you the death of your gallant brother-in-law." He fell in the attack of a pass in the

^{*} Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. G. A. F. Lake, 29th Regiment.

mountains at the head of his regiment, the admiration of the whole army; and there is nothing to be regretted in his death excepting the untimely moment at which it has afflicted his family,* and has deprived the public of the services of an officer who would have been an ornament to his profession, and an honour to his country. It may at the moment increase the regret of those who lose a near and dear relation, to learn that he deserved and enjoyed the respect and affection of the world at large, and particularly of the profession to which he belonged; but, I am convinced, that however acute may be the sensations which it may at first occasion, it must in the end be satisfactory to the family of such a man as Colonel Lake to know that he was respected and loved by the whole army, and that he fell, alas! with many others, in the achievement of one of the most heroic actions that have been performed by the British army."

The Duke's letters to Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Beaufort, after Waterloo, where the former lost his brother, and the brother of the latter (the present Lord Raglan) was severely wounded, have been cited so recently, that we abstain from giving them here. Let us rather present some public examples of that humanity which was so noble an auxiliary

to the great commander's victories.

His views of the means to be adopted for ameliorating the distress of the lower orders in Ahmednugger, are dictated no less by judgment than

the kindest feeling.

"The delivery of the provisions gratis is, in my opinion, a very defective mode of providing against the effects of famine. It is liable to abuses in all parts of the world, but particularly in India. * * * Those who suffer from famine may properly be divided into two classes: those who can, and those who cannot work. In the latter class may be included old persons, children, and the sick women, who, from their former situation in life, have been unaccustomed to labour, and are weakened by the effects of famine. Those of both sexes who can work, ought to be employed by the public; I shall point out the work on which I should wish them to be employed, and in what manner paid. The latter ought to be taken into a hospital and fed, and receive medical aid and medicine at the expense of the public. Subsistence will thus be provided for all, and none will come to Ahmednugger for the purpose of partaking of the food which must be procured by their labour, or to obtain which they must submit to the restraint of a hospital."

And strictly parallel with these orders are the directions which he gave to Colonel Stevenson when in camp at Angah, on the 18th of June, 1803:

"If the garrison should refuse to give up the fort on any grounds, you must attack it, and get possession of it by force; but I request you to give strict orders that the place may not be plundered, and that no disorder may be committed by our troops who may be employed on this service."

A striking instance of the Duke's solicitude that no cruelty should be shown to the French prisoners by his Portuguese allies, is contained in the general order issued by him at Oporto, in 1809. It runs thus:

"Inhabitants of Oporto! The French troops having been expelled from this town by the superior gallantry and discipline of the army under

^{*} General Lord Lake, the father, had died early in the year.

my command, I call upon the inhabitants of Oporto to be merciful to the wounded and prisoners. By the laws of war they are entitled to my protection, which I am determined to afford them; and it will be worthy of the generosity and bravery of the Portuguese nation not to revenge the injuries which have been done to them on these unfortunate persons, who can only be considered as instruments in the hands of the more powerful, who are still in arms against us.

* * I give notice, that I consider any person who shall injure any of the wounded or prisoners as guilty of the breach of my orders."

How averse the Duke was to "punishment," and on what grounds alone he resorted to it, appear in the following brief extract from a letter to

Major General Lambert, after entering in France, in 1813:

"I consider all punishments to be for the sake of example, and the punishment of military men in particular is expedient only in cases where the prevalence of any crime, or the evils resulting from it, are likely to be injurious to the public interests."

Against the chiefest of these military crimes he always expressed himself in the strongest terms; witness his letter to General Don Manuel Freyne, from St. Jean de Luz, when, in spite of his proclamation, assuring safety and protection to the French peasants, the Spanish soldiers

gave themselves up to unrestricted pillage:

"La question," he writes, "entre ces messieurs et moi est, s'ils pilleront ou non les paysans Français. J'ai écrit, et j'ai fait écrire, plusieurs fois à Général Morillo pour lui marquer ma désapprobation sur ce sujet, mais en vain; et enfin j'ai été obligé de prendre des mesures pour m'assurer que les troupes sous ses ordres ne feraient plus de dégâts dans le pays. Je suis fâché que ces mesures soient de nature à déplaire à ces messieurs: mais je vous avoue que je trouve que la conduite, qui les a rendues nécessaires, est bien plus déshonorante que les mesures qui en sont la conséquence. * * * J'ai perdu 20,000 hommes dans cette campagne, et ce n'est pas pour que le Général Morillo, ni qui que ce soit, puisse venir piller les paysans Français; et où je commande, je déclare hautement que je ne le permettrai pas. Si on veut piller, qu'on nomme un autre à commander; parceque, moi, je déclare que, si on est sous mes ordres, il ne faut pas piller."

There was nothing that the Duke of Wellington so earnestly desired as the good opinion of the people whom he took under his protection. He was indifferent—as we have seen—to hostile criticism; but where a real responsibility accrued to himself by the misconduct of those who served under him he was deeply sensitive. See how he treats this question when some English officers had misbehaved themselves in the Lisbon

theatre.

"I am concerned to be obliged to inform you"—he was writing to Colonel Penesche, in 1809—"that it has been mentioned to me that the British officers at Lisbon are in the habit of going to the theatres, where some of them conduct themselves in a very improper manner, much to the annoyance of the public, and to the injury of the proprietors and of the performers. I cannot conceive for what reason the officers of the British army should conduct themselves at Lisbon in a manner which would not be permitted in their own country, is contrary to rule and custom in this,

and is permitted in none where there is any regulation or decency of bewounded and prisoners. By the laws of war they are entitleduoived

"Officers commanding must take measures to prevent a repetition of such conduct, or I must take such as shall effectually prevent the character of the army and of the British nation from suffering from the misconduct of

Before we take leave of the "Despatches"-fragmentary as our extracts from them have been-we must instance one or two of the more amusing characteristics of the Duke. How much dry humour there is in the following letter from Paris, in 1815, to the Sous-Préfet of Pontoise, who, in the plenitude of his official position, had refused to supply the army Major General Lambert, alt

with provisions:

"J'ai ordonné qu'on vous fasse prisonnier, parceque, ayant envoyé une réquisition à Pontoise pour des vivres, vous avez répondu que vous ne les donnerez pas, sans qu'on envoie une force militaire assez forte pour les prendre. Vous vous êtes donc mis dans le cas des militaires, et je vous fais prisonnier de guerre, et je vous envoie en Angleterre. Si je vous traitais comme l'usurpateur et ses adhérens ont traité les habitans des pays où ils ont fait la guerre, je vous ferais fusiller; mais comme vous vous êtes constitué guerrier, je vous fais prisonnier de guerre."

The sequel to the history of this warlike sous-préfet is not upon record, but as there is nothing to show that he was actually sent in chains to England, we may probably be right in inferring that he gave up the rôle

of Ajax, and ceased to defy the lightning.

The quiet sarcasm, at the close of the accompanying extract, is nearly akin to the preceding. Though anxious to shield his allies from everything approaching to outrage, he never failed to support his own troops in the exercise of their just rights, and on the question of billetingalways a vexatious one—he writes as follows:

" Portugal requiring the assistance of an army to defend the country, the Portuguese must submit to the inconvenience of having officers and soldiers billeted on their houses, and I only hope they do not believe that we quit our houses in England for the pleasure of being billeted in theirs

in Portugal."

In the midst of the serious matters which occupied him while at Cadiz. in 1812, the subject of billeting "the ladies" of the army came in for a share of his attention, eliciting a letter to Marshal Beresford, in which

the same humour is apparent:

"In regard to the ladies, they have certainly no right to be lodged in billets, but it would be cruel to deprive them of that accommodation. I do not believe I can authorise their having this advantage by an order, and the point can be settled only in communication with the Government. If the matter could be allowed to go on, as it is now, I would write a letter to Peacocke to be circulated among the ladies, which would give them a little advice on this subject, and make them better behaved."

But though somewhat disposed to coerce even ladies, where military duty was in question, the Duke's gallantry was never for a moment in doubt. While in Paris, he was a frequent and intimate visitor at the house of Madame de Staël, whose wit and genius he appreciated as much as that enthusiastic child of impulse admired his very opposite talents.

VOL. XXII.

She delighted in drawing from him accounts of English customs, and, with the greatest good-humour and indulgence, he was ready at all times to afford her the information she desired. On one occasion she requested to know if it was really the fact that the Lord Chancellor always spoke to the sovereign of England on his knees.

"It is certainly quite true," replied the Duke.
"But how does he do it?" exclaimed Madame de Staël.

"How?—why he speaks to the king on his knees, as I tell you."

"Yes; but it seems so singular," persisted the lady; "I wish you would tell me exactly how the scene takes place."

"Well, then," said the Duke, laughing, "if you will have it, this is

precisely the way he manages the matter.

And so saying, he threw himself on his knees at the feet of the delighted and triumphant Corinne, who was accustomed to call the Duke, when she spoke of him, "a man of an ancient character and modern

The same disposition to be gallant, but which was unfortunately nipped in the bud, showed itself on an occasion which came within our own

personal knowledge.

Some years since, a young lady of fashion and singular musical genius had composed an Opera, which was to be rehearsed at the house of the music-seller with whom she dealt. She had left the arrangement of the affair to the tradesman, who happened to be a peculiarly presuming personage, and conceived the idea of taking advantage of the moment by appropriating the expected guests, who were invited to hear the Opera, as his own. Accordingly, he resolved that his wife should receive the high-bred crowd, at the head of whom would be the Duke of Wellington, a great friend of the young lady. On the appointed evening, Mrs. therefore, dressed in blonde and marabouts, was discovered seated in state in her drawing-room above the shop, before a large tea-table covered with eatables. As one after another the guests arrived, they were amazed to find themselves shown, not into a music-room, but into an elaborately ornamented and lighted salon, where refreshments were instantly offered

The Duke, who was, as usual, punctual, but had been detained by a ruse of the young lady as to the exact hour, from her wish all should be ready by the time he entered the room, at length mounted the stairs; and as he put his foot in the salon, Mrs. ——, who had waited for the auspicious instant, exclaimed:

"Bring the hot muffins!"

"Muffins!" said the Duke, giving a keen glance round him, "what have I to do with muffins?" and, turning on his heel, descended the stairs in a moment, and was lost to the society. In the hall he met his fair friend, who was always late, and who stood in astonishment while all her fashionable acquaintances came trooping down and hurried to their carriages, as much amused probably as if they had staid for the Opera manqué.

It was said by an ancient author, that "Frenchmen at their first onset were more than men—at their second they were less than women."

The Duke, however, while he was always ready to acknowledge their merit, was never known to dwell on their weakness or their failure. On

this point some very apposite illustrations have been recently given, which

we here repeat.

"The Duke was never heard to disparage an adversary. Indeed, his generous appreciation of the merits of the great captains he had encountered and mastered once provoked the bold question, how he accounted for his own triumph over such men? He hesitated for a moment to reply, and the interrogator felt all the temerity of the question he had put, but the Duke relieved him presently by quietly saying, 'Their plans may have been better than mine, but in the execution of every large plan there is likely to be some miscarriage, and I think I had the knack of readjusting my arrangements to new circumstances more quickly than they had, and perhaps for the very reason that the original plan was not so perfect, and the mending by so much the more easy, as you can knot broken rope more easily than leather harness.'

"The Duke spoke with great respect, or rather admiration, of the skill of Soult in organising troops and combining their movements, but with this faculty his praise stopped, and for genius in war he gave the palm to Massena in this criticism of personal experience: 'When Massena was opposed to me I could not eat, drink, or sleep. I never knew what repose or respite from anxiety was. I was kept perpetually on the alert. But when Soult was opposed to me, then I could eat, drink, sleep, and enjoy myself without fear of surprise. Not but that Soult was a great general. Soult was a wonderful man in his way. Soult would assemble a hundred thousand men at a certain point, on a certain day, but when he had got them there he did not know what in the world to do

with them.'

"The Duke would not be drawn into comparisons disparaging foreign armies and exalting our own at their expense. George IV. asked him whether the British cavalry was not the finest in the world. The Duke answered, 'The French are very good, sir.' Unsatisfied with this sufficiently significant evasion of the question, the king rejoined, 'But our's is better, Duke?' 'The French are very good, sir,' was again the Duke's dry response. No vulgar vaunt of superiority could he obtained from him.

"The Duke had the simplicity which is almost uniformly the concomitant of genius. Some time ago was exhibited a model of the battle of Waterloo, which the Duke recommended a lady to visit, saying, 'It is a very exact model of the battle to my certain knowledge, for I was there myself.' As if there could be a being beyond the greenest infancy needing to be told who fought the battle of Waterloo. It was for the modesty of the Duke alone to ignore his own all-pervading fame."

The mention of Waterloo calls up a thousand incidents of that immortal field, in which the Duke was, of course, the principal actor. The difference of opinion between the Duke and Marshal Blucher, as to the treatment of Napoleon if he had fallen into the hands of the allies, deserves to be recorded as widely as possible. The account is taken from the memoirs of the late General von Muffling, who was the agent of all the communications between the head-quarters of Blucher and the Duke of Wellington during the march of the allies on Paris, after the return of Napoleon from Elba.

"During the march (after the battle of Waterloo) Blucher had once a chance of taking Napoleon prisoner, which he was very anxious to

do; from the French Commissioners, who were sent to him to propose an armistice, he demanded the delivery of Napoleon to him as the first condition of the negotiations. I was charged by Marshal Blucher to represent to the Duke of Wellington that the Congress of Vienna had declared Napoleon outlawed, and that he was determined to have him shot the moment he fell into his hands. Yet he wished to know from the Duke what he thought of the matter; for if he (the Duke) had the same intentions, the Marshal was willing to act with him in carrying them into effect. The Duke looked at me rather astonished, and began to dispute the correctness of the Marshal's interpretation of the proclamation of Vienna, which was not at all intended to authorise or incite to the murder of Napoleon; he believed, therefore, that no right to shoot him in case he should be made prisoner of war could be founded on this document, and he thought the position both of himself and the Marshal towards Napoleon, since the victory had been won, was too high to permit such an act to be committed. I had felt all the force of the Duke's arguments before I delivered the message I had very unwillingly undertaken, and was therefore not inclined to oppose them. 'I therefore,' continued the Duke, 'wish my friend and colleague to see this matter in the light I do; such an act would give our names to history stained by a crime, and posterity would say of us, they were not worthy to be his conquerors; the more so, as such a deed is useless, and can have no object.' Of these expressions, I only used enough to dissuade Blucher from his intention."

There are three despatches given by Muffling in the appendix to his memoirs, in which the execution of Napoleon is urged on the Duke of Wellington by Blucher; they are signed by Gneisenau, and leave no doubt of the determination to revenge the bloodshed of the war on the cause of it, had he fallen into the hands of the Prussian commander. Blucher's fixed idea was that the Emperor should be executed on the very spot where the Duc d'Enghien was put to death. The last despatch yields an unwilling assent to the Duke of Wellington's remonstrances, and calls his interference "dramatic magnanimity," which the Prussian head-quarters did not at all comprehend. Probably very few Frenchmen are aware of the existence of this correspondence, or that it is an historical fact Napoleon's life was saved by his rival, whom it cost no

small exertion to save it.

Here are a few of the least-known Waterloo anecdotes:

Speaking of the tree under which the Duke was said to have taken up his position at Waterloo, some one mentioned that it had nearly been all cut away, and that people would soon doubt if it had ever existed. The Duke at once said that he remembered the tree perfectly, and that a Scotch sergeant had come to him to tell him that he had observed it was a mark for the enemy's cannon, begging him to move from it. A lady said, "I hope you did, sir." He replied, "I really forget, but I know I thought it very good advice."

The late Lord Dudley and Ward visited this identical tree the year after the battle, and found it pierced with at least a dozen balls. He observed, in a letter to the Bishop of Llandaff, that it was quite marvellous

how the Duke escaped.

But his escapes were not the least remarkable feature of the Duke's career. When the word "Sauve qui peut" was given at Waterloo, the

Duke joined in the pursuit, and followed for some miles. Colonel Harvey, who was with him, advised him to desist, as the country was growing less open, and he might be fired at by a straggler from behind a hedge. The Duke exclaimed, "Let them fire away—the battle is over,

and my life is of no value now."

Some of the Duke's guests at Strathfieldsaye were one day discussing the circumstances of the battle in his presence. It was not his habit to take an active part in any conversation referring to his own campaigns. But on this occasion the arrival of Blucher, the absence of Grouchy, and other similar topics, together with the antecedent probabilities as to the issue of the great conflict, being freely talked of, the Duke suddenly said, "If I had had the army which was broken up at Bordeaux, the battle would not have lasted for four hours." This forms an important comment upon the engagement, about which so many theories and speculations have been offered.

Notwithstanding all that has been written on the events which preceded and followed the battle of Waterloo, we question whether any of the accounts contain more interest than that which we are about to give, which we derive from the privately-printed journal of a friend, who arrived at Brussels on the 13th of June, 1815, five days before the battle:

"About six in the afternoon (of the 15th) while taking our coffee in the public room of the Hôtel de Hollande, an officer entered, and having seated himself in the next box to us, seemed fully as desirous of proving communicative, as I felt inquisitive to know, who he was, and whence he My astonishment, then, may well be conceived when he represented himself to be an aide-de-camp to the Prince of Orange (I understood), and just arrived with despatches for the Duke of Wellington, announcing the 'advance of the French upon Charleroy, about thirty miles from Brussels, and their victory over the Prussians there!!' But if I, who knew little of military affairs, felt surprised at such a communication, or the improbabilities of so sudden a movement on the part of Napoleon, what must have been the electric effect it produced on the minds of six or eight English officers who surrounded us, and who affirmed that the news must be impossible? Indeed, a Colonel -, who sat nearest me, quietly insinuated that the quantity of champagne which the Belgian officer had placed within his belt was beginning to affect his head. Nay, more; he added, that were such information in the Duke's possession, he, Colonel —, should be one of the first to know it! Now, whether this gentleman was copying the prudent reserve of his great master in such moments (for there were several subalterns present, who afterwards admitted that this was the conduct of the Duke when in Spain) I am still Subsequent facts, however, gave to this latter conclusion a greater air of probability than to the idea that Colonel - was ignorant of such a messenger having reached head-quarters.

"After discussing the matter with my communicative 'aide-de-camp' for nearly an hour (while the surrounding guests seemed comparing us to Trim and Uncle Toby, so minutely were the different fortifications described, and so correctly, as it afterwards proved, did he detail every particular of the late battles), I proposed a walk in the park, to which the Belgian assented, remarking, however, as he went out, and with a significance that I dare say some of the poor fellows thought of in their last

moments-for several of them were killed or wounded the next day-Ah! gentlemen, you may laugh now, but many of your smiles may be

changed to groans to-morrow.'

"I have dwelt a little upon this occurrence because it seems in a great measure to refute a prevalent opinion in England, that the Duke of Wellington was taken by surprise about twelve o'clock in the night of the 15th, though at the Duchess of Richmond's ball; while the inhabitants, and perhaps most of the troops in Brussels, were surprised I not only admit, but even expect my simple narrative will almost prove.

"It was nearly eight o'clock in the evening when we reached the public promenade in the park, and one of the first persons we saw was the Duke of Wellington, habited in a blue great coat and cocked-hat, carrying an umbrella, although the weather was quite fine, and leaning on the arm of the Spanish General Alava, both of them evidently engrossed in earnest conversation, but still not sufficiently so to entirely remove our doubts of the Belgian's report being somewhat premature; and I think I see his Grace illustrating race could bardly have afforded

Those still and mental parts That do contrive how many hands shall strike When fitness calls them on. creased there be efficied fi

There were also some members of the Duke of Richmond's family promenading leisurely about the gardens, and most of the military in Brussels were sauntering along the square, quite unconcerned. Two brothers of the Prince of Orange, rather smart-looking young officers, appeared far more deeply engaged by the lively tune the band was there playing than by any thoughts of the martial music of the morrow.

"Thus, then, everything tended to increase our want of faith in the extraordinary intelligence chance had brought to our ears; but when we saw the company proceeding to the Duchess of Richmond's ball, we no longer hesitated to return to our quarters and join in the laugh, which was too easily raised by some of the subalterns at the expense of our ima-

r observe that the sun was just

ginary credulity.

geeding three

"Scarcely, however, had the clock struck twelve, when I was roused from my slumbers by a violent knocking at the door, accompanied by cheering exclamations from the well-known voices of my two fellow-travellers of 'Get up, Smith, directly: there's the devil to pay in the town! The troops are all repairing to the rendezvous! The bugles are sounding to arms in every direction, and it is believed the French are at women who desired, but were furbidden to follow their husbandy band

"Well might they conclude with such an opinion, and no one believed it more truly than myself. However, these were no moments for hesitation: having, therefore, very hastily dressed myself, I joined my companions in the court-yard below, where so many of all nations, all sizes, and all colours, had assembled, each clamouring to know what was the matter, that it was an affair of some difficulty to distinguish whether we were surrounded by friends or foes.

"A most persevering bagpiper had taken his station near the door of our hotel (because, as we conjectured, it was the quarter where so many Highlanders were billeted), and he seemed resolved not to cease playing till his countrymen were thoroughly roused to arms. How well he succeeded was evident, for on sallying into the street we perceived the tartan dresses coming regularly and quietly out of many of the neighbouring houses, and proceeding to a point whither our curiosity induced us to follow. The night was excessively dark, and the lamps (if there had been any) were already extinguished. The stillness that prevailed as we passed through the streets was occasionally disturbed by the trampling of horses, already led out to be caparisoned, and the rattling of muskets

or sabres 'now fitting for the fight.'

"The first information we obtained was from an English soldier, to whom we became suddenly introduced by his having nearly upset us as he bolted out of one of the doors we were passing, with his musket on his shoulder, and a heavy knapsack behind him. Nor was his intelligence other than consolatory to us poor ignorant amateurs (for such, amid so many warriors, I fancied we looked like), as he stated that the Duke had ordered the drums to beat to arms at midnight, and the troops quartered in Brussels to the rendezvous in the Place Royale by three in the morning. Thus, then, we ventured to infer, that if the French were really very near, his Grace could hardly have afforded so much leisure to prepare. Boldly, therefore, did we now proceed to this appointed place; and never while I exist can the impressions which the succeeding three hours created there be effaced from my memory."

Our journalist, whose simple and natural style is alone a sufficient voucher for the accuracy of his narrative, after describing the muster of

the troops, thus proceeds:

"It was now four o'clock, and already the various regiments quartered about Brussels had assembled in the Place Royale, and consisting of, I believe, the 92nd, 32nd, 79th, 28th, 18th, 44th, and 42nd, besides the artillery. All waited in awful suspense 'the word,' which was soon given—to march! and even now my blood thrills at the recollection of the sound; but how shall I describe the effect produced by the cheers of the crowd which had assembled to see the departure of their friends, their relatives, and defenders? My pen must fail, though others may succeed: I will, therefore, only observe that the sun was just appearing above the horizon as the march began; and it was by a winding descent that we beheld those brave fellows proceeding with a cheerful air to their unknown destination.

"The Highland regiments were preceded by their bagpipers, and the others by martial music from their bands—the arms of all glittering through the trees. In vain did the sentries endeavour to keep back the women who desired, but were forbidden, to follow their husbands to the field. Some darted forward in spite of the bayonets, and, eluding every effort to overtake them, continued to attend the army, to assist in battle, and to succour in distress, those to whom they belonged. Indeed, several fell victims to their devotion, being shot (let us hope by chance) as they too heedlessly passed between the hostile ranks. In poor Keat's words, I thought—

How glorious this affection for the cause Of steadfast valour, toiling gallantly.

"By five o'clock in the morning of the 16th of June all the troops had quitted Brussels, and
Nought but a solemn stillness left.

"The Duke followed about an hour afterwards, and at nine o'clock I felt a stronger inclination than my companions to accompany two other amateurs to or near the scene of action. In vain, however, were all my efforts to buy, beg, hire, or steal a horse for the occasion, every one having been so strictly engaged for the use of the army, that my friends had some difficulty in preserving those which belonged to them. As it often happens, therefore, what I then thought the bane of all my reputation as a traveller, I have since considered as the salvation of my life and property as a man; for by two o'clock the firing of artillery proved the engagement to be warmer and nearer to us than would have suited my convenience and taste. Indeed, so loud was the roaring of cannon, that my fellow-travellers insisted, with becoming prudence, on our securing a conveyance to take us to Ghent, where we arrived that evening, doubtful if the French might not (if victorious) get there by a short cut before us. Happily we found no such hosts there to receive us; but Louis XVIII, was still at his old asylum, waiting, nevertheless, in such awful suspense for information, and so much better prepared (with carriages, not legs) to run away than ourselves, that after holding a council of war, in which I was again outvoted by my wiser partners in the triumvirate, it was resolved we should proceed by the barge next morning towards Bruges, not only because that was on the high road to Ostend, where our vessel lay, but because, on further inquiry, we found King Louis's destination, in case of need, was Antwerp, and that his majesty's horses were kept harnessed for the purpose of starting at a moment's notice, with a cavalcade of attendants that might impede the progress of others on the same road, besides attracting the peculiar attention of all the pursuers on that route. No sooner, however, had we reached Bruges, than so many reports -- alt saings guiter resting about to shword

ban , and won Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures of show winds as

had overtaken us with regard to the success of the allied armies, that we could hardly feel ourselves safe until actually at the same port with our little sloop. At Ostend we accordingly arrived once more, on the morning of the ever-memorable 18th of June. There we had not been seated many hours before we were shown the extract of a letter, said to have been just received by Colonel Gregory (commandant at Ostend), from either Louis XVIII., or the Duke of Wellington himself. I give it verbatim:

""Bonaparte has been completely defeated at Gemappe. The battle was very bloody. General Pack is killed. The English division have suffered severely. The Duke of Brunswick was killed at the head of the Brunswickers.

"' Mem.—The Duke writes this from the field of battle, and he is in pursuit of Bonaparte with General Blucher. The Belgian troops conducted themselves remarkably well.'

"After a bulletin so apparently official and decisive, it will not be wondered at that Ostend should be all gaiety, glory, and rejoicing, or that, in the pride of our hearts as Englishmen, we should courageously resolve to retrace our steps towards that scene from whence we had just come in fearful doubts of any such result. If we had embarked immediately, we should have borne the first intelligence to England. How fortunate for

us that this premature intelligence, founded on the events of the 16th, was confirmed by that of the 18th; else we should most surely have met the retreating and the conquering armies from which we had taken such prudent measures to escape; for on the 19th of June, at half-past four, a.m., we were again on board our old Treck sckuyt for Bruges and Ghent. We reached the latter place at five that afternoon, and there learned for the first time that the grand, the bloody, and decisive battle in which the allies were victorious, had only taken place the day before! To this account many added that the Duke of Wellington had nearly been defeated. Without entering much into these particulars, therefore, we cordially sympathised in the general joy which a different result seemed so universally to produce. We toasted his Grace in a bumper of Burgundy, and then proceeded to take a peep at Louis, who was doing the same, doubtless, with equal sincerity.

"A diligence being about to set off for Brussels this evening, we resolved to make up for our former retreat (which, compared with those made by other amateurs to Antwerp on the 17th inst., might be considered a masterly one), by being among the first to contemplate the scene of action. Whether the poor beasts which now dragged our diligence along had been jaded by their recent unusual occupation, or whether the roads were rendered bad by unusual traffic, the darkness of the night did not permit us to observe; but we were twelve hours performing a distance of thirty miles, and the sun was already high before we entered Brussels. Alas, how changed was the appearance of this place since we left it!

"It was on the 20th of June we arrived at the barriers of Brussels, where we met several carts with our wounded countrymen or their prisoners; but we could scarcely pass some of the main streets from the crowds of both, either resting against the walls, or slowly moving about, as their wounds permitted. Fortunately the weather was now fine, and the warm, fresh air far more favourable to invalids than close rooms. Nevertheless, we understood that all the hospitals were overflowing, and every private residence was occupied by them. At the door of each house that we passed the women were busily occupied preparing lint for the wounds of their suffering guests within; and among the trees near the park were about 200 of those magnificent horses belonging to the Scots Greys, which were considered to be mortally wounded, but did not look so, or seemed conscious of their own state.

"On reaching our old quarters, the Hotel d'Hollande, we found the rooms all occupied, and the court-yard strewed with straw for the accommodation of wounded soldiers. Of course we were resolved to seek a lodging elsewhere rather than propose to be admitted where we might possibly disturb any of these brave fellows. The landlord's daughters, however, who were very civil and intelligent (and to whom, by the way, I owe a tribute of thanks for an offer they made during our former visit to pass me off as their cousin, and a Belgian, in case the French had taken Brussels), now suggested that we should find equal difficulty everywhere else, but that if we would put up with a couple of old rooms fitting up in the granary, we should at least have well-aired beds in them. Such a bird in the hand, while proffered with so much civility, was irresistible, nor had we reason to repent accepting it. We returned, therefore, to our old coffee-room to take some refreshment, but how the scene was changed

since we left the Belgian messenger and the sceptical subalterns there!

Now, at almost every table sat a military man, with a bandaged limb and a sickly countenance, taking what sustenance the nature of his sufferings might permit. One young Irishman alone seemed unburt; but he looked deeply depressed, having, as he stated, seen the last of the three brothers who had entered the army with him at the commencement of the Peninsular war, fall by his side on the 18th. 'Ah,' said he, ''twill be my turn next.'

"A very handsome Hanoverian, who had been greatly disfigured by a back sabre cut across the bridge of his nose on the 16th, made light of his wound, and derived consolation from having brought down the runaway who inflicted it, with a pistol. The young German rather amused us by going over to the milliner's shop opposite three or four times a day, for the pretended purpose of buying bandages, and employing the young women to dress his wounds, while he, in return, most probably inflicted others less easily cured. Generally speaking, indeed, the wounded men seem to vie with each other in bearing their agonies with fortitude; and we actually saw two British soldiers disputing the precedence of valour at some particular moment, one of whom had lost a leg, and the other

was severely wounded in the arm!

"The Duke of Wellington, we were told (for amid so much confusion I could neither ascertain the veracity of my information, any more than I will now vouch for the fidelity of my own relation of it, notwithstanding I desire only to detail what I did see and hear), had returned to Brussels to dine with those of his staff who were able to join him on the 19th (it was now the 20th) of June. Some one who saw him said that he appeared to feel much grief for the dead, mingled with his joy for the victory, and that he acknowledged the Providential interference by which he himself had been preserved in the hour of battle. We heard, also, that while at dinner, a French General who had been taken prisoner, insisted upon seeing the Duke of Wellington, that he might communicate something of importance. He was therefore escorted by a guard into the presence of his Grace, when, being questioned by Colonel Freemantle I believe, as to the object of his mission, the boasting Frenchman said he could speak to none but the Commander-in-Chief!

"The Duke being then pointed out, monsieur thus began :-

"'Sir: I appear before you as a general of France, who claims, on behalf of himself and his fellow prisoners, the attendance of the British surgeons, besides all the medical attendance which it is your duty to bestow upon us.'

"'Sir,' replied the Duke of Wellington, almost without looking the insolent general in the face, 'I have but too many of my own brave followers who are yet without surgical or medical attendance; you may

therefore retire.'

"His generalship did so, not a little abashed by this just rebuke, and those for whom he petitioned soon learnt that British clemency towards the vanquished was better produced by the natural feelings of the conquerors, than through the intervention of those leaders who had so long been the abettors of ferocity in other countries."

But the field of battle itself merits description, and we give it from the

same private source.

"The 22nd of June being now arrived, our curiosity to visit the field

of battle could no longer be restrained. Having bargained, therefore, with a sort of hackney-coachman to take us thither in one of those vehicles which ply about Brussels for the accommodation of passengers, we breakfasted at seven, and shortly afterwards set off. With what agitated feelings we did so, I leave those to imagine who have never yet visited such a scene in reality, or others to describe who, having done so often, can now remember their first impressions. After passing along a paved way for nearly eight miles, skirted on each side by the Forest of Soigné, we arrived at the village of Waterloo about twelve o'clock, the celerity of our movements being greatly obstructed by the almost unbroken chain of carriages of every denomination which were bringing the wounded, the dying, and the dead, from 'the ensanguined plain.' The road was rendered dreadfully heavy by the immense ruts, after one of those torrents of rain which fell on the 17th, and was so invariably the harbinger of the Duke of Wellington's greatest victories on the Penin-Every inch of our journey was nevertheless too interesting to appear tedious, and we were still sympathising in the sufferings of those who had passed us when our postilion stopped at an inn, opposite to a neat little church, which became the sepulchre of numbers of valiant British heroes. Without a cigar I found it impossible (so great was the effluvia) to visit the interior, where, lying on the straw, we found a few soldiers, so desperately wounded, that on our return in the evening, alas! three of them were no more, and the fourth was dying. Had we been in a state to take refreshment, the little inn (already crowded with better claimants to the landlord's attention), could not, I suspect, have afforded us any, and we should have thought ourselves wanting in humanity to consume a grain of that stock which was evidently but little enough among so many. Our horses, therefore, being fit to proceed, we readily attended the driver's summons, and continued along the main road, already strewed with broken carriages, &c., till we came to Mont St. Jean, two miles distant, the position upon which we were informed the English had fallen back after the engagement at Quatre Bras on the 16th.

"On the doors of several houses as we passed along we observed, written in chalk, the number of 'blessés' it contained, and sometimes the name of the regiments to which they belonged. A little further, and we found ourselves on the great arena where the fate of Europe was decided. It seemed to me an open plain of about twenty miles in circumference, and most admirably adapted for the use to which it had been so lately devoted. Our driver, however, assured us, that but a week since the lofty corn was waving on the very ground where the marks of horses' hoofs, or ruts formed by the numerous waggons that had passed and were still passing, could alone now be discerned. Numbers of cuirasses, bayonets, broken swords, saddles, caps, and feathers, already attracted our attention, soon, alas! to be occupied by still more saddening objects. The almost naked body of a soldier, over which a carriage had passed, lay on the side of the road, and not far off were several dead horses, looking more horrible to us from their positions, being on their backs, swollen and heavy with the rain, and their legs stiff in death.

and heavy with the rain, and their legs stiff in death.

"We pursued our course towards La Haye Sainte. It would be impossible to depict the countenances of the poor fellows (chiefly French)

who were lying against the battered walls, moaning in their miseries. In the interior we caught a glimpse of a heap of slain, and retired. We

were not yet equal to such appalling sights.

"Near this spot we observed an unusual number of cuirasses scattered around, from which we presumed those 'armour-bearers' met the British Horse Guards hereabouts, and that their iron cases were too weighty for the immediate plunder of the human wolves who had already so indecently despoiled the dead of everything else; and at a little distance we plainly saw some men flaying the dead horses for the sake of their skins, and perhaps their flesh, which might have proved even nourishing food

for many a starving prisoner at this critical juncture.

"Lost in the contemplation of such sights as these, we jogged on to the still more memorable farm-house called 'La Belle Alliance.' a little above this spot that Napoleon remained during a great part of the battle, and in the hollow in front there must have been a desperate conflict, if we may judge from the immense number of bodies that lay heaped together. Indeed, the very ditches were filled with them, and they were so slightly covered by the dirt thrown over them, that, mistaking it for plain ground, I was perfectly electrified as I found my own foot give way (in a sort of bog) to see another start up! It was fortunate that I was moving slowly, and had advanced no further, else I might in one moment have been out of sight of my companions, and buried among the heroes of Waterloo without participating in their glory. My curiosity was a little blunted by this event; so, picking up a tolerably good cuirass, I put it into our carriage, and resumed my safe position there, hoping to bring home this relic and memento of the occurrence, which, however, some of the Belgian gens d'armes thought (and very justly) I should remember well enough without, and therefore took it from me afterwards, on entering Brussels.

"We now found our way more than ever impeded by the dead bodies of horses and men; the broken or plundered ammunition carriages, too, lay beside the road, which was in several places actually strewed with holsters, bayonets, and pieces of cloth, red, white, and blue. Just here, also, I was particularly struck with the position of a poor fellow who lay dead near us, with his face to the ground, and his arms and legs extended in such a manner as to make us infer that he died in agony, or, at all events, in the very act of 'biting the dust.' From his height and muscular figure (already nearly stripped), I suspect he had on the day of battle worn a large cuirass, which lay near him, shattered either by the balls of the enemy or the hands of the plunderers. One of the Prussian sentries here offered us a cabriolet, originally belonging to a French officer, for 25 francs; but doubting his right to effect the sale (though the carriage was evidently worth 50l. at least), and being, moreover, unable to take away our purchase at the moment, we declined accepting The same difficulty, however, did not prevent our this tempting offer. purchasing some black-silk stockings, a fine cambric shirt, and a (Waterloo) blue neckerchief; a bargain was, therefore, soon struck, and the

articles were divided by lot amongst us."

The temptation is strong to make further extracts from our friend's journal, but we must return from the battle of Waterloo to him who was

its hero. The following anecdotes we give at random, without reference to the order in which they apply.

A correspondent of the Examiner has furnished the following anecdotes: "As a boy he went to Eton with his brothers, but remained there only a short time. His mother, Lady Mornington, then took him abroad, but finding him troublesome in the carriage, dropped him at Douay. Here, luckily, there was an artillery school and arsenal, and, as the town is fortified and protected by a fort on the Scarpe, and was also taken by Marlborough, these circumstances may in some measure account for his early military studies. Lady Mornington did not see him for two years after this separation, and when he returned to England recognised him at the Haymarket Theatre, saying, 'I do believe there is my ugly boy Arthur.'

Haymarket Theatre, saying, 'I do believe there is my ugly boy Arthur.'
"When still at Eton, I have been told that Lord Wellesley, Lord Maryborough, and the Duke, were invited to pass their holidays with Lady Dungannon, in Shropshire, and, being full of fun, they asked each other what news they should tell when they arrived. One of them proposed that they should say (a pure invention) that their sister Anne had run off with the footman, thinking it was likely to produce some sensa-This they accordingly did, and shocked Lady Dungannon most dreadfully; they entreated, however, that she would not mention the circumstance to any one, hoping, as they said, that their sister might come Lady Dungannon now excused herself, having promised to pay a visit to her neighbour Mrs. Mytton, and, unable to keep this secret, of course told it to her. On her return she nearly killed them by saying, 'Ah, my dear boys, ill news travels apace. Will you believe it? Mytton knew all about poor Anne. This story is worthy of Sheridan, and if he had heard it he would certainly have introduced it into one of his plays.

"The Duke's manner in society was not as brilliant as Lord Wellesley's, and he seldom spoke except to those who were immediately about him. I can remember, however, his describing, apparently with great interest, the circumstance of a young ensign who had been embarked with troops from the Cape, and who, when the medical officer happened to die on board the ship, in which there was great sickness, had taken upon himself the duties, instructing himself, and acting to the best of his abilities. The Duke remarked that he certainly deserved his promotion; admitting, however, that it was very difficult to advance an officer out of his turn, but he hoped that it still might come under Lord Hill's notice.

"On the day that intelligence reached Vienna of Napoleon's escape from Elba it happened that a great diplomatic dinner was given, and, as the guests arrived, all were anxious to detect by the Duke's manner if he had heard the news. His countenance, however, gave no sign; but waiting patiently till all the company had assembled, he said, 'Gentlemen, have you heard of the Emperor's escape?' Then, approaching Prince Talleyrand, and placing his hand on his shoulder, he added, 'Quant à moi, Monsieur de Talleyrand, je suis soldat du Roi de France;' thus promptly declaring his resolution, and leading the minds of all to that alliance which proved so successful in all its results.

"The Duke to the last often visited Lord Wellesley, who would as frequently keep him waiting; but his only remark was, 'I believe my brother thinks he is still Governor-General of India, and that I am only Colonel Wellesley.'

"All who know Apsley House must have seen the celebrated statue of Napoleon bearing a Fortune upon a globe in the right hand, a tribute often paid to successful commanders. Lord Bristol, when he first saw the statue in Canova's studio, admired it excessively; his only criticism was that the globe appeared too small for the figure. Canova, who was a great admirer of Napoleon, addressing an English nobleman, answered this very happily, 'Vous pensez bien, my Lord, que la Grande Bretagne n'est pas comprise.'"

The Naval and Military Gazette has also furnished its quota of anecdotes of the Duke; from amongst them we make room for the following:

"One morning a clerk in the Ordnance-office was called upon by a gentlemen, a native of the same place in the north of Scotland with himself, who then for the first time had visited England. He stated that he had that morning arrived, and had come to him to introduce him to the Duke of Wellington, he being impressed with the idea that his friend in the Ordnance-office was in such a position as could at any time command an interview with one who, if not then Master-General, had, at least, formerly held that position. 'I-I introduce you to the Duke? the thing is out of the question, my good friend; but as you seem so bent on it, and have come up from Scotland for no other purpose, possibly, if you will go to Apsley House and make known the purport of your calling, the porter may be able to procure you an interview.' Disappointed, but nothing daunted, the old Scotch gentleman wended his way up St. James's-street, and along Piccadilly, until he arrived at the house of the great captain. On the gate being opened, he informed the porter that he desired to see the Duke of Wellington. 'Have you an appointment with the Duke?' inquired the faithful sentinel. 'No; but I wish particularly to see him.' There must have been something peculiarly winning, if not commanding, in the manner and appearance of the venerable stranger, with his silver locks hanging on his shoulders, who now, without introduction, without a previous appointment, with much earnestness was asking to see the great lord of the mansion; for the porter, after a while, said, 'Sir, if you will give me your card, I will see what can be done.' In a few minutes the porter returned, desiring the stranger to walk into the house, where he was shown into a room. He had been there but a short time when the Duke came in with the card in his hand, saying, 'Mr. Robertson, what is your business with me? I can afford you ten minutes.' 'Your Grace,' said the patriarchal visitor, his face beaming with intelligence, and his countenance brightening with satisfaction, 'I have attentively watched your Grace's career from the day you were an ensign up to the present hour. I am now, as your Grace sees, a very old man, and must soon leave this world; but I felt that I could not be gathered to my fathers in peace without having beheld your Grace. I arrived from Scotland this morning with this sole object. The only wish I had on earth is now gratified, and to-morrow morning I shall set off on my way home again.' 'Well, Mr. Robertson,' said the Duke, 'next to the honours I have received from my sovereign, this is certainly the greatest compliment ever paid me. I am now obliged to leave you, but you will come here to dinner at seven o'clock, and to-morrow I am going down to Windsor, and shall be happy to take you with me.' 'No,' replied Mr. Robertson, much affected by the interview, 'I have seen your

Grace-the longing of my heart is gratified-I want nothing else.' And

with a profound bow he took his leave."

There was nothing more characteristic of the Duke than his promptitude and punctuality in answering letters, no matter what the subject to which they referred. An Irish paper, called *The Banner of Ulster*, published a carious one the other day, vouching for its authenticity, which we see no reason to dispute. It was addressed to a gentleman of Belfast, who had put this searching question to the Duke:

"Belfast, June 17, 1851.

"Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington.

"May it please your Grace,—I have taken the liberty of requesting your opinion—Was 'Napoleon' guilty or not of the murder of his prisoners at Jaffa; and if there is any military law or circumstance which would justify the deed? "Yours, respectfully,

"J. H."

The reply which he received was as follows:

"London, June 23, 1851.

"F.M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. H. He has also received Mr. H.'s letter, and begs to inform him he is not the historian of the wars of the French Republic in Egypt and Syria."

Pages might be filled with similar epistles, all of them expressive of the straightforward simplicity with which he disposed of questions with which he had no concern, or which possessed no interest for him. We ourselves remember well being shown a letter by the late Mr. George Robins, which it is not difficult to reproduce from memory exactly as it was written. The great auctioneer had just been entrusted with the sale of the Strawberry Hill property, and being anxious that its contents should be examined at the private view by all the leading personages in the country, sent a letter of invitation to the Duke, who forthwith returned the following answer:

"F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. George Robins, but has neither the time nor the inclination to see Strawberry Hill."

It was like knocking down the auctioneer with his own hammer, but the indomitable George was as proud of the letter as if the Duke had invited him to dinner.

Apropos of dinners: before we close this desultory article, we have a story to tell which merits insertion, on account of the audacity of the narrator, who had the hardihood to string together a series of the most impossible statements concerning the Duke of Wellington, and pledge himself at the same time for their veracity. Their inventor was a certain money-lender, well known about town a few years since, who exacted as much from the credulity of his clients as he did from their necessities.

This individual used to be in the habit of asserting that he had dined with the Duke of Wellington. The circumstances under which he was

so honoured would be told by him after this fashion.

"Ah! who is that riding by? Upon my honour, it is the Duke of Wellington. A great man—very great—and very kind and affable too. I dined with his Grace last week."

"Indeed!" would exclaim the needy listener, glad to get the money-

lender into a good humour by giving him his head. "Indeed—how was that?"

"I will tell you, my dear fellow. It is as true as the Gospel; I will take my oath; upon my honour! Do you know Lord Henry Jones? No! Well, he was in want of money, just as you are, and came to me. 'My dear Jones,' I say, 'if you give me two good names to your bill, I get you the money at once; on the usual terms, you know. Lord Jones, he says, 'Of course I have got two good names, or I shouldn't come to you; he knows my habits and strictly honourable way of doing business. 'Who are they?' I ask him. 'What do you think,' he answers, 'of Major Brown, of the Blues?' 'Brown, of the Blues,' I say, 'is a good man; he will do for one. And the other?' 'Well, then,' says Lord Jones, 'The Duke of Wellington.' I stare a little when I hear this, but knowing his lordship's honourable connexion I accept his word as frankly as you take mine. 'The Duke of Wellington will do for the other,' I tell him; 'come here to-morrow at ten o'clock, and the money shall be ready.' Lord Jones goes away smiling, I take up the bill; it is backed already by Major Brown, and nothing remains but the signature of the Duke. I order my cab, and tell my fellow to drive me to Apsley House. I send up my card, and say I wish to speak to his Grace on some business. The servant brings me word that the Duke will be happy to see me. I go up—the Duke shakes me by the hand, and says, 'Well, Mr. --, what can I do for you?'-quite polite, upon my honour! I then tell him about the bill. 'Oh! is that all?' says the Duke; 'here, give me the paper I will sign it; directly.' And, upon my honour, he does! I fold up the bill, put it in my pocket-book, and make a bow to his Grace, saying how much I am obliged, and wishing him good morning. But, just as I am going, the Duke looks me full in the face, and seeing that I am an honourable man, he says: 'Mr. G-, have you any engagement this evening?' I say that I have none. 'Well, then,' he says, 'come and dine with me to-day, quite in a friendly way, at half-past seven.' Of course I do not say 'no,' though the invitation is a short one. I go home, put on my best waistcoat with blue and crimson stripes, spotted with gold, very handsome, upon my honour, and return punctual to the hour. There is a very good dinner; the Duke makes himself very lively and pleasant, and I entertain him with my conversation. When the cloth is removed, 'Now, Mr. G ---,' says his Grace, 'you shall have some wine such as perhaps you never tasted.' He fills my glass himself. 'There!' he says, 'that is some of Napoleon's port wine, which I took out of his carriage with my own hands, at the battle of Waterloo. I never give it but to my most particular friends.' I am stunned with his Grace's kindness and condescension, and think how I can repay it. Suddenly, after we had drunk about four bottles of this famous port wine, the opportunity offers. I observe the Duke's eagle eye examine my waistcoat. 'That is a very handsome waistcoat, Mr. G--,' he says. 'Your Grace thinks so?' I reply; 'you shall have it.' 'Oh, Mr. G-,' says the Duke, trying to prevent me from taking it off, 'I did not mention it for that; --- But I can no longer listen: I jump up from my chair, throw down my coat, pull off my waistcoat, and hand it to his Grace, who, when he sees me in earnest, immediately puts it on, and looks nearly as well in it as myself. There, my dear fellow, that is the way in which I dine with the Duke of Wellington !"

bunder into a good humanr by giving him his head. "Indeed-law was

of will tell you, my dear fellow. It is as true as the Coupil, I will take my oath; upon my honour! He you know Lord bloom Lond

No ! Well, he was in want of money, just as you we, and came so THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES:

Bomance of Pendle Forest. an avoid ad 's now

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER VIII. HOW KING JAMES HUNTED THE HART AND THE WILD BOAR IN HOGHTON

GALLOPING on fast and furiously, Richard tracked a narrow path of green sward, lying between the tall trees composing the right line of the avenue and the adjoining wood. Within it grew many fine old thorns, diverting him now and then from his course, but he still held on until he came within a short distance of the chase, when his attention was caught by a very singular figure. It was an old man, clad in a robe of coarse brown serge, with a cowl drawn partly over his head, a rope girdle like that used by a cordelier, sandal shoon, and a venerable white beard descending to his waist. The features of the hermit, for such he seemed, were majestic and benevolent. Seated on a bank overgrown with wild thyme, beneath the shade of a broad-armed elm, he appeared so intently engaged in the perusal of a large open volume laid on his knee, that he did not notice Richard's approach. Deeply interested, however, by his appearance, the young man determined to address him, and reining in his horse, said, respectfully, "Save you, father!"

"Pass on, my son," replied the old man, without raising his eyes,

"and hinder not my studies."

But Richard would not be thus dismissed.

"Perchance you are not aware, father," he said, "that the king is about to hunt within the park this morning. The royal cavalcade has already left Hoghton Tower, and will be here ere many minutes."

"The king and his retinue will pass along the broad avenue, as you should have done, and not through this retired road," replied the hermit.

"They will not disturb me."

"I would fain know the subject of your studies, father?" inquired

Richard.

"You are inquisitive, young man," returned the hermit, looking up and fixing a pair of keen grey eyes upon him. "But I will satisfy your curiosity, if by so doing I shall rid me of your presence. I am reading the Book of Fate."

Richard uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"And in it your destiny is written," pursued the old man; "and a sad one it is. Consumed by a strange and incurable disease, which may VOL. XXII.

at any moment prove fatal, you are scarcely likely to survive the next three days, in which case she you love better than existence will perish miserably, being adjudged to have destroyed you by witchcraft."

"It must indeed be the Book of Fate that tells you this," cried Richard, springing from his horse, and approaching close to the old man.

"May I cast eyes upon it?"

"No, my son," replied the old man, closing the volume. "You would not comprehend the mystic characters—but no eye, except my own, must look upon them. What is written will be fulfilled. Again, I bid you pass on. I must speedily return to my hermit cell in the forest."

" May I attend you thither, father?" asked Richard.

"To what purpose?" rejoined the old man. "You have not many hours of life. Go, then, and pass them in the fierce excitement of the chase. Pull down the lordly stag—slaughter the savage boar, and, as you see the poor denizens of the forest perish, think that your own end is not far off. Hark! Do you hear that boding cry?"

"It is the croak of a raven, newly alighted in the tree above us," replied Richard. "The sagacious bird will ever attend the huntsman in the chase, in the hope of obtaining a morsel when they break up deer."

"Such is the custom of the bird I wot well," said the old man; but it is not in expectation of the raven's-bone that he croaks now, but because his fell instinct informs him that the living-dead is beneath him."

And as if in answer to the remark the raven croaked exultingly, and, rising from the tree, wheeled in a circle above them.

"Is there no way of averting my terrible destiny, father?" cried

Richard, despairingly.

"Ay, if you choose to adopt it," replied the old man. "When I said your ailment was incurable, I meant by ordinary remedies, but it will yield to such as I alone can employ. The malignant and fatal influence under which you labour may be removed, and then your instant restoration to health and vigour will follow."

"But how, father-how?" cried Richard, eagerly.

"You have simply to sign your name in this book," rejoined the hermit, "and what you desire shall be done. Here is a pen," he added, taking one from his girdle.

"But the ink?" cried Richard.

- "Prick your arm with your dagger, and dip the pen in the blood," replied the old man. "That will suffice."
 - "And what follows, if I sign?" demanded Richard, staring at him. "Your instant cure. I will give you to drink of a wondrous elixir."

"But to what do I bind myself?" asked Richard.

"To serve me," replied the hermit, smiling,—" but it is a light service, and only involves your appearance in this wood once a year.—Are you agreed?"

"I know not," replied the young man, distractedly.

"You must make up your mind speedily," said the hermit; "for I

hear the approach of the royal cavalcade."

And as he spoke, the mellow notes of a bugle, followed by the baying of hounds, the jingling of bridles, and the trampling of a large troop of horse, were heard at a short distance down the avenue.

"Tell me who you are?" cried Richard.

"I am the hermit of the wood," replied the old man. "Some people call me Hobthurst, and some by other names, but you will have no difficulty in finding me out. Look yonder!" he added, pointing through the

And glancing in the direction indicated, Richard beheld a small party on horseback advancing across the plain, consisting of his father, his sister, and Alizon, with their attendants.

"'Tis she!—'tis she!" he cried.

"Can you hesitate, when it is to save her?" demanded the old man.

"Heaven help me, or I am lost!" fervently ejaculated Richard, gazing

on high while making the appeal.

When he looked down again the old man was gone, and he saw only a large black snake gliding off among the bushes. Muttering a few words

of thankfulness for his deliverance, he sprang upon his horse.

"It may be the arch tempter is right," he cried, "and that but few hours of life remain to me, but if so, they shall be employed in endeavours to vindicate Alizon, and defeat the snares by which she is beset."

With this resolve, he struck spurs into his horse, and set off in the direction of the little troop. Before, however, he could come up to them, their progress was arrested by a pursuivant, who, riding in advance of the royal cavalcade, motioned them to stay till it had passed, and the same person also perceiving Richard's purpose, called to him, authoritatively, to keep back. The young man might have disregarded the injunction, but at the same moment the king himself appeared at the head of the avenue, and remarking Richard, who was not more than fifty yards off on the right, instantly recognised him, and shouted out, "Come hither, young man-come hither."

Thus baffled in his design, Richard was forced to comply, and uncovering his head, rode slowly towards the monarch. As he approached,

James fixed on him a glance of sharpest scrutiny.

"Odds life! ye ha' been ganging a fine gait, young sir," he cried.

"Ye maun be demented to ride down a hill i' that fashion, and as if your craig war of nae account. It's weel ye ha' come aff scaithless. Are ye tired o' life-or was it the muckle deil himsel that drove ye on? Canna ye find an excuse, man? Nay, then, I'll gie ye ane. The loadstane will draw nails out of a door, and there be lassies wi' een strang as loadstanes, that drag men to their perdition. Stands the magnet yonder, eh?" he added, glancing towards the little group before them. "Gude faith! the lass maun be a potent witch to exercise sic influence, and we wad fain see the effect she has on you when near. Sir Richard Hoghton," he called out to the knight, who rode a few paces behind him, "we pray you present Sir Richard Assheton and his daughter to us."

Had he dared so to do, Richard would have thrown himself at the king's feet, but all he could venture upon was to say in a low earnest

tone, "Do not prejudge Alizon, sire. On my soul she is innocent."
"The king prejudges nae man," replied James, in a tone of rebuke, "and like the wise prince of Israel, whom it is his wish to resemble, he sees with his ain een, and hears with his ain ears, afore he forms conclusions."

"That is all I can desire, sire," replied Richard. "Far be it from me

to doubt your majesty's discrimination, or love of justice."

"Ye shall hae proofs of baith, man, afore we ha' done," said James. "Ah! here comes our host, an the twa lassies wi' him. She wi' the lint-white locks is your sister, we guess, and the ither is Alizon—and by our troth, a weel-faur'd lass. But Satan is aye delusive. We maun resist his snares."

The party now came on, and were formally presented to the monarch by Sir Richard Hoghton. Sir Richard Assheton, a middle-aged gentleman, with handsome features, though somewhat haughty in expression, and stately deportment, was very graciously received, and James thought fit to pay a few compliments to Dorothy, covertly regarding Alizon the while, yet not neglecting Richard, being ready to intercept any signal that should pass between them. None, however, was attempted, for the young man felt he should only alarm and embarrass Alizon by any attempt to caution her, and he therefore endeavoured to assume an unconcerned aspect and demeanour.

"We ha' heard the beauty of the Lancashire lassies highly commended," said the king, "but, faith! it passes expectation. Twa lovelier damsels than these we never beheld. Baith are rare specimens o' Na-

ture's handywark."

"Your majesty is pleased to be complimentary," rejoined Sir Richard

Assheton.

"Nae, Sir Richard," returned James. "We are nae gien to flichtering, though aften beflummed oursel. Baith are bonnie lasses, we repeat. An sae this is Alizon Nutter—it wad be Ailsie, in our ain Scottish tongue, to which your Lancashire vernacular closely approximates, Sir Richard. Aweel, fair Alizon," he added, eyeing her narrowly, "ye hae lost your mither, we understand?"

The young girl was not discomposed by this question, but answered, in a firm, melancholy tone, "Your majesty, I fear, is too well ac-

quainted with my unfortunate mother's history.

"Aweel, we winn deny having heard something to her disadvantage," replied the king—"but your ain looks gae far to contradict the reports, fair maid."

"Place no faith in them then, sire," replied Alizon, sadly.

"Eh! what!—then you admit your mother's guilt?" cried the king, sharply.

"I neither admit it, nor deny it, sire," she replied. "It must be for

your majesty to judge her."

"Weel answered," muttered James; "but I must na forget that the deil himsel can quote Scripture to serve his purpose. But you hold in abhorrence the crime laid to your mother's charge—eh?" he added aloud.

"In utter abhorrence," replied Alizon.

"Gude—vera gude," rejoined the king. "But entertaining this feeling, how comes it you screen so heinous an offender frae justice? Nae

natural feeling should be allowed to weigh in sic a case."

"Nor should it, sire, with me," replied Alizon, "because I believe my poor mother's eternal welfare would be best consulted if she underwent temporal punishment. Neither is she herself anxious to avoid it."

"Then why does she keep out of the way?-why does she not surrender herself?" cried the king.
"Because——" and Alizon stopped.

"Because what?" demanded James.

"Pardon me, sire, I must decline answering further questions on the subject," replied Alizon. "Whatever concerns myself, or my mother

alone, I will state freely, but I cannot compromise others."

"Aha! then there are others concerned in it?" cried James. "We thought as much. We will interrogate you further hereafter; but a word mair. We trust ye are devout, and constant in your religious exercises, damsel."

"I will answer for that, sire," interposed Sir Richard Assheton. "Alizon's whole time is spent in prayer for her unfortunate mother. If there be a fault, it is that she goes too far, and injures her health by

her zeal."

"A gude fault that, Sir Richard," observed the king, approvingly.

"It beseems me not to speak of myself, sire," said Alizon, "and I am loth to do so; but I beseech your majesty to believe that if my life might be offered as an atonement for my mother, I would freely yield it."

"I' gude faith she staggers me in my opinion," muttered James, "and I maun look into the matter mair closely. The lass is far different frae what I imagined her. But the wiles o' Satan are nae to be comprehended, and he will put on the semblance of righteousness when seeking to beguile the righteous. Aweel, damsel," he added aloud, "ye speak feelingly and properly, and as a daughter should speak, and we respect your feelings, provided they be sic as ye represent them. And now dispose yourselves for the chase."

"I must pray your majesty to dismiss me," said Alizon. "It is a sight in which at any time I take small pleasure, and now it is specially distasteful to me. With your permission I will proceed to Hoghton

Tower."

"I also crave your majesty's leave to go with her," said Dorothy.

"I will attend them," interposed Richard.

"Nae, you maun stay wi' us, young sir," cried the king. "Your gude father win gang wi'em. Sir John Finett," he added, calling to the master of the ceremonies, and speaking in his ear, "see that they be followed, and that a special watch be kept over Alizon, and also over this youth—d'ye mark me—in fact ower a' the Assheton clan. And now," he cried in a loud voice, "let them blaw the strake."

The chief huntsman having placed the bugle to his lips, and blown a strike with two winds, a short consultation was held between him and James, who loved to display his knowledge as a woodsman; and while this was going forward, Nicholas and Sherborne having come up, the squire dismounted, and committing Robin to his brother-in-law, ap-

proached the monarch.

"If I may be so bold as to put in a word, my liege," he said, "I can show you where a hart of ten is assuredly harboured. I viewed him as I rode through the park this morning, and cannot, therefore, be mistaken. His head is high and well palmed, great beamed and in good proportion, well burred, and well pearled. He is stately in height, long, and well fed."

2 P

"Did you mark the slot, sir?" inquired James.

"I did, my liege," replied Nicholas; "and a long slot it was—the toes great, with round short joint bones, large shin bones, and the dew-claws close together. I will uphold him for a great old hart as ever proffered, and one that shall show your majesty rare sport."

"And we'll take your word for the matter, sir," said James; "for ye're as gude a woodman as any we hae in our dominions. Bring us to

him, then."

"Will it please your majesty to ride towards you glade," said Ni-

cholas; "and before you reach it, the hart shall be roused."

James assenting to the arrangement, Nicholas sprang upon his steed, and calling to the chief huntsman, they galloped off together, accompanied by the bloodhound, the royal cavalcade following somewhat more slowly in the same direction. A fair sight it was to see that splendid company careering over the plain, their feathered caps and gay mantles glittering in the sun, which shone brightly upon them. The morning was lovely, giving promise that the day, when further advanced, would be intensely hot, but at present it was fresh and delightful, and the whole company, exhilarated by the exercise, and by animated conversation, were in high spirits; and perhaps amongst the huge party, which numbered nearly three hundred persons, one alone was a prey to despair. But though Richard Assheton suffered thus internally, he bore his anguish with Spartan firmness, resolved, if possible, to let no trace of it be visible in his features or deportment; and he so far succeeded in conquering himself, that the king, who kept a watchful eye upon him, remarked to Sir John Finett as they rode along, that a singular improvement had taken place in the young man's appearance.

The cavalcade was rapidly approaching the glade at the lower end of the chase, when the lively notes of a horn were heard from the adjoining

wood, followed by the deep baying of a bloodhound.

"Aha! they have roused him," cried the king, joyfully placing his own bugle to his lips, and sounding an answer. Upon this the whole company halted in anxious expectation, the hounds baying loudly. The next moment a noble hart burst from the wood, whence he had been driven by the shouts of Nicholas and the chief huntsman, both of whom appeared immediately afterwards.

"By my faith! a great hart as ever was hunted," exclaimed the king.

"There boys, there !-to him! to him!"

Dashing after the flying hart, the hounds made the welkin ring with their cries. Many lovely damsels were there, but none thought of the cruelty of the sport—none sympathised with the noble animal they were running to death. The cries of the hounds, now loud and ringing, now deep and doling, accompanied by the whooping of the huntsmen, formed a stirring concert, which found a response in many a gentle bosom. The whole cavalcade was spread widely about, for none were allowed to ride near the king. Over the plain they scoured, fleet as the wind, and the hart seemed making for a fell forming part of the hill near the mansion. But ere he reached it, the relays stationed within a covert burst forth, and turning him aside, he once more dashed fleetly across the broad expanse, as if about to return to his old lair. Now he was seen plunging into some bosky dell—and after being lost to view for a moment, bound-

ing up the opposite bank, and stretching across a tract thickly covered with fern. Here he gained upon the hounds, who were lost in the green wilderness, and their cries were hushed for a brief space—but anon they burst forth anew, and the pack were soon again in full cry, and speeding

over the open ground.

At first the cavalcade had kept pretty well together, but on the return the case was very different, and many of the dames, being unable to keep up with the hounds, fell off, and, as a natural consequence, many of the gallants lingered behind too. Thus only the keenest huntsmen held on. Amongst these, and about fifty yards behind the king, were Richard and The squire was right when he predicted that the hart would show them good sport. Plunging into the wood, the hard-pressed beast knocked up another stag, and took possession of his lair, but was speedily roused again by Nicholas and the chief huntsman. Once more he is crossing the wide plain, with hounds and huntsmen after him-once more he is turned by a new relay, but this time he shapes his course towards the woods skirting the Darwen. It is a piteous sight to see him now, his coat black and glistening with sweat, his mouth embost with foam, his eyes dull, big tears coursing down his cheeks, and his noble His end seems nigh, for the hounds, though weary head carried low. too, redouble their energies, and the monarch cheers them on. Again the poor beast erects his head—if he can only reach you coppie he is safe. Despair nerves him, and, with gigantic bounds, he clears the intervening space, and disappears beneath the branches. Quickly as the hounds come after him, they are at fault.

"He has taken to the soil, sire," cried Nicholas, coming up. "To the river—to the river! You may see by the broken branches he has

gone this way."

Forcing his way through the wood, James was soon on the banks of the Darwen, which here ran deep and slow. The hart was nowhere to be seen, nor was there any slot on the further side to denote that he had gone forth. It was evident, therefore, that he had swam down the stream. At this moment a shout was heard a hundred yards lower down, proceeding from Nicholas, and, riding in the direction of the sound, the king found the hart at bay on the further side of the stream, and nearly up to his haunches in the water. The king regarded him for a moment anxiously. The poor animal was now in his last extremity, but he seemed determined to sell his life dearly. He stood on a bank projecting into the stream, round which the water flowed deeply, and could not be approached without difficulty and danger. He had already gored several hounds, whose bleeding bodies were swept down the current; and, though the others bayed round him, they did not dare to approach him, and could not get behind him, as a high bank arose in his rear.

"Have I your majesty's permission to despatch him?" asked Ni-

cholas.

"Ay, marry if you can, sir," replied James. "But 'ware the tynes!—'ware the tynes!—' If thou be hurt with hart it brings thee to thy bier,' as the auld ballad hath it, and the adage is true, as we oursels have seen."

Nicholas, however, heeded not the caution, but, drawing his wood-knife, and disencumbering himself of his cloak, he plunged into the

stream, and with one or two strokes reached the bank. watched his approach, as if divining his purpose, with a look half menacing, half reproachful, and when he came near, dashed his antlered head Nimbly eluding the blow, which, if it had taken effect, might have proved serious, Nicholas plunged his weapon into the poor brute's throat, who instantly fell with a heavy splash into the water.
"Weel stricken! weel stricken!" shouted James, who had witnessed

the performance from the opposite bank. "But how shall we get the

carcase here?"

"That is easily done, sire," replied Nicholas. And taking hold of the horns, he guided the body to a low bank, a little below where the king stood.

As soon as it was dragged ashore by the prickers, James put his bugle to his lips and blew a mort. A pryse was thrice sounded by Nicholas, and soon afterwards the whole company came flocking round the spot,

whooping the death-note.

Meanwhile, the hounds had gathered round the fallen hart, and were allowed to wreak their fury on him by tearing his throat, happily after sensibility was gone, while Nicholas, again baring his knife, cut off the right fore foot, and presented it to the king. While this ceremony was performed, the varlets of the kennel having cut down a great heap of green branches, and strewn them on the ground, laid the hart upon them, on his back, and then bore him to an open space in the wood, where he was broken up by the king, who prided himself upon his skill in all matters of woodcraft. While this office was in course of execution a bowl of wine was poured out for the monarch, which he took, adverting, as he did so, to the common superstition, that if a huntsman should break up a deer without drinking, the venison would putrify. Having drained the cup, he caused it to be filled again, and gave it to Nicholas, saying the liquor was needful to him after the drenching he had undergone. James then proceeded with his task, and just before he completed it, he was reminded, by a loud croak above him, that a raven was at hand, and accordingly taking a piece of gristle from the spoon of the brisket, he cast it on the ground, and the bird immediately pounced down upon it and carried it off in his huge beak.

After a brief interval the seek was again winded, another hart was roused, and after a short but swift chase, pulled down by the hounds, and despatched with his own hand by James. Sir Richard Hoghton then besought the king to follow him, and led the way to a verdant hollow surrounded by trees, in which shady and delicious retreat preparations had been made for a slight sylvan repast. Upon a mossy bank beneath a tree a cushion was placed for the king, and before it on the sward was

laid a cloth spread with many dainties, including

Neats' tongues powdered well, and jambons of the hog, With sausages and savoury knacks to set men's minds agog-

cold capons, and pigeon pies. Close at hand was a clear cold spring in which numerous flasks of wine were immersed. A few embers, too, had been lighted, on which carbonadoes of venison were prepared.

No great form or ceremony was observed at the entertainment. John Finett and Sir Thomas Hoghton were in close attendance upon the monarch, and ministered to his wants; but several of the nobles and

gentlemen stretched themselves on the sward, and addressed themselves to the viands set before them by the pages. None of the dames dismounted, and few could be prevailed upon to take any refreshment. Besides the flasks of wine, there were two barrels of ale in a small cart, drawn by a mule, both of which were broached. The whole scene was picturesque and pleasing, and well calculated to gratify one so fond of sylvan sports as the monarch for whom it was provided.

In the midst of all this tranquillity and enjoyment an incident occurred which interrupted it as completely as if a thunder-storm had suddenly come on. Just when the mirth was at the highest, and when the flowing cup was at many a lip, a tremendous bellowing, followed by the crashing of branches, was heard in the adjoining thicket. All started to their feet

at the appalling sound, and the king himself turned pale.

"What in Heaven's name can it be, Sir Richard?" he inquired. "It must be a drove of wild cattle," replied the baronet, trembling.

"Wild cattle!" ejaculated James, in great alarm; "and sae near us. Zounds! we shall be trampled and gored to death by these bulls of Basan. Sir Richard, ye are a fause traitor thus to endanger the safety o' your sovereign, and ye shall answer for it, if harm comes o' it."

"I am unable to account for it, sire," stammered the frightened baro-"I gave special directions to the prickers to drive the beasts away."

"Ye should na keep sic deevils i' your park, man," cried the monarch.

"Eh! what's that?"

Amidst all this consternation and confusion the bellowing was redoubled, and the crashing of branches drew nearer and nearer, and Nicholas Assheton rushed forward with the king's horse, saying, "Mount, sire, mount, and away!"

But James was so much alarmed that his limbs refused to perform their office, and he was unable to put foot in the stirrup. Seeing his condition, Nicholas cried out, "Pardon, my liege, but at a moment of peril

like the present, one must not stand on ceremony."

So saying, he took the king round the waist, and placed him on his

At this juncture a loud cry was heard, and a man in extremity of terror issued from the wood, and dashed towards the hollow. Close on his heels came the drove of wild cattle, and just as he gained the very verge of the descent, the foremost of the herd overtook him, and lowering his curled head, caught him on the points of his horns, and threw him forwards to such a distance that he alighted with a heavy crash almost at the king's feet. Satisfied, apparently, with their vengeance, or alarmed by the numerous assemblage, the drove instantly turned tail, and were pursued into the depths of the forest by the prickers.

Having recovered his composure, James bade some of the attendants raise the poor wretch, who was lying groaning upon the ground, evidently so much injured as to be unable to move without assistance. His garb was that of a forester, and his bulk-for he was stoutly and squarely built-had contributed, no doubt, to the severity of the fall. When he was lifted from the ground, Nicholas instantly recognised in his blackened

and distorted features those of Christopher Demdike.

"What!" he exclaimed, rushing towards him. "Is it thou, villain?"

The sufferer only replied by a look of intense malignity.

"Eh! what - d'ye ken wha it is?" demanded James. "By my

saul! I fear the puir fellow has maist of his banes broken."

"No great matter if they be," replied Nicholas, "and it may save the application of torture in case your majesty desires to put any question to him. Chance has most strangely thrown into your hands one of the most heinous offenders in the kingdom, who has long escaped justice, but who will at length meet the punishment of his crimes. The villain is Christopher Demdike, son of the foul hag who perished in the flames on the summit of Pendle Hill, and captain of a band of robbers."

"What! is the knave a warlock and a riever?" demanded James, re-

garding Demdike with abhorrence, mingled with alarm.

"Both, sire," replied Nicholas, "and an assassin to boot. He is a diabolical villain."

"Let him be taken to Hoghton Tower and kept in some strong and secure place till we have leisure to examine him," said James; "and see that he be visited by some skilful chirurgeon, for we wad nae hae him dee, and sae rab the woodie."

Demdike, who appeared to be in great agony, now forced himself to

speak.

"I can make important disclosures to your majesty," he said, in hoarse and broken tones, "if you will hear them. I am not the only offender who has escaped from justice," he added, glancing vindictively at Nicholas—"there is another, a notorious witch and murderess, who is still screened from justice. I can reveal her hiding-place."

"Your majesty will not give heed to such a villain's fabrications?"

said Nicholas.

"Are they fabrications, sir?" rejoined James, somewhat sharply. "We maun hear and judge. The snake, though scotched, will still bite, it seems. We hae hangit a Highland cateran without trial afore this, and we may be tempted to take the law into our ain hands again. Bear the villain hence. See he be disposed of as already directed, and take good care he is strictly guarded. And now gie us a cross-bow, Sir Richard Hoghton, and bid the prickers drive the deer afore us, for we

And while Demdike was placed on the litter of green boughs which had recently sustained a nobler burden in the fallen hart, and in this sort was conveyed to Hoghton Tower, James rode with his retinue towards a long glade, where, receiving a cross-bow from the huntsman, he took up a favourable position behind a large oak, and several herds of deer being driven before him, he selected his quarries, and deliberately took aim at them, contriving in the course of an hour to bring down four

fat bucks, and to maim as many others, which were pulled down by the hounds. And with this slaughter he was content.

wad try our skill as a marksman.

Sir Richard Hoghton then informed his majesty that a huge boar, which, in sporting phrase, had left the sounder five years, had broken into the park the night before, and had been routing amongst the fern. The age and size of the animal were known by the print of the feet, the toes being round and thick, the edge of the hoof worn and blunt, the heel large, and the guards, or dew-claws, great and open, from all which

appearances, it was adjudged by the baronet to be "a great old boar, not to be refused."

James at once agreed to hunt him, and the hounds being taken away, six couples of magnificent mastiffs, of the Lancashire breed, were brought forward, and the monarch, under the guidance of Sir Richard Hoghton and the chief huntsman, repaired to an adjoining thicket, in which the boar fed and couched.

On arriving near his den a boar-spear was given to the king, and the prickers advancing into the wood, presently afterwards reared the enormous brute. Sallying forth, and freaming furiously, he was instantly assailed by the mastiffs, but, notwithstanding the number of his assailants, he made light of them, shaking them from his bristly hide, crushing them beneath his horny feet, thrusting at them with his sharpened tusks, and committing terrible devastation among them.

Repeated charges were made upon the savage animal by James, but it was next to impossible to get a blow at him for some time, and when at length the monarch made the attempt, he struck too low, and hit him on the snout, upon which the infuriated boar, finding himself wounded, sprang towards the horse, and ripped him open with his tusks.

The noble charger instantly rolled over on his side, exposing the royal huntsman to the fury of his merciless assailant, whose tusks must have ploughed his flesh, if, at this moment, a young man had not ridden forward, and, at the greatest personal risk, approached the boar, and striking straight downwards, cleft the heart of the fierce brute with his

Meanwhile, the king having been disengaged by the prickers from his wounded steed, which was instantly put out of its agony by the sword of the chief huntsman, looked for his deliverer, and discovering him to be Richard Assheton, was loud in his expressions of gratitude.

"Faith! ye maun claim a boon at our hands," said James. "It maun never be said the king is ungrateful. What can we do for you, lad?"

"For myself, nothing, sire," replied Richard.

"But for anither meikle—is that what ye wad hae us infer?" cried the king, with a smile. "Aweel, the lassie shall hae strict justice done her; but for your ain sake we maun inquire into the matter. Meantime, wear this," he added, taking a magnificent sapphire ring from his finger, and if you should ever need our aid, send it to us as a token."

Richard took the gift, and knelt to kiss the hand graciously extended

to him.

By this time another horse had been provided for the monarch, and the enormous boar, with his feet upwards and tied together, was suspended upon a pole, and borne on the shoulders of four stout variets as the grand trophy of the chase.

When the royal company issued from the wood, a strike of nine was. blown by the chief huntsman, and such of the cavalcade as still remained on the field being collected together, the party crossed the chase, and

took the direction of Hoghton Tower.

HOW JIM HARVEY GOT WOUNDED AT WATERLOO.

A LEAF FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN ANGLER.

"I BELIEVE that fly-fishing in these parts is quite and altogether a fallacy!" exclaimed my friend Fergus, as, throwing down his rod with an air of disgust, he seated himself under a clump of old elm-trees that shaded the sloping grassy bank of the river he had been so assiduously and unsuccessfully whipping for the last two hours, and putting out of the question the occasional escape of an exclamation, more intense than repeatable, whilst thus engaged. He had certainly exhibited an amount of patient application, little to be expected in a person of his fiery temper, under such circumstances. Altogether inexperienced in the mysteries of the angle myself—and although I had often mused lazily through old Izaak's pages, never having inclined to the practice of the gentle craft, or experienced the singular impulsion, so unaccountable to the uninitiated, that effects the appearance, day after day, at the river side, alike of the grave old man and the roystering young reprobates of the village—I had looked on his piscatorial proceedings in the first instance as a comparatively harmless and pardonable-enough kind of absurdity, but I could not realise his infatuation when, with a ruthless disregard of his nether habiliments, of wet feet, and the prospect of the inevitable four-mile walk home, he deliberatly strode into the river with the evident determination of compelling fate, and inveigling some trout of eccentric frame of mind into the belief that his steel-appendaged artificial deception was a preferable description of victuals to any of the myriads of natural insects that were dotting the still water a little higher up the stream. It was therefore with a certain degree of ill-nature, but suppressed exultation at Fergus's mortifying want of success, that, in reply to his twice-repeated " I wonder what the devil keeps them from rising?" I remarked, as regarded the inexcusable behaviour of the animals in question, that "Perhaps they were not hungry."

"But I am," said my chagrined friend, a word, as is often the case with him, causing a complete diversion of his ideas into another channel. "By Jove" added he, "I could eat a Caffre stuffed with asegais! What's to be done? feed we must; but how to procure edibles? Halloa, you younker," he shouted, espying a young smock-frocked native in the adjoining pasture-field, and beckoning the gaping, half-grown rustic he

destined as our Ganymede for the nonce to approach.

We succeeded, by dint of persevering inquiry, in ascertaining through the crass young bumpkin, who appeared to listen with eyes and mouth, and talk with no member in particular, that there existed in the neighbourhood a village where that nectar and ambrosia of hungry sportsmen, bread, cheese, and home-brewed ale, might be obtained for an equivalent in the current coin of the realm; and after repeated injunctions, and not without some misgivings at the last moment as to whether he understood them, we despatched in quest of the delicate fare.

"But where is Hervey?" said Fergus, suddenly recollecting the professional angler, who had been recommended to him as a guide, who had assorted his tackle, and accompanied us, and introduced us to the river a few hours previously. "I have not seen him since we left the rapid

below the weir. Can he have had any sport, think you?"

A faint shout in the distance, heard through the still air of the summer evening, was wafted to our ears, as if in reply to the interrogatory, causing me to look inquiringly, and Fergus to bound off at once in the direction of the sound.

Following the example of my agile friend, but in a more leisurely manner, and at length surmounting a fence, which, from the execution it did on my unmentionables, strongly reminded me of Cape warfare, waita-bit thorns, and crackers, I arrived at a part of the stream where, bending suddenly, it formed a deep pool under the opposite high bank, scarped by the eddying winter-floods, while on the hither side it left exposed a gradually shelving pebbly strand, where stood Fergus and our ancient cicerone, Harvey, in a state of quiet excitement, watching the manœuvres of a large fish which was straining almost to fracture the slight tackle with which the latter held and played him.

"There he goes again," cried the pair, as the agonised object of their persecution, with a dash of his tail, threw himself full five feet out of the water, his deep, yellow sides showing like burnished gold during his momentary emergence.

"I thought so," said Harvey, his rather rubicund nose glowing with a still livelier tint than usual. "He's full seven pounds, and hooked foul, near the tail. He may fight for an hour to come; and if he gets out of the pool down stream something must break, for there's no getting past them trees at the corner."

But the poor fish did not see his best chance of salvation, seeming to prefer the depths in which he had been probably fattening for years, to the shallow rapids leading from his habitat.

"By Jove, he is strong as an ox!" said Fergus, as the trout darted from one end of the pool to the other, and the reel whirred as the line ran out.

"It's all along of the way he's hooked," added Harvey; "he's lying at the bottom now as heavy as a stone. I wish he was a little livelier than he is, he'd wear himself out all the sooner; but I am afraid to force him with a single gut roller, and that none of the newest, nether."

Another floundering plunge on the surface, making quite a commotion in the dark glassy waters, showed the still undiminished vigour of his sullen adversary.

"I see no end to it," pursued Harvey, "unless we can gaff him. If you'll screw the hook into the landing-net handle, I'll try and bring him to the surface nearer the shore, and then—"

But a different termination to the contest, and a somewhat more agreeable one to the fish, than was anticipated and hoped for, rendered abortive the evil-intentioned scheme of the ardent fishers. Fergus had scarcely armed himself with the unrighteous-looking lethal weapon called the gaff, and stood ready to assist in poor trouty's circumvention, and give the coup de grace, when the terse line suddenly became slack, the bending rod straight as a bulrush—the fish had escaped, to my great secret satisfaction, and the blank dismay of Fergus and Harvey. The great weight of the trout had gradually straightened the wire of the hook, and the small barb having in consequence lost its power, a wriggle and a twist, and his liberty was effected.

The mortification of the twain, as they realised their disappointment in

all its plenitude, was ludicrous in the extreme; such another pair of woebegone, unhappy-looking Britons, I had never seen.

"Such a fish, full seven pounds, and to lose him after all," said Harvey.

"The devil take the man that made the hook," added Fergus.

"Too soft is worse than too hard," added Harvey; "its only a jerk can break that."

"Come," said I, greatly inclined to laugh at their discomfiture, but trying to console them by looking as lugubrious as if I participated in the disaster, "next time you may have better luck. You know there is

as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

But even these reflections, wise and novel as they are, failed to enliven their rueful countenances; and it was not until being more than once reminded of the repast that awaited us that the tristful sportsmen reluctantly left the pool, where their intended victim lay assured for the future against their delusive wiles. Whilst wending our way back to the place where we had commissioned the incipient agriculturist to return with the comestables, I may as well describe the outward man of the piscatorial professor, Harvey. He was apparently about sixty years of age, but had worn well, and, although somewhat inclined to paunch, was active and jaunty still. He had been a soldier in his younger days, and although thirty years must have well-nigh lapsed since he stood in the ranks, he still retained his setting up. Of middle height, but broad-shouldered and strong-limbed, he had at one time been the model of an infantry linesman; add to this light eyes and hair, a broad, good-humoured face, with a nose decidedly Bardolphian, and the picture, barring the drapery, is complete. But the costume of an old soldier is invariably the same; a frock-coat is the height of his ambition, and, when attained, is paraded on every The garment in question that bedecked the person of Jim Harvey, formerly of her Majesty's 69th Foot, once sergeant and twice private, was of dark cloth, roomy and capacious, matching well in every respect with its accompanying waistcoat and continuations; and but for the gut-lines and the swarm of artificial flies that adorned his long-napped beaver, he would certainly rather have been taken by a stranger for a comfortable country tradesman than a devoted disciple of Walton's. We found that our purveyor, stolid as he looked, had performed his commissariat mission very satisfactorily, and now stood eyeing the delectable supplies, and probably speculating on the chance of the large stone-jar of beer, the wedges of cheese and chunks of bread, becoming his own property in the event of our non-return; but the presence of our party having resolved this question in a way conclusive even to his dimlydeveloped agrarian perceptions, and a bright half-crown, the remuneration for his services, having been safely bestowed under his smock, in some secret receptacle for valuables which appeared not a little difficult of attainment, our bucolic worthy was dismissed rejoicing. He possibly might have capered to show his satisfaction, but the weight of his ponderous hob-nailed boots forbidding a saltatory demonstration, he went off at a quick shamble, as Fergus remarked, "overweighted like a pith doll." Like men making the most of their opportunities, we were soon busy discussing the viands before us, enjoying them with a zest that the vie de Bohème alone procures, until time and material, in due course, producing satiety, cigars were lighted, and, stretched on the sward, whilst ruminating half asleep on the tameness of English sports when

compared with the excitements and dangers of hunter life in less civilised parts of the world, a desultory conversation was carried on between Fergus and Harvey on the subject of flies and fish, interrupted, at length, by the former abruptly asking Harvey how he had got "marked across the face," alluding to the cicatrix of what must have been an ugly wound, and whose faint white line, bordered with red, extended from the upper part of the nose across the right cheek.

"It's one of three sabre cuts I got at Waterloo," said Harvey, raising his head somewhat proudly, and puffing the smoke of the Havannah through his nostrils, the better to savour its unwonted fragrance thoroughly. "And here," added he, exhibiting a groove on the outside of his left arm; "and another here," pointing to his side, "that had nearly

wiped out my number altogether, as I thought at the time."

"You must have been in the thick of it," said Fergus.

"Well, yes," replied Harvey; "the 69th caught it pretty tight, but I had only myself to blame for my share of it."

"Tell us how that happened," said I.

"Why, you see, sir," said Harvey, settling himself as if for a story he liked to tell-"you see, it was near the end of the day, although the fighting was anything but all over; yet, we had been out skirmishing, and the bugles had just sounded our recal when my comrade was knocked over by a musket-shot in the breast. My comrade and I had joined the 69th on the same day; we had gone through the campaign in Holland together, and when both of us were sergeants had been broke by the same court-martial for the same offence-love of liquor at the wrong time that was; so Joe Watkins and I were sworn friends. He would have run any risk to serve me, for we had lived together like brothers, and it was not a little danger that would prevent my trying to help him when he needed it; so you see, when the skirmishers retreated, I ran to Joe to see where he had got it, and help him in if I could; so I raised him against my knee, took off his belts, and opened his coat. 'I'm hit hard, Jim,' says he; 'I'll never see to-morrow.' But I tried to encourage him, and get him on his feet, although I felt myself that it was useless, and that he had not very long to live, for only a few drops of blood had trickled from the little blue hole in his left breast, and he spoke as if he was suffocating. I had seen many a fine fellow die in the field, but I never felt for any of them as I did for Joe; so I lingered beside him, giving him drink from my flask, and couldn't make up my mind to quit him in that state, till I found it was too late, when I saw three French cuirassiers spurring across the field to where I was supporting Joe. 'Them three chaps look as if they were coming to fetch me, Joe,' says I. 'Leave me, Jim,' says he, 'and God bless you; you can do me no good by staying, and I shouldn't like you to come to hurt; they're too many for you.' 'They are coming to fetch me, Joey,' says I. 'Look out, Jim,' says he,—'look out, Jim.' And that was the last word he said, poor fellow. I felt as if I could have cried; said I would come back to him, squeezed his hand, and sprang behind two dead gun-horses that lay close by, thinking they might be some protection to me, and be a kind of rampart. I had time, too, to ram home a cartridge and take a good, sure aim before they were on me. I was thought one of the best marksmen in my company then, and felt as steady at the moment as though on parade in a barrack-yard, for I knew that my life de-

2 Q 2

pended on my coolness; and when a man feels that, he'll do his best: besides, I saw I had one good chance in my favour, for, luckily for me, they had outridden one another a good deal. Well, you see, the first chap was within five yards of me, when I covered him sure and fired. The bullet struck him in the head, near the eye I think, and he gave me no more trouble: he threw up his arms, his horse swerved, he wavered from side to side, and rolled out of his saddle, about twenty yards from me, with a crash like a blacksmith. His comrade was just within reach of me as he fell: this second one was a big, black-bearded fellow; he came on, with his white teeth set and his sword raised, and as his horse half pulled up to jump over the dead one in front of me, I thrust the bayonet of my piece into its chest up to the muzzle. The poor beast never rose at the leap, but its fore-legs seemed to double under it, and it rolled over the dead horse, carrying me to the ground before it, and falling heavy on its rider. I was on my legs again immediately, tugging at my musket to get it out of the carcase, but as ill-luck would have it the bayonet had got crossed, or, as I thought, jammed among the bones somehow, and in the hurry of the moment I didn't see how, and couldn't free it. I was quite defenceless, and thought it was all over with me when the third one, as he galloped up, reached me this cut across the face. I gave another despairing tug at my musket, but with no better success; it felt as if fixed in a vice; when the Frenchman gave me his second across the arm here. Half blinded with blood, and feeling savage as a tiger, I quitted my piece, turned round, and sprang at him, trying to close and grapple with him or his horse, I didn't know which, when I felt the point of his long sword among my ribs, and All this didn't take that's a sensation that brings a man down at once. longer in the doing than I've taken in the telling it. When I fell, the Frenchman galloped off, I dare say thinking that he had settled my accounts out and out, and I wasn't sure about that same myself at first. But although hurt severely, I wasn't quite helpless yet. I lay on the ground for some time faint and giddy, but gradually getting better, staggered to my feet again in time to get out of the way of a regiment of our own cavalry that passed at a quick trot. I felt weak, but had all my wits about me, and binding up the wound in my arm the best way I could with my handkerchief, I set about to recover my musket, and by pulling in the right direction it came out easily enough. The second cuirassier still lay groaning or swearing, with his left leg under the horse; I think his leg must have been broken in the fall, or he would have been able to disentangle himself; but I did not think of that at the time. When he saw me recover my weapon he made fresh efforts to free himself, and began to speak fast, asking mercy or quarter, as I supposed. His face was pitiful enough now; but I recollected it looking very different, and felt savage and thirsty for his blood. 'You shall have the kind of mercy you and your comrades wanted to show me,' said I; and I put the bayonet through his neck. I shall never forget the look he gave me as I did it! When in hospital afterwards, all through many a long feverish night, I fancied I saw his upturned eyes looking at me from the ground at my bedside. I felt I was doing wrong as the bayonet was passing through him; for he was disarmed and helpless in my hands; but he was dead before I could wish it undone again; and God forgive me if I wasn't justified in taking his life.

"I went back to poor Joe Watkins after this, and found him quite He lay on his face, poor fellow, with one arm over his head, as if he was asleep. I thought the dragoons had ridden over him, but if they did, they hadn't touched him as he lay. I looked at him for the last time, and then hastened away to rejoin my regiment if possible, and if not, to get to the rear as well as I could; but I hadn't gone far when my giddiness got the better of me: I stood holding on by a broken gun-carriage for some time, and then fainted. A corporal of the 69th was sitting beside me when I came to again; he had been wounded himself, and was passing to the rear, when he recognised me and stopped. He told me the battle was over and the French beaten out of the field. He went away, promising to send two men to help me in, and was as good as his word, otherwise my wounds wouldn't have been dressed till next day, and that might have been too late, for they didn't stop bleeding till I got into the doctor's hands. I was then sent on to Brussels, but there was no accommodation there for us; every place was already full, and the wounded were lying in the passages, and even in the streets in some places; so I was boated off with a lot more to Antwerp, where I remained in hospital till the end of September, when I was sent to England, and some time after claimed my discharge, and came home here."

"You was then still a young man," said I; "why did you leave the

service before you was entitled to a pension?"

"I had only ten years' service, and claiming my discharge, of course got no pension," rejoined Harvey; "but I thought I had had enough of soldiering, and although I may have sometimes wished myself back among my old comrades, still I shouldn't regret having left the 69th, for my only brother died whilst I was in hospital at Antwerp, and I returned to take care of mother and his farm, till she died and the children grew up to manage their own affairs."

"And why did you not get married yourself when you settled down

here?" asked Fergus.

"Ah! sir," replied Harvey, "I never had a call that way but once, and the lass jilted me; and so I 'listed, and never loved again, except as soldiers do that love and march away. Besides, sir, marriage would not have suited my ways of living at all: as it is, my nephews and nieces are all well to do in the world, are very kind to me, and allow me to want for nothing. And then you know I have the fishing-tackle shop in the village, and although I keep it as much for amusement as profit, still it helps things along, and makes me feel independent like; and few people have less to grumble about than I have; and I'm thankful, too, for I know it's more than I've deserved or worked for."

There was an air of truthfulness expressed by Harvey's manner as he related the foregoing episodes in his life, which words alone could not have conveyed, and which could not fail to impress his listeners favourably, and cause one to like the worthy old fellow. As we returned to our quarters, therefore, I did not hesitate about aiding Fergus to plan another expedition for to-morrow; and, difficult as it is to "teach old dogs to dance," have promised, somewhat rashly perhaps, to make my début with rod and line on the occasion. If there is truth in the saying "Fortuna"

favet fatuis," the result should be prodigious.

THE MIDNIGHT MEETING.

CONCLUSION.

THE fire continued straggling and intermittent, not one Cavalier, however, being touched behind his stone rampart, while two Puritans fell apparently wounded, perhaps dead, and were instantly borne off by their friends to their rear. Now, imitating the tactics of their enemies, in perfect silence they advanced, taking advantage of every bush, stone, or inequality of the ground, to pour a volley upon their enemies or to save themselves.

The stripling's impatience could be kept in no longer. Rising on one knee, in spite of all the entreaties of his father, who lay beside him, he placed his musket on a low ridge of rock, and fired at a soldier who had attained a point higher than that on which they were, and was about to discharge his piece with fearful effect. Down he fell, like a prey the eagle has dropped from her eyrie, crashing as he went, till he fell a shapeless mass on the rocks below. A cheer from his followers greeted the daring champion who so fearlessly exposed his person for their safety. He was still watching the result of his shot, when a well-aimed bullet cut off his white plume, and sent it floating below. With a frown his father pulled him down into the covert.

"Rash youth," he said, "this is not courage; it is hair-brained, unreflecting madness." Then turning to the doctor, who, ensconced safe behind a huge mass of projecting rock, was urging on the combatants, praising the best shots, condemning the bad, instructing each as to the peculiar deficiency of his aim, and shouting, "They rejoiced and gathered themselves together; yea, the very abjects came together against me unawares"—"Silence, good doctor; your shouts draws on us

the warmer fire, and makes ours the less effective."

The rebuked doctor instantly ceased his theological war-cry, and watched the fight with as rueful a face as any old burgher who had strolled into Alsatia would a bully's brawl, advancing up a cul-de-sac towards him.

"I swear by St. Carolos de Boromeo, who is my patron," whispered Sir Charles to his son, who lay eyeing the enemy as the golden eagle of Snowdon might the falcon who has approached too near his eyrie, "I know nothing of war's stratagems if the villains are not going to throw some planks across the torrent and charge us. Were our party strong enough to hold this tête-de-pont, I would send a party of five round to wade the stream higher up, and as we did once in Flanders, the sound of the water hiding the splashing of our boots; but, with this poor handful, we must make what play we can. Give the word round, Charles, that when they are past that first white rock beyond the pulpit they fire a volley, and that instantly ten of the best and bravest pikemen, with you at their head"—the young man's eyes sparkled with fire—"bear down upon them. I'll be at your side, and the rest must keep their pieces loaded, ready to fire when an advantage presents itself, or to press at our back when need is the sorest. Let our cry be 'God and our king."

He scarcely had given the directions to the men, ere two Puritan halberdiers advanced, preceded by one or two skirmishers, who kept up a warm fire at every head that showed itself an inch above the defences that nature was so lavish of in that wild spot. With the ready speed of habit, impelled by a sense of danger and a desire of distinction, they threw three broad, thick planks from a flat rock of the bank over some deep, wide pools, to another rock immediately contiguous to the pulpit, and beyond which a man might wade and force his way to the opposite bank. In an instant three men, with pikes ready, advanced, and leapt upon it; a bullet pierced the first; the second, turning to save his comrade, was wounded as he crouched behind the rock. There was a moment's pause. With word and blow, from the bank, exposed to the bullets that whistled round him, their leader urged them on. As if stung by some biting taunt, four more, two and two, rushed past; they cower, they reach, they pass the white rock. With a shout that rung high above the roar of the fall, the Cavaliers leapt up from rock and bush, and bore down upon the enemy, to meet them midway. At their head ran the young knight, closely followed by his father, waving his white plumed hat in one hand and his drawn sword in the other. With a dreadful shock they met. With push of pike, and blow of sword and butt of pistol, curse and shout, and groan and yell, and splash, as the wounded fell to drown, or be borne away by the fall, bleeding, and waving their bloody or begrimed hands for assistance, till they came to the edge of the fall, eddied round for a moment, and were then swept over with a roar, as if the

water exulted proudly in its triumph over weak man.

To it they fought foot to foot, hand to hand, with clang on helm and corselet, till the pools ran dark with gore; fanaticism and party rage urged them twofold on, and infused a deeper hatred in their hearts. No quarter was asked or given. To fall was to die. But though the Cavaliers were undisciplined, they were a band of brothers, men brought up on the same estate, headed by those whom they had learnt from youth to respect, to love, and to obey. They were enraged at being thus caught like foxes in a net, and their hearts glowed with warm affection for a king whose very misfortunes rendered him but the dearer to his followers. They pressed the enemy; they gained the planks; hotter grew the fire; as, surrounded by the enemy, led away by their uncontrollable and gallant temerity, fought Charles and his father, who waited on him like a guardian angel in the fray, warding off blows, throwing himself before him like a shield, directing his attention to danger, praising him when he struck a good blow, and checking his overhasty rashness. Suddenly, from a thicket close to the water's edge, leapt two Puritan pikemen upon the temporary bridge, and, urging forward their companions, retreating before the impetuous violence of the young gallant, advanced upon him with their pikes full before their breasts. In a dark rank, two abreast and ten deep, they drove upon him. Losing his footing of the plank, Sir Charles leapt upon the nearest rock and slowly retreated, glaring upon his enemies, like a boar at bay when he churns the foam and shows his white tusks ere he rushes at the hound.

With eager solicitude, forgetful of his exposed person, and of the bullets that flattened themselves upon the rocks by his side, he watched

his son slowly retiring and making for the nearest covert to rally his men, whose bandoleers were now nearly empty. With a savage bound a pikeman drove his pike at the bare breast of the young knight; he parried it, and returned the blow with a fierce thrust, which, glancing on the breastplate of his antagonist, a dismounted cuirassier of Haslerig's regiment, shivered his blade to the very hilt. With the broken fragment the heroic youth stabbed his antagonist in the neck, just above the corselet; he fell, still alive, but grievously wounded, into the stream. His companion, before the youth could recover himself, rushed forward to avenge his comrade, and thrust his pike deep into his breast; and, at the same moment, a pistol-bullet of the officer, who had watched the fray with interest, drove into his brain. He fell dead, without a groan, into the arms of two of his followers.

To bear him to a bank, and place the body with reverent care beneath the bush, where but a short hour since he was watching with a brain teeming with ambitious hopes, was the work of a moment. Then, with a deep howl of execration, every man leapt from bush and from behind rock, forgetful of life, and bore down upon the triumphing foe, who made the air ring with cries of "Down with the sons of Belial!" "Down with the armies of the Philistines."

Every eye was looking for the slayer of their gallant young leader, every hand clutched his weapon firmer, every heart throbbed louder, and longed to be his avenger. But God had already sent one. Even the doctor, with streaming eyes, seized a pike, and exclaiming, "He that slayeth by the sword shall perish by the sword," brought up the rear in a gallant manner.

Who can picture the father? His blood froze at its source, his eyes glazed, as if he, too, had felt the death-blow his son had received. For a moment he stood thus, and then, like a she-bear robbed of her cub, he leapt upon the Puritan; with one broad back-handed slash he cleft his jaws open till the very head gaped in two, and he fell a horrid aping of death upon the body of his fallen corporal, who, shot through the brain, had fallen on his knees and blocked up the path to which he had led his fellows.

With a shout the brave men rushed upon the discomfited enemy, at the moment a band of loyal peasants, armed with scythes and rude pikes, rushed down from the hill above, and halloaing cheerily, swelled their At the sight of the new allies, bearing down like yelling demons, and holding torches in their hands-for the moon had now sunkand which flashed and flamed, and threw a red light upon the woods, they turned and fled. Halting as they gained the shelter of the woods, they formed anew under the direction of their officers, and poured a close but ill-aimed volley at their new assailants, who now, clearing the planks of the dead, were prepared to defile in force and fight for the possession of their last stronghold. There was a whispering together for a moment amongst the Puritans-of those at least of them who were not busied in bending over the wounded, or replacing their shattered weapons with those of the dead. And presently the officer whom we have before mentioned fastened a white scarf to a broken pike-shaft, and advanced towards the bridge, waving it in the air as a flag of truce.

"I demand a parley, with your leave," he cried, "thou of the white

plume."

There were low growls of rage, as Sir Charles prepared to advance to meet him half-way. "Let's have blood for blood," cried one mutinous fellow, whose blood was now well up. With portentous face of chiding solemnity the doctor pushed them back with finger on his lips, as

already the two leaders had met.

"Knowest thou," said the Puritan, without one indication of courtesy, although a slight tone of pity seemed to cover his words—"knowest thou that thy men shed their blood without avail? Harlech, that thou wouldst have relieved, has fallen under the sword of that holy vessel, Obadiah Fight-the-good-fight-of-Faith, better known, may be it, to such as thee by his once profane name of John Mytton."

"Harlech fallen?" said Sir Charles, even in the depths of his grief

with difficulty repressing his astonishment at the unexpected news.

"Yea; finding from one of thy malignants who joined our ranks that relief was coming, we should have stormed the hold at eight of the clock, but they surrendered at our first summons. Resistance, thenceforth, is hopeless."

"Thou trustest too much on this poor victory," said Sir Charles; "half

Wales will rise at our summons."

"To fight for a prisoner in a distant island?"

" Prisoner?"

"Yes, Charles Stuart, whom thou callest king, is in durance in the Isle of Wight; I had but yesterday a despatch from my lord commissioner."

"Generation of vipers!" said the doctor, who had crept up to the back

of the general during the conference.

"Everywhere the Parliament is proclaimed, and Cromwell lays waste the rebellious provinces with fire and sword."

"Let his name be blotted out of the book of life," chimed in the doctor,

" and his inheritance let another take."

"Rather, schismatic sir," said the Puritan, unbending to a grim ill-favoured smile, "seemeth he likely to take the possessions of others. We give thee twelve hours to disperse and gain the sea-side or thy own homes; after that, look to yourselves, for there will be a lion in the way."

"The roaring lion," said the doctor, "the devourer of souls."

"We submit to your conditions," said Sir Charles, after a moment's pause of deep mournful thought, visible by the muscles that writhed like things of life upon his forehead, "since better may not be granted; and the less feel I for my followers, since I myself, to whom life is no longer dear, shall surrender more than them all. But on one condition alone I yield: that our deserter be surrendered according to all rules of warfare on such hard-plighted treaties as these."

The officer whispered to those nearest to him, and within a minute they reappeared, dragging between them Hard-riding Dick, his hands

bound behind him with his own belt, his face wan with fear.

"Do unto him as seemeth good to thee. Farewell!" And retreating to the shore, and speaking in a low voice to his followers, the Puritans disappeared as suddenly as they had come, a measured tramp alone announcing their departure. Two or three remained behind, still looking at, per-

haps plundering the dying. The wounded had been long since carried to

places of safety: these stragglers, too, disappeared.

"Does this villain deserve death?" cried Sir Charles, after a long and terrible silence, full of bitter thoughts of the past and sorrowful anticipations of the future.

"He does," cried a dozen voices, advancing their pikes as if they

would crush him like a reptile.

"Thou hearest the judgment of the companions thou hast betrayed," said Sir Charles, with a voice of slow, suppressed rage; "what hast thou to say why thou shouldst not suffer? while the blood of him whom thou hast slain crieth from the wet earth."

"God's curses on thee all," said the wretch, foaming with rage and pale with fear; "thy son struck me with his stirrup-girth, and swore at me for a country rogue, because, as I cleaned my horse, I sang a psalm."

"And was it for such a trifle as this that thou made me childless among men? Take the white scarf from the dead, reeve it on you

gnarled oak, and loop it round his neck."

The doctor fell on his knees, and exclaimed with an impressive voice, faltering with emotion, "God have mercy on thy soul!" The wretch hung a quivering, vibrating corse, a thing for the crow and the mountain falcon to feed their young.

It was already daybreak, and the almost heartbroken father bent over a new-made grave. They scarcely could tear him from the corse, as, clasping it in his arms, he printed his hot kisses on the pale brow of the dead. Hastily they lowered it in the grave; and not an eye was dry when the doctor, pulling from a pocket of his gown a much-thumbed prayerbook, read the beautiful and solemn prayers of the English Church, which seem almost to forget the sorrow of the living in the hopes of a joyful With more than usual solemnity fell these words upon the ear as the deep voice of the doctor uttered them:

"Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay. In the midst of life

we are in death.'

And never was amen uttered more fervidly than when the priest gave God thanks, and proceeded with the words so expressive of pious resig-

"Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity; we give thee hearty thanks, for that it hath pleased thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world, beseeching thee, that it may please thee, of thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number

of thine elect, and to hasten thy kingdom."

There was no dismal sound of mould on coffin-lid; no hollow knell that goes well-nigh to crack the heartstrings. With a scarf bound over his face, his hands crossed upon his heart, his wound covered, his broadleafed hat pulled over his fixed and open eyes, and his sword drawn, by his right hand, they buried him as a warrior should be buried, on a field not the less noble because a dozen and not a hundred good men yielded there their souls to God.

With averted eyes they left the spot, the doctor grieving most of all. It was a sad sight to see the parting of faithful serving-men and loved master.

The men sped home to resume their usual tasks, and conciliate their new lord as they best might. Sir Charles, from his scanty purse, gave

them each a broad piece.

The doctor he took with him, unwilling as he was to be an encumbrance to so kind a patron; and in spite of all the pious frauds he exerted to frame excuses, and in spite of his plea of the intricate nature of a pamphlet he was then writing, at last consented to accompany him to Caernarvon, there to ship for France.

If we can credit some Royalist authorities, we hear that he attended the levee of the young king, but at last, being seized with a quartan ague, died in his poor lodgings in the Quartier Latin, in Paris, where he

was nursed with indefatigable attention by the doctor.

After his death, the doctor remained for a long time in a sort of widowhood from his books quite inconsolable; but after some time, becoming known for his learning, he became chaplain to a nobleman, and on the Restoration got very rich preferment.

A quarto pamphlet by him on the word "Adonizebelc" and its Hebrew root may be still occasionally picked up at second-hand stalls. He pro-

bably left no descendant, as no trace of his family now exist.

Though nearly two centuries have elapsed, all remembrance of the fatal midnight meeting has not yet passed away in the retired valleys of Merionethshire.

SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

FROM UHLAND.

A HERD-BOY on the mountain heath,
I see the castles all beneath;
Here first the morning sunlight gleams,
The latest here at evening beams!
I am the Mountain Boy!

And here begins the river's course,
Fresh from the rock I drink the source;
From out the cliff it foaming flows,
My arms they catch it as it goes.
I am the Mountain Boy!

The mountain, this is my own ground,
Here threat'ning tempests gather round;
From north to south they howl along,
But louder yet rings out my song.

I am the Mountain Boy!

When storm and lightnings rage below, I stand here in the sunlight's glow; I know them well, and bid them cease, Leave ye my father's house in peace.

I am the Mountain Boy!
But when the storm-bell breaks the night,
And peaks glare in the signal-light,
Then down I speed to join the throng,
To swing my sword, and sing my song.
I am the Mountain Boy!

MEMOIRS OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

"THE revolution of 1830 was the last shot from Waterloo," says Alexandre Dumas, and he goes on to prove his point, by the hatred of the Bourbons, which, from the time of their restoration to that of their expulsion, had been cumulating in town and province throughout the length and breadth of the land. And what, according to the same authority, awakened first the ridicule of the people, and then converted it into hatred of the whole dynasty? The invasion of the French territory by the enemy; the shameful treaties of 1815; the occupation of three years subsequently to the restoration; the reaction of the South; Ramel assassinated at Toulouse; Brune massacred at Avignon; Murat, always popular, notwithstanding his treachery, shot at Pizzo; the proscriptions of 1816; the apostacies, the disgraces, the infamous bargains struck every day; the songs of Emile Debraux; the songs of Béranger; the Messéniennes of Casimir Delavigne; the charter snuff-boxes; the numerous editions of Voltaire and Rousseau; the anecdotes, true or false, attributed to the Duke of Berry, everything, to the king with his black gaiters, his blue coat with gilt buttons, his epaulettes of a general, and his little pigtail, tended to make the dynasty ridiculous and to hasten its fall. are in France the ordinary springs of revolt—a song, a snuff-box, or a pigtail; and, since the great revolution, Voltaire and Rousseau have played a part in all that concerns the demoralisation and corruption of the masses.

The Duke de Berry was assassinated the 13th of February, 1820. Dumas, who adds something before unheard or little dreamt of to all the historical events of his time, tells us that Louis XVIII. received notice of the intended assassination three days beforehand. The king neglected the signal—three wafers to be stuck upon a window—till after the fatal event. He then had an interview with an unknown informer, and M. de Cazes, the minister of the crown, was accused in consequence of being an accomplice to the crime. This was a conspiracy on the part of the ultra and jesuitical party, against a minister deemed by them to be too liberal and Orleanist. In 1821, Dugier, who had fled from the conspiracies of the Amis de la Verité to Naples, brought the system of the Carbonari to There it was divested of its religious mysticism, and its founders, Dugier, Buchez, and others, and with whom were associated as directors, Lafayette, Dupont de l'Eure, Manuel, de Corcelles, General Thiars, and Voyer d'Argenson, began to conspire against the monarchy. General Dermoncourt was also involved in this conspiracy, and when its detection entailed a general flight, Dumas and his mother lost, excepting M. Deviolaine, their last protector of any influence.

Alexandre Dumas sought, for a time, to relieve his mother by obtaining a place as clerk to a notary at Crespy; but he had, with the aid of his friend De Leuven, been writing plays which both expected would make their fortunes, and our future dramatist's hopes and ambitions were all centred on the capital. So strong was this passion that, on one occasion, he shot his way to Paris, covered his expenses in part by the sale of the game bagged in that irregular manner, and returned in a

similar manner with a franc to spare for a beggar of Crespy. It was on this occasion that Dumas first saw Talma. He was introduced to the great tragedian by the same friend, Adolphe de Leuven.

Talma was dressing, but Adolphe was on a footing of perfect intimacy and was ushered in.

I followed Adolphe, as Hernani followed Charles the Fifth.

Talma was very short-sighted; I do not know if he saw me or not.

He was washing himself; his hair was almost entirely shaven off-a circumstance which attracted my attention the more as I had heard, at least ten times, that in Hamlet, on the appearance of the paternal spectre, the hairs of Talma were seen to rise upon his head.

It must be acknowledged that Talma's appearance under the circumstances

was not very poetical.

Nevertheless, when he raised himself up, and lifting a fold of a huge white blanket that enveloped the lower portion of his body, he threw it over his shoulder, and thus screened a portion of his chest, there was something so imperial in the action that it made me shudder.

De Leuven mentioned our wishes. Talma took up a kind of antique pen

and signed an order for two places.

Then Adolphe told him who I was.

At that time, I was the son of General Alexandre Dumas, that was all; but still it was something. Besides, Talma remembered having met my father at St. Georges.

He gave me his hand.

I felt a great inclination to kiss it. With theatrical tendencies like mine, Talma appeared as a deity; an unknown god, it is true, as Jupiter was to Semele; but a god who appeared to me in the morning and was going to reveal himself in the evening.

Our two hands met.

O Talma! if you had only been twenty years younger, or I had been twenty years older!

All the honour was with me, Talma!-I who knew the past; thou couldst

not guess the future.

If any one had told thee, Talma, that the hand which you grasped would write sixty or eighty dramas, in each of which thou-who wast seeking for parts all thy lifetime-wouldst have found one of which thou wouldst have made a miracle, thou wouldst not have let the young man go away blushing at having seen thee, proud at having felt thy hand! But how couldst thou have seen through me, Talma, since I could not see myself?

Talma became the hero of Dumas' youth. After the play, he waited upon the tragedian in his private box:

"Well," said he, "Mr. Poet, are you satisfied?" "I am more than that, sir-I am astounded!"

"Well, you must come and see me again."
Alas! M. Talma, I must go back to the country."
"What do you do there?"

"I dare not tell you. I am a notary's clerk," I added, with a deep sigh. "Bah!" said Talma, "you must not despair on that account. Corneille was

an attorney's clerk. Gentlemen, allow me to introduce you to a future Corneille."

I blushed up to the eyes.

"Touch my forehead," I said to Talma, "it will insure me success."

Talma placed his hand upon my head.

"Let it be so!" said he, "Alexandre Dumas, I baptize you in the name of Shakspeare, of Corneille, and of Schiller! Go back to the country, and if you really have the vocation, the angel of poetry will find you out wherever you

are, and will carry you away like the prophet Habbacuc, by the hair of the head to your proper place."

The trip to Paris cost young Dumas his clerkship, a thing he the less regretted, as his whole mind was bent irrevocably on returning to the capital. The accident by which this last great event was brought about was as singular as most other matters connected with Dumas and his history. It was at the very moment that a tailor, to whom he was in part indebted for a suit of clothes, had come all the way from Paris to Villers-Côtérèts to dun the penniless poet, that he was summoned to the hotel of the Boule d'Or by its master, an old friend of the family, to see an Englishman, who had taken a fancy to his favourite pointer Pyramus. The Englishman was one of a type more frequently met with on the boards of a French stage than in the highways of France; but no matter that; it served M. Dumas' purpose better. Incapable of movement from his immense bulk, and ruddy to apoplexy from his high living, this ideal John Bull was clothed in model blue coat and brass buttons, chamois waistcoat, and grey trousers and gaiters. As the host ushered in Dumas,

"Prenez garde! master le hôte," said the Englishman, "le dog ne

pas connaître moi, et sauver lui."

"Do not be afraid, milord," answered the host, "I bring his master."

An innkeeper always calls an Englishman "milord," but true, also, that he makes him pay for the title. The bargain was soon concluded; Pyramus was sold to the bloated specimen of Anglican humanity for five Napoleons, and this, with the price of six hundred glasses of absinthe, that Dumas won at billiards from mine host of the Golden Ball, actually started him to the scene of his future triumphs and still greater self-glorifications.

Dumas' hopes of success on repairing to Paris were luckily not founded solely on his literary pretensions; he had in his possession sundry letters from marshals and generals, then high in power, to his father the general, expressive of friendship and good-will, and which he hoped might be profitable to the son. The Duc de Bellune, at that time minister of war, was the first to whom he addressed himself, but he did not even obtain an answer. The next was Marshal Jourdan, whose letters to General Dumas indicated a friendship like that of Pythias and Damon; the marshal, however, did not, and would not, know that the general had a son. So it was with Sebastiani and others. This lesson to a youth fresh from the country was a rude but a valuable one—it taught him to see things in their true light. Thanks, however, to General Foy, as kind-hearted a man as he was a gallant soldier, Dumas was at length appointed a supernumerary clerk in the offices of the Duke of Orleans (afterwards Louis Philippe), with 1200 francs (48l.) a year.

Dumas was delighted; his salary was small, but at least it enabled him to remain in his beloved Paris. His mother was also induced to sell her little property at Villers-Côtérèts, in order to join him. But Dumas was not merely named supernumerary; there were also some duties to be performed, in which our hero's vanities received some notable checks. Introduced to one of the official chiefs, he treated the supernumeraryship with cotempt, boasted that his object was literature, and the secretaryship

a means of living whilst he carried out his main object.

"And," said the chef de bureau, "do you think that with your three-franceducation you are to become a Corneille, a Racine, or a Voltaire?"

"If I became," answered the ineffable Dumas, "one of these three, I should only become what another has been, and that would not be worth the while."

"Miserable man," said the chef, "were you only near enough, you should

feel my foot on a certain part of your person."

The next trial was almost as cruel. Another chef, Le Chevalier de Broval, was the interrogator:

"Do you know how to fold a letter?" inquired the official Cerberus. I looked at him with astonishment. "I ask if you know how to fold a letter? Answer me." "Yes, I think so, at least," I answered, astonished at the expression assumed by his grey eyes. "You think, is that all? are you not sure?" "Sir, I am as yet sure of nothing, you see, not even of folding a letter." "And you are in the right, for there are ten ways of folding a letter, according to the rank of the person to whom it is addressed. Fold this one." I prepared to fold it in four. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "what are you going to do?" I stopped short. "I beg your pardon, but you ordered me to fold this letter, and I fold it." M. de Broval bit his lips. I had emphasised the word ordered as I have italicised it in writing. "Yes," said he, "but you have folded it in a square; that is all very good for a high functionary, but if you give a square to inspectors and sub-inspectors, what will you give to ministers, princes, and kings?" "True, M. le Chevalier," I answered; "will you tell me, then, what is given to inspectors and sub-inspectors?" "Oblong, sir, oblong!"

Dumas was accordingly initiated into folding a letter in the oblong official fashion, next in making envelopes—a proceeding in which his awkwardness caused M. de Broval to positively scream with horror—nor was that an end to his trials:

"Now for the seal," said M. de Broval. "M. Ernest, will you light a taper for us?" Ernest hastened to bring in a lighted taper. Here, I must avow, my embarrassment was increased tenfold; I had never sealed my letters but with wafers. I took the wax in so awkward a manner, I lit it so tremulously, and blew it out so hurriedly to avoid burning the paper, that this time M. de Broval no longer gave manifestations of impatience, his anger turned to pity. "What, friend," he said, "have you never sealed a letter?" "Never, sir," I answered. "Who could I write to, secluded as I have been in a little country town?" This humble acknowledgment disarmed the chef. "Well," he said, lighting the wax, this is how a letter is sealed."

The aspiring poet's humiliations on first entering into life were not confined to his office. They extended even to the pit of the Théâtre of the Porte Saint Martin, whither he had gone to see the "Vampire." Although he had purchased a place in the queue, he found, on entering, that the pit was already nearly full.

A particularly compact group had taken up its position under the lustre. This I made no doubt was because that was the best place, and so I hastened to join them; and to effect this I had to get up upon the benches and clamber

along for some distance.

I must have had a very ridiculous appearance. My hair was very long, and as it is crisp, it formed a tolerably grotesque aureola round my head. Add to this, that at a time when outer coats where worn shorter than the knee, I wore one that reached down to the ankles. A revolution had taken place on this point in Paris, which had not at that time reached Villers-Côtérèts. I was in the latest fashion at Villers-Côtérèts, but I was in the fashion of the time before last in Paris. Now as nothing is in general more opposed to the latest fashion

than the latest but one, so, as I have had the modesty to declare, I cut a very

ridiculous figure.

No doubt I appeared so to those towards whom I was making my way, for they received me with shouts of laughter, which appeared to be in very questionable taste. I have always been polite by nature; but at that time, by the side of the politeness which I derived from my maternal education, there was also a certain susceptibility descended no doubt from my father. This susceptibility imparted no small irritability to my nerves. I took off my hat, a movement which exposed the complete originality of my coiffure, and considerably heightened the hilarity of the group among whose ranks I sought for admission.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," I said, with the greatest possible snavity of manner, "but I should like to know what you are laughing at, so that I may be able to laugh with you? They say that the play which we are about to see performed is very melancholy, and I should not be sorry to enliven myself a little before crying."

My address was listened to with an almost religious silence; but in the midst

"You are condemned to perpetual impri-

of this silence, a voice exclaimed,

" Oh, that head !"

It appears that the apostrophe was very comical, for scarcely had it been uttered than the burst of laughter redoubled; and at the very same moment I dealt a vigorous blow to the apostrophiser.

"Sir," I said to him at the same time," my name is Alexandre Dumas. I live till to-morrow at the Hôtel des Vieux Augustins; and the day after may

be found Place des Italiens, No. 1."

It would appear that I spoke a language utterly unknown to these gentlemen, for, instead of answering me, twenty fists were raised up against me, and all their voices united in exclaiming, "Put him out! Put him out!"

The upshot was, that the future author of "Monte Christo" was turned out of the pit amidst a general uproar and the shouts and hisses of the whole house. Luckily he got, by an additional payment, a place in the orchestra, or we should probably never have had one of Dumas' strange stories on vampires, evidently suggested by what he witnessed that night, nor an amusing sketch that follows, of Charles Nodier and his Bibliomaniac propensities. The history of the expulsion from the Théâtre of the Porte St. Martin of Alexandre Dumas and of Charles Nodier—the latter for hissing a piece of which he was one of the anonymous authors—the same night, and the conversation of the romancer and bibliopolist, occupies no less than five chapters and some 120 pages of these most voluminous memoirs.

How far this diffuseness is carried may be imagined from the fact, that Alexandre Dumas not only includes in his autobiography critical inquiries into the life and writings of all the "illustrious contemporaries" of France, but of those of other countries; and by some strange and peculiar process of ratiocination, he has come to consider the lives of emperors, kings, and princes, as also all great contemporaneous historical events and all great state affairs, to be more or less associated with his comparatively humble and isolated career. Like the Polar star of ancient mythology, he is not one in the multitude, but one around which all other stars, no matter of what magnitude, simply revolve.

Hence, by the side of Chateaubriand, Jouy, Casimir Delavigne, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Soulié, and a host of other contemporaries, and a "Chronologie Dramatique" of exceeding length, with a little scandal—

sequent period with Ruelz.

VOL XXII.

à propos of Napoleon Bonaparte and Mademoiselle Georges-we have Walter Scott, Cooper, and Byron (two or three chapters are devoted to the life and works of the latter); and then, again, among these the Emperor Alexander, Catherine, and Potemkin, and the Grand Dukes Constantine and Nicolas, who are treated of in reference mainly to domestic scandal, as are also most of the reigning families of Europe:

There are two ways of writing history (says A. Dumas), the one as Tacitus wrote, the other as Suetonius wrote; the one as Voltaire wrote, the other as Saint Simon wrote.

Tacitus is very fine; but Suetonius is far more amusing.

Voltaire is very clear; but Saint Simon is far more picturesque.

Let us, then, write a few pages of Russian history as Suctonius indited the history of Rome and Saint Simon that of France.

The reader will judge from this of the tone imparted by the romancer to the "History" of Russia, and, indeed, to all other history:

"You are condemned to perpetual imprisonment," said our dear and good friend Nogent Saint-Laurent to Prince Louis Bonaparte.

"How long does perpetuity last in France, M. Saint Laurent?" asked the

For him the perpetuity of Ham lasted five years -two years less than the

perpetuity of M. de Peyronnet and of M. de Polignac.

The other day I read inscribed on the stone of a house which I had built for myself-and which while it awaits me or another shelters nothing but sparrows and swallows-these words of an unknown hand:

" O Dumas! tu n'as pas su jouir, et pourtant tu regretteras!

I wrote beneath:

" Niais! si tu es un homme. Menteuse! si tu es une femme. And thus he goes on, half-jesting, half-earnest, through literature, his-

tory, and biography.

Dumas had not been above a month in the service of the Duke of Orleans, when a very important and confidential task was imposed upon him, which was to copy a memorandum written by the duke himself in answer to the claims of one Maria Stella Petronilla Chiappini, Baroness of Sternberg, and who proclaimed herself to be the daughter of the late Duke and Duchess of Orleans, and to have been supplanted by a supposititious child, son of Chiappini, gaoler at Modigliana, in the person of the actual duke. This memoir, although of a strictly confidential character,

was too curious not to be imparted at length to the public.

On the 1st of January, 1824, Dumas' pay was augmented to 1500 At this time, one of his intimate friends was a young doctor of the name of Thibaut, in whose company he attended lectures, from whence, he avows, he derived that medical and surgical lore which The case of the was afterwards of so much use to him in his romances. young physician, Castaing, who poisoned a whole family about this time with acetate of morphine, which, like brucine and strychnine, leaves no traces but what might be produced by cerebral congestion, a sun-stroke, or an apoplectic fit, also evidently attracted the attention of the future author of "Monte Christo" most vividly, and he imparts a startling interest to the case. Hence it was at this epoch that Dumas began to study the nature of the poisons which he afterwards designed to be employed by Madame de Villefort; and these studies were further prosecuted at a subsequent period with Ruolz. It is not a little characteristic of Parisian

VOL. XXII.

manners that these chemical pursuits were participated in by a young and pretty neighbour, Mademoiselle Walker, a marchande de modes, with an unmistakeable Anglican name.

About this time, also, Dumas fought his first duel. The provocation, as in the case of the affray in the pit of the Théâtre Porte St. Martin, was that great foible of the Parisians—dress. Dumas had been dining with two friends (Tallancourt and Betz), and the party repaired afterwards to smoke a cigar at the estaminet Hollandais.

I wore (Dumas relates) a great cloak à la Quiroga, as it was at that time poetically designated—a cloak which I had longed for as ardently as I did my first pair of boots, and which I ultimately obtained with no less trouble. It would appear that the way in which I wore this cloak displeased one of the habitués of the place, who was at that moment engaged in a game of billiards, for he exchanged a few words with his partner, preceded by a glance at myself, and followed by a burst of laughter.

and, knocking the balls about, "Who will play a game with me?" I inquired.

"But," remarked Tallancourt, "the table is engaged by these gentlemen."

"Well then," said I, looking at the one of the two players with whom I wished to get up a quarrel, "we will turn these gentlemen off, and I will begin with this one," I continued, taking a few steps towards him.

The provocation was too open and too noisy to be passed over. Betz and Tallancourt rushed forward. They knew me too well not to be aware that I would not have taken such extraordinary steps without sufficient reason. My adversary and myself accordingly exchanged names, and we made an appointment for the day after the next, at nine in the morning, in the café, at that great isolated house which stood for so long a time in the midst of the Place de Carousel, and was designated as the Hôtel de Nantes.

Tallancourt and Betz, as Dumas' seconds, appointed to meet the seconds of M. Charles B——, as Dumas designates his adversary, the next day at four in the afternoon, in the garden of the Palais Royal.

The second morning (Dumas relates) I rose at eight o'clock, and making an excuse for going out, I kissed my mother, and putting my father's sword under my mantle, I issued forth. Tallancourt had undertaken to procure another sword. I arrived at the Hôtel de Nantes ten minutes before nine. The seconds of my adversary had arrived. I had not breakfasted. Thibaut, who accompanied me, had recommended me not to eat, so that, if necessary, bleeding might be the more effectual. We waited—half-past nine, ten, and eleven struck. Betz and Tallancourt became very impatient: my adversary's dilatoriness was making them miss their work. I must acknowledge that, as far as I was concerned, I was delighted. I hoped that the affair would finish with an apology—and that was a conclusion devoutly to be wished for.

At eleven my adversary's seconds got impatient. They proposed to my seconds to go together to look after the missing combatant. As to me, I was to go to my office. If I was blamed, it was agreed that I should acknowledge the truth to M. Oudard, and explain the cause of our absence. Oudard had been sent for by the Duchess of Orleans, so our absence had not been perceived. Half an hour afterwards, Betz and Tallancourt came back; they had found my adversary in bed. Having intimated that it was not there that they expected to find him, M. Charles B—— replied, that, having been skating the previous evening, he had been attacked by lumbago that very morning so severely that he had been unable to rise. The excuse appeared so indifferent to his seconds, that they signified their intention to have nothing more to do with the matter.

To Dumas' great annoyance, his own seconds, Tallancourt and Betz,

were much more persevering, and they insisted upon M. Charles Bgiving the satisfaction that was required. M. Charles B- was thus ultimately induced to promise that he would be at the Barrière Rochechouart the next day at nine, with two other seconds, and it was arranged that the combat should take place in one of the quarries of Mont-

This time M. Charles B—— kept his appointment. The parties met at the Barrière, exchanged a silent salutation, and proceeded to the quarries, which, however, as it was very cold, and it had been snowing all night, were found full of inhabitants. As it was not a common thing to see six persons walking about together at that hour on a cold morning, the inhabitants of the quarries, who suspected something, followed the party, who thus had soon a very numerous suite. As it seemed that the crowd was likely to increase the further they went, it was agreed to stop at the first convenient spot.

The ground selected, the swords distributed, there was no time to lose; it was dreadfully cold, and our troop of spectators kept increasing every moment. I threw off my coat, and took up my position. But my adversary insisted upon my not only taking off my coat, but also my shirt and waistcoat. The request appeared to me to be very exorbitant; but as he insisted, I stuck my sword in the snow, and threw my shirt and waistcoat down on my coat. This effected, I took up my sword in a tolerably ruffled temper. All these difficulties had been suggested by my adversary with so much coolness, and the sword having been selected as a weapon by himself, I expected to have to do with a man of some skill. I accordingly took my measures with due precaution. But, to my infinite surprise, when we had at length taken up our position, I saw before me a man deficient in his guard, and who laid himself open in the weakest points. I thought for a moment that this might be a mere feint on his part to put me also off my guard, and enable him to take advantage of my imprudence. Be this as it might, I stepped back, and lowering my sword,

"Come, sir," I said, "cover yourself!"
"Suppose," replied my adversary, "that I do not choose to cover myself?"

"Oh, that is another thing; only that you have a strange taste."

I resumed the offensive, and in order the better to feel my way, I made a simple pass in tierce, but without launching myself forward. He made a leap

backward, stumbled against the roots of a grape-vine, and fell backwards.
"Oh! oh!" exclaimed Tallancourt, "have you killed him the very first pass?"

"No," I answered, "I do not think so; I never advanced upon him, nor

indeed did I barely touch him." In the interval, my adversary's seconds had run up to M. B. The point of my sword had penetrated his shoulder, and having been stuck some time in the snow, the sensation of the iced steel had caused my adversary, slightly

wounded as he was, to feel faint and to stumble. Luckily that, in making the pass, I had not lunged out, or I should have spitted him from side to side. The poor fellow had never before had a sword in his hand. In consequence of his tardy avowal of this fact, and of the wound he had received, it was agreed

that the combat should end there. I replaced my sword in its scabbard, put on my shirt, waistcoat, and coat,

draped myself in my quiroga, and stepped down from the rocky terraces of Montmartre with a much lighter heart than I had got up upon them.

At this epoch all was festivity at the Palais Royal, the new monarch, Charles X., having dignified the Duke of Orleans with the title of Royal Highness, a title which Louis XVIII. had constantly refused, saying, "he will always be near enough to the throne." The consecration of the

new king had been recorded in her album by the Duchess of Orleans—now the ex-queen Marie-Amelie—in Italian, and Dumas was entrusted with the translation. "This album," says the conscientious romancer, "was the one to which the duchess confided her most secret thoughts, and in which she recorded her most secret actions. I had not been told not to read it, so I read it!" Luckily that this indiscretion, to say the least of it, does not lead to any irreverent disclosures.

In the midst (says Dumas) of all that I read, one thing struck me, and that was the profound gratitude shown by Madame the Duchess of Orleans for the favours which were conferred upon the prince her husband by the new King Charles X., and for the kindness testified almost daily by the Duchess of

Berry for herself and family.

Alas! alas! when I lived to see Charles X. at Gratz, and Madame the Duchess of Berry at Blaye, how often did the remembrance of this album recur to my mind, and I shuddered at the idea of what a heart, so profoundly religious as was that of Marie-Amelie, must have felt, when, what princes designate as political necessities broke in the hands of her husband the crown of one and the honour of the other!

This translation was repaid by a ticket to the Théâtre Français—the breach of confidence will perhaps be repaid by a prayer—and the visit to the Théâtre Français is made an excuse for a long chapter on theatrical matters, more especially in reference to Baron Taylor (whose portrait embellished the last exhibition in Paris), and of Arnault and Viennet. Of the latter unsuccessful dramatic author, Dumas relates some characteristic anecdotes.

One day, at Nodier's, he addressed himself to Michaud.

"I say, Michaud," he said, with that expression so peculiar to himself, "I have just finished a poem of 30,000 verses. What do you say to that?"

"I say that it will require 15,000 men to read it," answered Michaud.

Viennet wrote a play called "Achilles."

"Is not my 'Achilles' full of passion?" (bien colère), he said to M. Arnault, after one of his readings.

"Yes, as passionate as a turkey-cock!" (colère comme un dindon), replied M.

Another time, M. Viennet was attacking Lamartine at a dinner-table.

"A coxcomb," said he, "who thinks himself the first political man of his day, and who is not even the first poet!"

"At all events," remarked Madame Sophie Gay, from the other end of the table, "he is not the last, for that place is taken."

The death of General Foy at this epoch suggested to Dumas, who at least manifested some grateful reminiscence on the occasion, a few verses, which first revealed his poetic talent among his immediate friends. The death of Alexander, Emperor of Russia, at the same time, also afforded an excuse for a long discussion upon Russian affairs. Dumas' views of the relation of Russia and England to France, and of the projects of the Emperor Napoleon in reference to the two, are very amusing. But first for a graphic sketch of the chief actors in modern Russian history.

When a child, I had been nearly crushed in the streets of Villers-Côtérêts by a little kibitz, driven by a coachman bent over three horses, which he drove with a short whip, and which he made fly over the pavement.

This coachman wore a leather cap and a green uniform, he had an incipient

beard, a face tanned by the sun, and gold lentils in his ears.

He drove two officers, dressed much alike, and wearing several crosses and two large epaulets. One of these officers was a kind of Kalmuk, with a hideous countenance, brutal manners, and clamorous voice; he swore aloud in

French, and appeared to be familiar with our language in its more rude and vulgar aspects.

The other was a bandsome man, thirty-three to thirty-four years of age, and who appeared as mild and as civilised as his companion was rough and uncultivated. His hair was of a golden hue; and, though he appeared to be very vigorous and healthy, a mild and melancholy smile played upon his lips each time that he repressed the brutality of his companion.

This one was the Emperor Alexander, the handsomest and the most deceitful of Greeks, according to Napoleon. His companion was the Grand Duke Constantine; he who drove them was the Grand Duke Michel.

Strange and almost fantastic vision, which passing before my eyes so impressed itself on my memory, that I still see it before me after a lapse of thirty-seven years! Of these three men, so faithfully preserved in my memory, the one with the mild and melancholy countenance was the first to pass away.

Napoleon had wished to make of that man not only an ally, but a brother; that man who had called Napoleon Charlemagne, Napoleon had called Constantine, and he had offered him the empire of the East on the condition that he would leave him the empire of the West.

For the emperor—and that is one of the greatest ideas of his reign—had understood that, against England, our natural enemy, our natural ally was Russia.

Dumas proceeds in this warlike strain and very unphilosophical view of the subject, to discuss the gradual aggrandisement of Great Britain and its colonies, accompanied with that of Russia, and contrasting the two, he shows, that while the first has aggrandised herself in almost every direction at the expense of France, Russia has not taken from her an inch of ground or a single living soul. He then passes on to narrative and politics, combined with his usual graphic skill.

On the 24th of June, 1807, the general of artillery, Lariboissière, had anchored a raft in the Niémen, and on this raft there was a pavilion.

The 25th, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the Emperor Napoleon, accompanied by the Grand Duke of Berg, Murat, Marshals Berthier and Bessières, General Duroc and Caulaincourt, started from the left bank for the pavilion. The Emperor Alexander, accompanied by the Grand Duke Constantine, General Benigsen, Prince Labanoff, General Ouvaroff, and General Count de Liéven, started at the same moment from the right bank.

The two boats arrived at the same instant, each on its own side of the raft. The two emperors stepped simultaneously on the floating island, walked towards one another, and exchanged embraces.

These embraces were the prelude of the "peace" of Tilsit.

The peace of Tilsit was the ruin of England.

Firstly, by the decree of Berlin establishing a continental blockade, England had been placed without Europe. In the northern seas, Russia, Denmark, and Holland, in the Mediterranean, France and Spain, had closed their ports against her, and had solemnly engaged to hold no commercial relations with her.

There only remained then on the Ocean, Portugal; and on the Baltic, Sweden.

Napoleon, by a decree, dating 27th of October, 1807, decided that the house of Braganza had ceased to reign; and Alexander had engaged, the 27th of September, 1808, to march against Gustavus IV.

But this was not all; upon this raft, in this pavilion on the Niemen, a still

more terrible plan had been debated.

"It is in India that England must be struck to destroy her," Bonaparte had said, when inducing the Directory to accept the campaign of Egypt. And from Alexandria he despatched a messenger to Tippoo Saib, to exhort him to an energetic defence. But the ambassador had not reached Aden before the throne of Mysore had been tumbled down.

From that time the conquest of India, which had been the dream of Bonaparte, became a fixed idea with Napoleon.

Why had he made peace with Alexander? Why had he embraced him on the Niemen? Why had he called him Constantine? Why had he offered him the empire of the East?

To make a sure ally of him, and, relying on that alliance, to conquer India. Who should prevent Napoleon from doing that which Alexander had done two thousand two hundred years before him? The thing was so easy! You shall see.

Thirty-five thousand Russians were to embark on the Volga, to descend the river as far as Astrakhan, traverse the Caspian, and land at Asterabad.

Thirty-five thousand French were to descend the Danube to the Black Sea, where they were to embark for the sea of Azof, to ascend the Don to where that river approaches most closely to the Volga, upon which latter river they were to follow the footsteps of the Russians.

Seventy thousand men would be in the heart of Persia before England

knew even that they were on their way thither!

At Asterabad they would be only 150 leagues from the kingdom of Cabul. In twelve days, then, they would be in India; twelve days would suffice to

go from Asterabad to Herat by the rich valley of Hari-rud.

From Herat to Kandahar, 100 leagues, with a magnificent road; from Kandahar to Ghizni, fifty leagues; from Ghizni to Attock, sixty; and the two armies would be on the Indus-that is to say, on a river whose current does not exceed a league an hour, which presents numerous fords, and the depth of which from Attock to Dara Ismael Khan does not exceed from ten to fifteen

This is the road taken by all the invaders of India, from the year 1000 to 1729, from Mahmud of Ghizni to Nadir Shah. By Mahmud of Ghizni alone, India was invaded seven times between 1000 and 1021. In his sixth campaign, he went in three months from Ghizni, his capital, to Canuja, a town a hundred miles to the south-west of Delhi; on the seventh he reached the heart of Guzzerat, and overthrew the temple of Sumnaut.

Then again, in 1184, Muhammad Guri marched upon Delhi by the same road of Attock and of Lahore, seized upon the capital of Central India, and

substituted his dynasty to that of Mahmud of Ghizni.

Then followed, in 1396, Taimur the Lame, of whom we have made Tamerlane, who, starting from Samarcand, traversed the Amour, leaving Balk to the right, descended on Cabul by the pass of Andisab, followed the banks of the river, crossed at Attock, invaded the Punjaub, put Delhi to fire and sword, and returned, after a victorious campaign of fourteen months, into Tartary.

Taimur was followed by Babur, who crossed the Indus in 1505, established himself at Lahore, and from Lahore advanced to Delhi, where he founded the Lastly, in 1739, Nadir Shah, who invaded Cabul from Mogul dynasty. Persia, followed the same road by Lahore, and took possession of Delhi, which he gave over to three days' sack.

It would probably have been at Delhi that the two combined armies, French

and Russian, would have met the Anglo-Indian army.

That army conquered, Napoleon and Alexander would have marched, not on Calcutta, which is only a commercial city, but on Bombay, the destruction of which would be much more fatal to England than that of Calcutta, since it it is by Bombay that she keeps up her connexion with the Red Sea and with Europe. Bombay taken, the head of the serpent would have been crushed; there would only have remained Madras with its bad ramparts, and Calcutta with its fortress, for the defence of which 15,000 men are requisite, and which she cannot feed.

The power of England annihilated in India, the power of Russia took its place; Alexander took for himself Turkey in Europe, Turkey in Asia, Persia, and India.

We took for ourselves Holland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, all the African shore

from Tunis to Cairo, the Red Sea with its Christian populations, Syria to the Persian Gulf. It need not be added that Malta, the Ionian Islands, and Greece as far as the Dardanelles, would be restored to us.

Then the Mediterranean would have truly been a French lake, through which we would have divided the commerce of India with our sister Russia.

It lay with Alexander alone that this dream should have been a reality; it only required that he should have kept his promises instead of breaking them. Hence it was also that there was another reason for the Russian war, which some persevere in believing to have originated in the rejection of the Emperor by the Princess Olga!

Alexander conquered, he would have been compelled by force to do that which he would not do with his own good-will.

But the designs of Providence were against us.

The faults of omission in this grandiose scheme are too patent almost to deserve mention. The soldiers of France and Russia are not acclimated to such a journey as were the Tartars of Timur or the Moguls of The Greek army of Alexander was reinforced by Orientals, and besides it met with little or no opposition. There are no vessels of transport on the Caspian, and that inland sea is shallow, and treacherous to a degree. The so-called rich valley of Hari-rud is a desert nine months of the year. As the avowed objects of Russia were to acquire the empire of Turkey, Persia, and Cabul, as well as of India, it would have been the interest of all the Oriental nations to have opposed the invading force; in such a case the Anglo-Indian army would not have awaited the Franco-Russian army at Delhi. M. Dumas totally omits all notice of the passes of Affghanistan. The interests of Lahore would, for the time being, have been identical with ours. But supposing even some of the fickle Orientals to have been won over by false promises, it would have required an army of more than 70,000 men, with the decimation inevitable on so long and so perilous a journey, to have subjected all India. A hundred thousand men could not march from Lahore to Delhi, from Delhi to Bombay, from Bombay to Madras, and from Madras to Calcutta. To use the figurative language of Dumas (although we cannot see why the mere possession of rich colonies should entitle a disappointed or less successful nation to call us serpents), the real serpents alone would have consumed such an army. Engaged in such a march without possession of the sea-board; with a hostile population; a watchful enemy; forts, mountains, forests, and fastnesses innumerable; no roads or means of transport; an inevitably bad commissariat; sun and rain, wild beasts, jungle, and fever; in fact, a pestilential sun and climate; a baby might have counted the number that would have arrived to lay siege to Fort William, or to occupy in sickness and dissolution the city of palaces!

Dumas is called, however, from aërial flights like these in the loftiest regions of politics, by more humble considerations of ways and means. The hundred louis which his mother had contributed to the common stock by the sale of their property at Villers-Côtérèts were exhausted, the expenses of the past had exceeded by 1800 francs their united revenue, and the future looked dark and forbidding. Dumas had, with De Leuven as a collaborateur, written several small pieces, none of which had been accepted for the stage. The two friends accordingly agreed to associate one Rousseau—a more experienced hand—to their labours. The three united produced "La Chasse et l'Amour," which, rejected at the Gym-

nase, was accepted at the Ambigu. The benefits that accrued to the authors at the latter were twelve francs each performance, and six free-admissions. The latter privilege Dumas sold for fifty francs, and thus, for the first time, he says, he experienced the delightful sensation of

touching money which had been gained by his pen.

"La Chasse et l'Amour," the point of departure of nearly a hundred subsequent dramas, was first played on the 22nd of September, 1825, and it met with great success; so much so, that Porcher, the speculator on authors' free-admissions, advanced Dumas 300 francs upon future successes. These 300 francs were sunk in publishing a little volume of novels, which appeared under the title of "Nouvelles Contemporaines," of which four copies were sold! The fact is worth recording, as being the point of departure also of nearly six hundred volumes that the French romancer has since penned or edited. It so happened that Vatout, the publisher of the Palais Royal, who was at that time engaged upon an illustrated work, called the "Galerie du Palais Royal," had read both the nouvelles and the "Ode to General Foy," and he engaged Dumas to do some of the poetical illustrations of his work. "From this moment," says Dumas, "I took my place in contemporary literature." The beginnings were certainly small enough. This was followed by contributions to a monthly journal, called Psyché, which, however, added nothing to the young poet's limited resources.

About this time, the great hero of his youth, Talma, died. A fortnight before his dissolution, Dumas and his friend, De Leuven, went to
pay the great tragedian a visit. Talma was in his bath, where he studied
the *Tiberius* of Lucien Arnault, in which character he hoped to reappear on the stage. Condemned by disease to literally die of starvation,
Talma had lost flesh considerably; but even in this very loss he found a

source of satisfaction and a hope of success.

"Hein! mes infants," he said to his two visitors, as he pulled his pendulous cheeks with both hands, "will not these suit old Tiberius well?"

No less than eleven medical men met to consult upon his case. Among them were Dupuytren, Biett, and Begin. But all the art and science of Paris could not for a moment arrest the decrees of Providence.

"Well," said Talma to them at the conclusion of one of their conferences, "have you finished? I will do anything you like; here I am! But I doubt if you can do anything for me, and I must make up my mind. But what grieves me most, and which I would most wish you to take into consideration, are my eyes. I have a great dread of losing my sight."

Dumas relates that the Archbishop of Paris called daily upon the moribund actor, who, however, would not see him. The cause of this condescension on the one hand, and of the refusal to meet these attentions on the other, was connected with a curious circumstance. Talma had two sons, who were being educated at the institution Morin, and they had each won a prize, but being the children of an actor, when the day of public distribution came, they did not dare to present them to the dignitary of the Church who officiated, but passed them by, and only afterwards gave them their prizes privately. Talma was both dearly attached to and proud of his children, and when he heard of the occurence, he was so indignant, that he made them renounce the Roman

Church, and join that of the Reformed religion. The archbishop did everything in his power to remedy so grave a result of a public scandal, but the sturdy old tragedian appears to have remained inflexible, and

justly so, to the last.

A little drama, written at this time, upon the old Oriental plot of a fabulous island, where husbands are buried with their wives, and designated "La Noce et l'Enterrement," in which Lassagne and Vulpian acted as Dumas' collaborateurs, met with no more success at the Vaudeville than "La Chasse et l'Amour" had at the Gymnase; and as misfortunes never go single, our young dramatist was called, at the very moment of this literary affliction, to account for his proceedings before the junior Cerberus of the Palais Royal, M. Oudard.

I entered into his study (Dumas relates) with tears in my eyes, but with a calm voice.

"Is it true, sir," I said to him, "that you have forbidden Lassagne to work with me?

"Yes," he answered. "Why do you ask me the question?"

"Because I did not think you could have the courage to do such a thing."

"What do you mean by saying, "not have the courage?"

"Why, I think it requires the greatest possible courage to condemn three persons to live upon 125 francs a month."

"It seems to me that you are very lucky in getting these 125 francs a month,

which you affect to despise."

"I do not despise them, sir; I am, on the contrary, very grateful to him who gives them to me; only I say that they do not suffice, and I thought I had a right to add whatever I could to such an inadequate salary, so long as my work without did not interfere with my official duties."

"It does not interfere at the present moment with your duties, but it will

one day.'

"One day! then it will be time, when that comes, to trouble yourself about it."

"Well, it does not concern me," said M. Oudard. "I merely transmit to you the observations of the director-general."

"Of M. de Broval?"

grandical men met to const. sevilave and men met to const. sevilave Brown "I thought that M. de Broval pretended to protect literature?"

"Literature, perhaps. But do you call 'La Chasse et l'Amour,' and 'La Noce

et l'Enterrement,' literature?"

"No; certainly not, sir. Nor has my name been placed on the bill of the Ambigu, where 'La Chasse et l'Amour' has been played; nor shall it be mentioned wheresoever 'La Noce et l'Enterrement' shall be performed."

"If you do not consider these works worthy of you, wherefore then do you

great dread" ment stirw

"In the first place, then, sir, because at the present moment I do not consider myself equal to the task of writing better; and, such as they are, they bring relief to our distress—yes, sir, our distress—I do not mince the word. One day you learnt, I do not know how, that I passed several nights in copying dramatic pieces at four francs an act, that I copied the whole of M. Theaulon's comedy of 'L'Indiscret' on such terms, and you condescended to compliment me upon my courage."

in a prize, but being the children of an act surt et tad Te-day and How, then, can I be more guilty in writing out my own pieces, than in copying those of others? You know that Adolphe de Leuven also writes

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, I heard you the other day urging upon M. de Broval that M. de Leuven should be admitted into the offices of the Duke of Orleans."

"M. Adolphe de Leuven has been very particularly recommended to me."
"And I, sir, was I not also particularly recommended to you? It is true that De Leuven has been recommended to you by Benjamin Constant, General Gerard, and Madame de Valence, whilst I-I have only been recommended to you by General Foy.'

"Which means to say-?"

"Which means to say that M. de Leuven's protectors are living, and that my protector is dead."

"M. Dumas !"

"Oh, do not get angry; I shall think that I have hit the right mark."

"You are resolved, then, to dabble in literature?"

"Yes, sir; inclination and necessity compel me to do so."

"Well, then, do something like Casimir Delavigne, and instead of blaming

you we will encourage you."
"Sir," I answered, "I am not as old as M. Casimir Delavigne, who was poet-laureat in 1811; I have not received the education of M. Casimir Delavigne, who was brought up in one of the best colleges of Paris. No, I am twenty-two years of age; my education, I perfect it every day, at the expense of my health perhaps, for everything that I learn—and I can tell you that I learn many things—I learn it at the time when others are amusing themselves or sleeping. I cannot, then, at this moment do what M. Casimir Delavigne But finally, M. Oudard, listen well to what I am going to say to you, even if what I am going to utter should appear very strange to you: if I did not think that I should one day do something else than what M. Casimir Delavigne has done, well, sir, I would go beyond your wishes, and those of M. de Broval, and this very moment I would solemnly promise you to dabble no longer in literature.

Oudard looked at me with eyes that had lost all expression; my vanity had

positively stunned him.

I bowed to him and went out.

Five minutes afterwards he went to M. Deviolaine to relate to him the act of madness that I had committed.

M. Deviolaine inquired if it was really before him, if it was to him himself, that I had spoken such language?

"Before myself, actually to me," replied Oudard.
"I will inform his mother," said M. Deviolaine, "and if he continues in this fever, send him to me; I will take him into my offices and see that he does not go irrecoverably mad."

And, as he said, my mother was informed of my proceedings the same evening. On returning to our lodgings, I found her bathed in tears.

M. Deviolaine had sent for her, and had told her of what had occurred be-

tween M. Oudard and myself in the morning.

The next morning the blasphemy which I had been guilty of uttering the previous evening was circulated through the offices. The sixty-three employes of his royal highness met one another with the same question:

"Do you know what Dumas said yesterday to M. Oudard?"

The person thus addressed answered no or yes.

And the circumstance, if he answered no, was repeated with corrections, embellishments, and augmentations which did the greatest credit to the imaginative powers of my colleagues.

During one whole day, and even for some days afterwards, an Homeric laugh

was heard in the passages of the house No. 216, Rue Saint Honoré.

Notwithstanding these grievances at the onset of his career, "La Noce et l'Enterrement" was received at the Porte Saint Martin, and played the 21st November, 1826. The benefits were increased to eighteen francs a night, and twelve francs, the profit of sale of free admissions. Dumas consoled himself that he was getting nearer and nearer to the Théâtre Français. Che va piano va sano.

SANFRANCISCO.

(ROUGH NOTES FROM MY DIARY.)

By Joseph Anthony, Jun.

FRIDAY, OCT. 17 .- SAN FRANCISCO.-Arrived at this wonderful city, after a tedious voyage of seventy days from Valparaiso. Of the passage I have nothing to observe, save to advert to the calms and contrary winds with which we were beset, and the gratification we experienced in arriving at the end of so lengthened a voyage, exactly seven months since we left Liverpool. We heard of the Orion, that left Princes Dock one day before us, and not a little singular, just one day before us had cast anchor in San Francisco bay. On the evening of our arrival we went on shore for an hour, and certainly all our mind's-eye picturings fell very far short of the singularity of the scene presented to us. A city of wood-wooden pavements, wooden houses-wood everywhere; wide and handsome streets they are, nevertheless, and somewhat imposing in appearance, being bold in their long sweep, crowded with people, and displaying the tide of business in full and active flow. The chief portion of the city is built on the sea, and the boarded streets, in many parts, being in a dilapidated state, you may see, as you pass, the water beneath. But the people-what striking physiognomies meet you at every step! and the sharp, calculating eyes, and knowing expression of almost every face, at once suggest to the stranger that he has come amongst a gathering of knowing ones—a very wide-awake generation. I have said that the streets, although formed chiefly of wooden buildings, present a handsome appearance; they are not only long, wide, and bold, in their sweep, but regularly enclose each other at right angles, and, indeed, the plan of the city is altogether

Montgomery and Sansome-streets are the principal business thoroughfares, whilst Battery and Front-street, as the range of stores are called, bordering the wharfs, are rising in importance. Stockton-street, which traverses the crest of the hill on which a part of the town is built, commands a fine view of the magnificent bay and the wooden city, and truly a splendid view it is. But what language can possibly convey anything like a faithful description of the strange sights that meet the eye at every turn? The immense wooden hotels, capable of accommodating, I know not whether hundreds or thousands, present a very striking appearance; other edifices, equally extensive, whose basement-halls are open, and at night illumined by countless costly chandeliers, and fitted up even gorgeously, drawing in a constant crowd of speculators, who, clustering round the numerous tables, whilst music adds life and animation to the scene, try fortune at the various games, which sooner or later inevitably plunders them of their hard-earned gains in the golden land. Here, cheek by jowl, you see English, Americans, Chinese, Chilians, Spaniards, Mexicans, and many whose extraordinary appearance in garb and feature lead you to imagine that they must have come from some strange regions, neither in heaven above nor in earth beneath, one and all engrossed by the exciting chink of the dollars and the rattle of the dice. Ten and twenty dollars is a common stake for one of these rough-looking miners to invest Theatre Français. (the va piano va sano,

at a time ? and I have not unfrequently seen a fellow, whom you would suppose hardly possessed a dollar, stake his ounce of gold, and, as good or ill luck attends the venture, follow it up with the same amount over and over again. To lose three or four hundred dollars at a time, seems to be no common occurrence. To win that amount, also, is certainly not impossible, and indeed, perhaps, not unfrequently occurs to some speculators, but I never yet heard of one so fortunate but who invariably lost it again. These gamblers must make immetise sums; the tables are nightly crowded, many of them continuing the game even throughout the day; and the very costly style with which the rooms are fitted up, together with the excellent bands of music which they engage clearly indicate that there must indeed be much grist to the mill. Their chief supporters are the miners, who come down from the mines with their piles, and like moths attracted by the flame of a candle, are they drawn into these halls of dazzling light, to their ruin. At many of the tables women, dressed even elegantly, are seated, sometimes dealing the cards and throwing the dice, but in some instances only seated at the table to attract. The walls are covered with paintings in oil, the subject chiefly such as our own Etty was so great in handling; and although that great master's touch is not visible, yet are there many of the nude figures possessing very considerable merit. We have said that some of these gambling-rooms are fitted up in costly style : one of them, called the golden gate, is even gorgeous in its splendour, and at night, when its numerous superb chandeliers are lit up, with its rich mouldings and elegant fittings, presents a scene quite dazzling; we question if there is aught in any capital in Europe to equal it. A strange place, indeed, is this San Francisco: here you see no old men-no children. It seems a gathering-place of men in the prime of life, a concentration of daring and energetic spirits, amidst whom the timid and nervous must soon necessarily find themselves all but lost. Go-ahead here seems to be the order of the day-no pausing to consider action, action push on sink or swim-no repose-all excitement. There is not, we are convinced, any place in the wide world where are congregated so great a number of people whose lives have been so eventful; each man's history is, in itself, a romance. The trials, adventures, escapes by flood and fire, the change from place to place, the ups and downs which we have heard recounted, would scarce be deemed credible, and yet are they here every-day matters. Heroes walk the streets by hundreds, many of whose trials and adventures will assuredly be yet given to the world, and with breathless interest be read by that numerous class, who, like "the gentlemen of England, live at picking up are a class that has passed away; the ster" see it sind

What variety the streets of San Francisco present! A large fancy-ball by daylight, about to take place, might be imagined in seeing the various picturesque figures moving about. The Mexican, with his odd-looking trousers, that to an inexperienced eye appear as though the sides were ripped up to show the gay-coloured lining; the Chilian with his poncho; the Chinaman with his long tail; the miners with their swarthy, hairy faces, huge-booted, with their revolvers at their belts; and Yankees, Britishers, Frenchers, and Spaniards, filling up the moving panorama, attired, many of them, in the rough-and-ready style, and not a few in the extreme of dandyism. Jewellery is so common here that the roughest

miner wears his two or three rings on Not a waiter hands you a plate it a restaurant but displaye one of these appendages on his side these appendages on his restaurant but desired to be no common occurrence. To win that amount, also, istnements

omIn San Francisco, a ministoccupation is lanything but la criterion of what he may be as regards education and capability for a higher position in the drama of dife. We are ourselves well acquainted with an individual who was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, for the Irish Church, who is now drawing Truman's stout, at one real a glass t and we know of another individual, who won high honour at Heidelberg, whose name is well known in Germany, who is at this moment in a red shirt, hammering taway at a locksmith's, earning his five dollars per day, which, thanks to his German education, in which a knowledge of various handicrafts formed a part, fortunately for him enables him to do. Here may be seen dampenters at work in the streets, with their moustachies and stylish dresses, looking as much like military officers as aught else and many of them have been in such positions; driving carts, equally aristocraticlooking fellows may be seen by the score, and amongst the latter, ere we had been in San Francisco twenty-four hours, three different individuals were pointed out to us who had respectively been, two of them surgeons, the other a solicitor I could give the name of one of the former, whose attainments in his profession are of a high order, and whose connexions in Lancashire are well known, did I not fear to give pain where we would not do so willingly. But these things are aught but rare or strange here. A friend of ours, a merchant in the place, showed us one of his rooms which had been papered by a once aide-de-camp to General Lamoricière; and dining at a large restaurant in the plaza, one of the waiters was pointed out to us as having been a colonel in the Austrian army. That the latter singular circumstance was a fact, my friend Yah Yah verified by recognising the individual in question, whose brother, the master of the horse to the King of Wurtemberg, had been the intimate

friend of my companion in Germany: tear of betragence are are made at least the battle bettief with a sequence of the battle bettief of the battle bet glance that this extraordinary place is an arena where men are gathered together for one common object gold to get money of You may see it written in every countenance you gaze upon; but, wherever the native home of these adventurers, you may also see that it is, with few exceptions, they only who possess the needful qualifications for such a battle of life who have remained. ... They who came here expecting to find gold for the picking up, are a class that has passed away; the sterner stuff alone remains and In each face you may read caution, energy, courage important essentials for California and the next half century will prove to such mentan El Dovado indeed to Fire has been the great destroyer here; if we have met with one, we have met with fifty, who had made their pile, and were ruined by fire in a night www. who many who have been burnt out three times psome of these it has beaten they have turned to the cup that does inebriated and are lost for ever wife know others who will never say die, and are fighting the battle still, although with limited means and diminished hopes. A fearful thing, is this fire. and We have barely been in San Francisco two months, and thrice

during that period, in the dead of night, have we been aroused by the fearful cry of fire in the streets; and a fire in San Francisco, if it once begins, can scarcely be a small one. Two of the three-named alarms were false, the other was a bond-fide fire; but, occurring in the outskirts, it was confined to the detached dwelling, which it burnt down. But in the town-conceive, reader, a city of wood-the very streets not paved, but planked—a terrific wind (for the winds are terrific here) is blowing—a house takes fire-do you think it possible, even were the London brigade on the spot, to confine its ravages to a small extent? Judge, then, what must again necessarily follow, should another fire take place, which most assuredly will be the case. Is it not fearful to think upon? It is this constant apprehension of the fiery element which tends to keep up the state of unnatural excitement in which all live here; and as there is no insuring, it is impossible for any man to tell that he may not be ruined in a night. True, there are some few brick buildings being erected, but they are few and far between: and if the common expectation be realised, ere long a conflagration will take place; for it is one of the fearful pleasantries of the place to say, "The fire is full due; it certainly can't be long

Rats are a great pest in San Francisco. To say that they swarm, is not sufficiently expressive—they overrun the place; there is scarcely any sleeping for them. Hundreds, nay thousands, are caught nightly: and • the streets every morning bear evidence of the slaughter of the previous night. All the dead rats are pitched there; and to a stranger's eye, the number of these lifeless animals, and scattered playing-cards, that meet his eye at every step, not a little astonish him. Yet, in spite of the slaughter thus committed, there is no sensible abatement in the number of these noxious vermin. In England, to know that there was a rat in your bedroom, would be considered sufficiently unpleasant; here you must become reconciled to there being dozens, and learn to sleep contented, although they are squeaking throughout the night, and racing about your wooden home like horses galloping. Unfortunately, there are but few cats and terriers here; and, it is said, the few there are have become useless; that they tire of catching and killing the rats, there being so many; and that the best dog or cat, after a short time in San Francisco, will not touch a rat. This we are inclined to disbelieve, and have much to regret that a handsome Scotch-terrier bitch which we brought out died soon after her arrival; not, however, ere she had done considerable execution amidst the vermin of the place. Whether she would have tired of the sport we cannot tell, but she had not her equal in the city; and an idea of the value of such an animal may be formed from the fact that we refused the offer of 100 dollars for our favourite Gip.

There are three good theatres in San Francisco—the Jenny Lind, the American, and the Adelphi. The two first are spacious buildings, having elegant exteriors; the latter is but small, and chiefly occupied by a French company. Of the performances presented at these temples of the drama, much in praise cannot be said. The actors are generally below mediocrity, and the production of a tragedy is consequently almost invariably a double butchery. San Francisco, however, just now possesses one member of the profession who is well worthy of better support than has ever here attended his performances. Indeed, we have little hesita-

tion in saying that he is destined to achieve the most brilliant success in the highest walks of the drama, nor do we believe the stage at present possesses a finer Shaksperian actor. He is young, possesses a good figure, his presence is commanding, his voice good, and his impersonations display much originality. With the intention of shortly visiting Europe, this gentleman, Mr. James Stark, is continuing here a course of close study and constant practice; and although he is certainly a favourite, and the only actor who can, in leading Shaksperian characters, fill a house, the Franciscans are, I think, not fully alive to the fact that in him they possess, most assuredly, the best actor that America has produced. Mr. Stark, I understand, will shortly make his debut before a London audience, and whether that début be as Lear or Hamlet, I venture to predict for him my countrymen's endorsement of the opinions I have expressed. I have but little doubt that his Hamlet will be recognised as a mental delineation of a high order, displaying as it does much originality, and, indeed, in that respect, departing from the conventional track, standing alone as a personation of the Prince of Denmark.

Perhaps in nothing besides is the American penchant for high-sounding terms so much displayed as in their play-bills. Every comedy is splendid, every tragedy sublime; the dancers are announced as the beautiful Miss This, and the charming Miss That. Letters from delighted admirers, requesting actors to repeat a particular part, are very common; the bills are headed with the correspondence, by which the public is informed that Messrs. Dollar and Dime, and a string of others, have been so much struck by the masterly performance of Mr. So-and-So in his great character of such a thing, that they are desirous of witnessing it again. The genius thus appealed to of course replies, and of course expresses himself as being much flattered and gratified by the encomiums of so intelligent a body, and of course consents to repeat the character. Another vile custom they have here is speech-making by the actors to the audience. As in England, they will have a favourite actor before the curtain at the conclusion of a piece; but, not content with bowing their acknowledgments of the compliment, the actors always make speeches here—ay, the ladies as well as the gentlemen of the profession who are thus honoured and these speeches are of course ever garnished with the old stereotyped phrases, worn out as much as the usual sentiments of after-dinner speeches. In England, by way of variety, some of our principal theatres have presented Shakspeare with two tragedians personifying the leading characters alternating them on different nights, thereby enabling the public to form a comparison of their capability in the same parts. Here we have seen Richard III. performed, and the leading tragedians playing the crookedback tyrant in alternate acts, the novelty being further heightened by the Richard of the second act appearing as Richmond in the last. Something novel in the arrangement, to say the least of it.

Bull and bear fights are exhibitions by no means uncommon here. There has been some talk of the authorities interfering and putting an end to them; but they still continue, the exciting exhibition being announced about once a month. These so-called fights take place at the Mission Dolores, about three miles distant from the city. The road is planked throughout, and passing as it does through a delightful country, is the favorite ride, drive, and walk of the Franciscans. For a tolerable

pedestrian the walk to the Mission is not too far. The most pleasing excursion I have yet made was my first visit on foot to this interesting place, where the old Spanish padres first pitched their tents, intent on the conversion of the indigenous humanity of the place. The country around appears to be of the richest promise for agricultural purposes, as indeed it is thought the three miles to the Bay City, being chiefly table-land, here and there relieved by juvenile hills and gently swelling undulations, almost destitute of timber, but covered—save in the few places cleared for cultivation—with a great variety of shrubs, conspicuous amongst which is the agreeably-scented plant most properly known as "old man." I have not yet seen the place in its summer aspect, but understand that the whole extent of country, at that season, presents a vast panorama of the most beautiful flowers. Bordering the road, in the vicinity of San Francisco, are some very superior dwellings; and indeed, throughout its course up to the Mission, are numerous way-side refreshment-houses,

which pretty clearly indicate that the road is well frequented. I all you have

To see a battle between a grizzly bear and a Californian lioness took me a second time to the Mission Dolores. Although several similar exhibitions had taken place since my arrival in the country, I had never felt an inclination to become a spectator, the accounts which I had heard of them being anything but calculated to induce a visit. Strolling through the plaza, however, one Sunday, the weather being delightfully fine, and seeing great numbers of well-dressed people setting off for the Mission, on horseback, driving, and in omnibuses, I made one of the latter, and, drawn by a well-appointed team, away we went at a rattling pace over the planked road to see the fight. The amphitheatre at the Mission, where these encounters take place, is a spacious wooden structure, with two wide galleries for spectators, and capable of accommodating, I should say, some three thousand people. On this occasion it was well filled, chiefly by San Franciscans, amongst whom were several elegantly-dressed women, whose appearance at such a place surprised me not a little. There were also numerous Mexican and native Californian members of the gentler sex present, conspicuous objects with their dark skins, flaunting gay-coloured dresses, and the profusion of the auriferous material with which, in rings and chains, they were decorated. An excellent band of music from the Bay City was in attendance, enlivening the proceedings considerably by their performance, which, by the way, was the best part of the quid pro quo for the two dollars' charge of admission. The fight was announced to commence at two, but, as a matter of course, two more hours had old Time inscribed against us all ere the bloody business commenced. Firstly, from an immense den in the centre of the arena, came forth the huge Grizzly, fastened to a ring in the ground by a rope, which was securely tied to one of his hind legs; and on making his appearance, seating himself on his haunches, he surveyed the assembled company, and then commenced operations with his teeth on the rope which encircled his leg, and which, by his grunts and moans, I judged had penetrated into the flesh, and was causing him considerable pain. At a little distance was the den of the lioness, which for the last hour I had through the bars observed calmly extended as though in sleep; and now, when they proceeded to bring her forth, sticks and goads were brought into play, so little disposed was she to move. At length out she

came, fastened like the bear to the ring in the centre of the arena, by a rope which gave play of some forty feet; but, unlike the Grizzly, she was secured, not by the leg, but by a rope attached to a lenthern collar. For a moment she stood calm, surveying the people; soon, however, as she beheld the Grizzly in pretty close proximity, she seemed terror-struck, and straightway commenced her violent struggles to get away. And away she did get; for, to the horror of all present, lo and behold! the collar slipped over her head, and there she stood free; and then ensued a scene which, to adopt the hackneyed phraseology of the day, may more easily be imagined than described. The women screamed, the men ran, and the wooden galleries vibrated fearfully as hundreds rushed to the doors.

In a few moments half the people had removed; meantime the lioness deliberately walked out of the arena through one of the numerous side doors used in the bull-fights, and for some minutes all was doubt and apprehension as to her movements, and what was best to be done. Fortunately, the lioness was not of a very belligerent disposition, and it was soon announced that she had ensconced herself in an adjoining shed; it being at the same time intimated that she would be again secured and brought to the field of battle. Reassured by this piece of information, the spectators resumed their seats, and in about half an hour the escaped lioness again put in an appearance, being dragged into the circle by half a dozen men, against whose united efforts, secured as she was with ropes, her struggles had been in vain; and, evidently all but exhausted, they dragged her forth, amidst the hurras of the gladdened assemblage.

But little time was afforded the recaptured beast to recover herself, for as she lay panting on the ground, the masters of the ceremonies, urged on by the impatient cries of the spectators to begin, proceeded to draw the huge Grizzly towards his intended antagonist. This was no easy task; the huge monster was not to be easily moved, and the united efforts of six men would have been ineffectual for the purpose, had not another with a long pole commenced an attack upon him, his attempts to get at his tormentor being taken advantage of by the men at the rope, who, as the brute extended his massive fore-legs to grasp the assailing pole, would suddenly jerk the rope, and, disturbing his equilibrium, tumble Mr. Grizzly over and over, each time bringing him nearer to the lioness.

As the distance between the two animals lessened, the excitement of the spectators increased; and at length, when a well-directed pull at the rope tumbled Grizzly over the king of the forests' mate, loud shouts of applause was heard on every side. To the surprise of all, however, instead of attacking, the animals seemed instinctively to avoid each other; the lioness, indeed, appearing terror-struck as she vainly struggled to escape from the immediate presence of huge Bruin. It was in vain they beat her about the head and goaded her sides; she seemed to contemplate flight only, and not battle; and when again Grizzly and she were drawn together, she lay still, whilst the huge brute was once more rolled over her. Clear was it now to all that a fight was out of the question, and hisses, from the spectators were heard, together with observations of aught but a flattering nature applying to the men who were conducting the proceed. ings. Whether the hisses and observations alluded to exasperated these gentlemen or not, I cannot say, but they certainly redoubled their exertions, applying the poles and goads to poor Grizzly with additional vigour,

This had the desired effect. Irritated almost to madness, he bit at all around him; and as they once more rolled him over, he seized the lioness by the haunch, and she, turning, seized him also by the throat. They, however, both immediately relinquished their hold; yet the blood oozing from their jaws indicated pretty clearly that earnest work had begun, and the appearance of the red gore drew down thunders of applause.

How shall I convey that which followed, the most horrible sight I ever beheld? Exhausted by her former exertions when recaptured, and afterwards by her vain battlings against the sticks and goads, and her efforts at resistance to the rope when they dragged her in turn towards the Grizzly, the lioness at length lay prostrate, utterly exhausted. And then the huge bear, being again dragged to battle, seized the lioness again, and this time tore her open, and immediately elevating his massive head, displayed his fearful jaws and tusks, from which hung the entrails of the now dying lioness, whilst the red blood fell fast on the sand.

A cry of horror arose from the people, and shouts of "Take him away!" but Grizzly was left unmolested to his feast; and as I turned my sickened gaze away, I could not but invest the eyes of the dying lioness with the language of reproach, directed, as they certainly were, to the galleries as they glazed in death. I saw two of the well-dressed ladies who were from the Bay City faint, and another crying bitterly, whilst the Mexican and Chilian feminines appeared totally unmoved—save it was to express their surprise that the fight should have been so poor an affair. I have since seen several announcements of similar combats to come off in the same place, but have never been tempted to pay a second visit to the scene, and never will.

Since commencing this part of my "Diary," I have observed the term "home" applied in a manner by the American residents that would induce the inference of their regarding California as a place of temporary sojourn only, and not as a place permanently to pitch their tents. Speaking of any friend or acquaintance returning to the States, they say he is going home; or, "Well, I guess he'll go home in a year or two," and so on. This I find is all but universal.

There are some highly amusing signboards in the Bay City. Restaurants and drinking-saloons at corners of streets, with a large lettered designation over the door of "The Very Spot," or "Our Corner;" whilst opposite, another presents itself with the appropriate appellation of "The other Corner;" another, " Everybody's Corner;" and yet another, "Anybody's Corner." Ecstatic shaving and beatific shampooning may also be seen announced over some of the barbers' shops, whilst at an adjoining corner the man in the street, the presiding genius of a candy-stall, bawls out the name of some particular part of his stock in trade, which he declares are the same as Jenny Lind uses, and, moreover, that "everybody buys them." Whether the vendor of sweets borrowed the last idea from the saloon-proprietor who keeps "Everybody's Corner," I know not, but must here add, in speaking of sweets, that certainly everybody seems to eat them. The taste for these things appears to be all but universal here; and a few nights ago, at the theatre, I was somewhat amused in observing an elderly dame who, together with a grown-up daughter by her side, appeared about equally to devote her attention to the performance of the night and the sticks of candy which they were not very elegantly

sucking. "Elegant!" This word reminds me of another odd sort of custom they have here in applying the term elegant, handsome, and pretty, to articles of merchandise, where the applicability does not appear very evident. Thus, one advertises a very elegant elephant-oil, another a handsome sugar, and another a very pretty barley. Splendid butters, cheese, pickles, &c., &c., are also every-day articles, according to the advertise-

ments in the journals, in San Francisco.

I have already alluded to the magnificent spectacle which the bay here presents, as viewed from any one of the hills on which part of the city is built; commanding the prospect, numerous handsome edifices are daily being erected, gardens laid out, and not a few of these residences display a combination of comfort and elegance which the oldest cities could not surpass. Since my arrival, I have made two excursions to the interior. One of them was to Stockton, a rapidly rising place, having no less than six steamers daily plying to and from San Francisco. I was unfortunate enough to select a boat named the Santa Clara—her first trip; and, instead of arriving at Stockton in some eleven hours—the customary time-we were just three days in accomplishing the journey. The waters of the San Joquin river were unusually low, and our pilot was incompetent to the office he had undertaken. The consequence was, that the three days' voyage was a series of running on sand-banks and getting off again at the turns of the tide. The cabin-passengers were numerous; amongst them were several ladies, whose sleeping department was separated from the rest of the cabin by a large curtain, through which, for long after they had retired at night, and for long before they appeared in the morning, they held animated colloquies with the gentlemen on the other side. The ladies were all American mammas and daughters, and as well as papas and brothers amongst the gentlemen with whom these conversations through the curtain were held, there being others, who were in the position of admirers, engaged ones, and the like, this freedom before strangers hardly accorded with that excess of prudery which is generally attributed to the American fair sex. During the trip, I was introduced by the friend whose (fireside I would have said, but they have no firesides here, their wooden houses admitting only stoves) home I was about to visit, to a numerous party, amongst which were two representatives of the people, two or three colonels, as many majors, and a judge. None of these were particularly striking in their mental qualifications or attainments; and as to the judge, he was certainly very undignified in manner, yet am I bound to admit, a most excellent hand at uka -so pronounced, how they spell it I know not -a game at cards universally played here, and compared with which, in the opinion of Californian card-players, whist is nowhere aid to true refronting smos to emen ent the

clares are the same as Jemy Lind uses, and, moreover, that "everybody buys them." Whether the vendor of sweets borrowed the last idea from the saloon-proprietor who keeps "Everybody's Corner," I know not, but must here add, in speaking of sweets, that certainly everybody seems to eat them. The taste for these things appears to be all but universal here; and a few nights ago, at the thentre, I was somewhat amused in observing an elderly dame who, together with a grown-up daughter by her side, appeared about equally to devote her attention to the performance of the night and the sticks of candy which they were not very elegantly

The Robber Unight of the Wetterberg.

A RHENISH LEGEND.

BY G. W. THORNBURY, AUTHOR OF "BALLADS OF THE NEW WORLD."

I.

SIR ULRIC of the Wetterberg was a sturdy lance and stout,
He kept the pass in the frontier land, and barred the Kaiser out.
No puny man of modern age his mighty brand could wield;
He bore an argent dragon upon a sable field.

And the legend on his surcoat and on his pennoncel
Was no dull monkish adage, fit for an abbey bell;
It was a proud-haught motto for king upon a throne:
"I kneel to one in heaven, and but to him alone."

He cared not for tower or hut, for peasant's hood or crown;
At the barred gates of Nuremberg his gauntlet he threw down.

Though the Empire's ban was on him laid, he laughed it to scorn;
He never sowed the yellow seed, and yet he reaped the corn.

He had no clustering vineyards, no ships to cross the sea, Yet his cellars were stored with wine of France, and gold and marchandie. He never bought from Lombard precious stone or chased gold, Yet not a richer treasure had monarch in his hold.

The merchant paid him willing toll rich cask of Rhenish wine; From the pilgrim wrung he Peter's pence ere he wended to his shrine; And by the three old kings he swore 'twas never merry world When sword was sheathed, and shield hung up, and battle-flag was furled.

No rheingraf or count palatine was dreaded more by all; No king had trustier subjects to gather at his call. No chief of the icy desert, no Khan of Tartary, Such clouds of savage horsemen to follow joyfully.

He burnt down hut and village, rich palace, tower, and spire,
He quenched with the blood of peasants his hovel's hissing fire;
And where his charger's heel was set on hill or upon plain,
The yellow waving corn-stalk grew never there again.

And when the burgher's gathering horn blew clear and shrill and stout, He shut him in his castle, and scoffed at those without;

As well might the subtle weasel seek the dun falcon's nest,
Built up close under heaven on some high mountain's crest.

He recked not of Kaiser's frown, or ban of Roman priest,
He laughed at bell and candle at every drinking feast;
And with a wild beast's laughing howl he hung in his banquet-hall
A churl who nailed an interdict upon his chamber wall.

Yet this cruel foe of God and man had pity on the boor; He never turned the orphan from his wide castle door, But sat them at his groaning board, put money in their scrip, And held the cup of mantling wine to the beggar's faltering lip.

TT.

Twas eve on the shores of Palestine when four-and-twenty sail Came on in stately fashion before a gentle gale,
And in the foremost palender that touched the blessed shore
Was a knight with no proud blazon upon the mail he wore.

All sable was his surcoat, all sable was his plume,
His very pennon stained dark with that sad hue of gloom;
His shield was veiled with sable, and through the livelong day
He wore his helmet barred and close as in the thickest fray.

He spoke not word of courtesy to vassal or to knight,
He rode all grim and silent to banquet and to fight;
His banner, white as dead man's shroud, a henchman bore before,
'Twas sable still, save where the woof was flecked red with gore.

The battle joined at Joppa, amid wild throng and press,
The cry on God and lady fair, of rescue and distress;
Of Allah, illah Allah, of prayers to all the saints,
And groans and shrieks commingled with curses and with plaints.

The sable knight sees emirs two, who fierce and bloody strove
With one whose brow was gory, whose crowned helm was clove;
His torn and rended banner the Roman eagle bore,
His jewelled habergeon was such as Roman emperor wore.

He spurred him to the fallen knight, who scarce his sword could wield, Leapt off his horse, and o'er his head held his protecting shield, Just as a bird its unfledged young shelters beneath its wing:

"Oh! rescue gallant knights our emperor and king."

The rescue came—the Crescent waned before the Christian host,
The Red-Cross banner waved high above the new-won coast;
By the couch of the wounded emperor ere the hot blaze of noon
Knelt the black-garbed warrior, and craved one simple boon.

At the pallet's foot he proudly flung a grim green-turbaned head, Three jewelled sabres hacked and stained with life-blood hot and red. He signed the cross upon his breast in the name of the Trinity, Then on the desert's fiery sand that chieftain bowed the knee.

"I grant thy wish, thou unknown knight, though 'twere the half my crown. The warrior still all silent stood ere again he louted down.

He rocked not of Knisor's frown, or ban of Roman priest.

He laughed at bell and candle at every drinking feast:

And with a wild beast's laughing how! he hung in his banquet-hall.

A churl who nailed an interdict upon his chamber wall.

[&]quot;Speak, wearer of the sable mail, who saved me in the strife."
"I am the Knight of the Wetterberg, I ask but for my life."

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF AN M.D.

BY JOHN STEDMAN, B.A.

I AM an M.D.—have been an M.D. ever since 1821—and, like a great many other M.D.'s, might fill a considerable volume with curious tales and marvellous adventures. But I am not going to do any such thing. I am a man of few words; and shall only give one or two short sketches of one or two singular occurrences. This is preface enough for a taciturn individual; so, without further loss of time, allow me to say at once that I acquitted myself creditably in my student days; took my degree as early as possible, and settled down at the fashionable town of Blithe, in anticipation of a brilliant and lucrative career. Brilliant and lucrative! What has a young adventurer, without an introduction, without capital, to do with the brilliant and lucrative? A very short time should have sufficed to show that Blithe was no place for me. M.D.'s by the score were there before me. There was Dr. Diachylon, a little, unapproachable prig, the oracle of the old ladies, and a thorough old lady himself. There was Dr. Tusker, that used brown rappee by the pound, and never applied a pinch to his nose without shutting one eye. There was Dr. Gruntz, who wrote prescriptions nobody could read; and there was Dr. Vitriol, a sickly old gentleman, who never recovered swallowing one of his own mixtures by mistake. They all turned up their nose at me. Dr. Tusker simultaneously turned up his nose, inserted a pinch of snuff, and winked one eye the first morning I saw him; and Dr. Vitriol gave a sickly smile of derision when I first met him in consultation.

Now, I am very independent. I was so then; and resolutely thought I might stand my ground at Blithe in spite of them all. But how was I to make myself known? There lay the difficulty. It would not be etiquette to send round urchins in pyramids, with "Try the New Doctor!" "Dr. D——'s Unrivalled Establishment, No. 72, Grubstreet," inscribed on them. It wouldn't do to hire a donkey-cart, five yards high by three wide, covered with placards, to drive round the principal streets! No, that would not do. Perhaps I could gain a name at the chemist's? Ay, to be sure; a good reputation in the eyes of Pestle and Mortar would be worth the expenditure of a few pounds. Fancy me on the premises of those drug-dealing gentlemen, giving large orders for imaginary patients.

"Aqua acetatis ammoniæ—one tea-spoonful, &c., Miss Tabby."

"Yes, sir. Any other article?"

"Make up this prescription for Captain Rifles."

"Very good, sir."

"And these pills and draughts for Mrs. Chopsticks, of The Castle."

"Very good, sir."

"And my servant will call for them in the afternoon."

"We shall be happy to send them, sir."

"Thank you, my servant has a fumigator and some other things to take with them, and I may as well save you the trouble."

Well, I kept up this plan for some time, until I had prescribed medi-

cines for half the place without gaining thereby any material increase of practice. Messrs. Pestle and Mortar had received a fair amount of my not-over-plentiful resources, and I was beginning to think my stratagem worse than useless, when, to my encouragement and delight, I was one day summoned by a footman in stupendous habiliments to attend no other than Captain Rifles himself, a man of large property, who had gained his wealth and lost his health in the tropics. Here was an opening for an aspirant youth!

The captain did not allow me much time for making my bow. He

was a middle-sized, sallow, and irritable-looking man.

"Dr. D—, what is this filthy mess—this abominable——" (the captain shuddered) "stuff?—this de—test—able——baugh!" He held up a bottle, and showed it me. "Pestle and Mortar say you sent it?"

"Eh !-ah-yes-hem !-the mixture-slight mistake!"

"Slight mistake!" growled the captain; "I'll tell you what it is, Dr. D—, you'll be killing somebody some day, you will, with your slight mistakes! I'm half dead already!"

"I am extremely sorry, sir."

"Your name has been appended to this mixture."

"So I see."

"Which is a powerful sudorific."

"So I feel, sir !"

"But will do no harm." held yel sometime made and to buy guinolines

"Do no harm!" thundered the captain, as he jumped up and rang the bell—"do no harm, sir! What! am I to be drenched with bitters—slops—poisoned—half murdered—in my own house, and then be told it has done no harm!" The servant appeared. "Show Dr. D—out!"

And out I went, and paced towards Pestle and Mortar's in no very pleasing mood. I had not proceeded far, when my servant met me in great haste.

"Please, sir, Mrs. Chamswick has sent for you a quarter of an hour

ago. I've been looking for you all round the town, please sir."

"Another rich patient!" thought I, though not quite so elated by the idea as before; for it was becoming very evident I was the victim of some untoward mistake. However, there was no help for it, so off I marched to Trim-crescent, and was ushered into the drawing-room of Mrs. Caroline Chamswick, where a heartrending scene presented itself to my view. There, on a rich damask sofa, lay, gasping and wheezing, surrounded by sympathising domestics, and lamented over by Mrs. Caroline Chamswick herself, an apoplectic-looking Isle-of-Skye terrier, his very hair standing forth in mortal struggle, and his legs kicking convulsively with pet-puppy-dog energy.

"Doctor! doctor!" cried the weeping lady, when she first caught sight of me, "Guerichillo is dying! Oh, my dear, dear Guerichillo!—

oh, oh!"

My fears were allayed forthwith, and I determined to make the most

of my opportunity.

"I am not a dog-doctor, madam, but I shall nevertheless be happy to render——"

The next moment convinced me of my error. ".amunan .general

" Not a dog-doctor !- no, I should think not! (Crescendo.) What do you send your medicines here for? (Forte.) Your nasty, (crying)

nasty medicines, killing my dear, dear dog!"

Sobs overwhelming drowned her utterance, and, without waiting for the recovery of the mistress from crying, or her cur from his catalepsy, I made good my retreat, thoroughly sickened of Blithe and its inhabitants. And what do you think was the cause of all this demonstration against me? Pestle and Mortar, officious apothecaries, had sent my medicines to their directed destinations, my servant, on this occasion, having deferred calling for them until a later hour than usual.

I left Blithe a week after, and took to the business of a country doctor

in the quiet village of Yolkham.itaam of ymssaoon si ti foiffer bermood

Within a mile and a half of Yolkham stood the residence of Mr. Albata " 'val, Mrs. Niekel, Miss Niekel, and Mr. James Hartley Niekel. HAPPY it was for me I was, to all intents and purposes, a general practitioner. Though an M.D., I could prove serviceable in a surgical case notwithstanding, and was far from a clumsy operator. I had not been two hours settled in my new abode before an old lady from a neighbouring cottage brought me her grandson with a pin in his throat, and talked incessantly during the whole period of its extraction. My first night's slumber in the Bæotian atmosphere of Yolkham was broken by unmistakable pulls at the surgery-bell.

"Plaze, zur, a rot's been and a-bit off the hend of the babby's nose,

and mother's a most in fits 'bout 'en." in follow odt ne drawork a madw

Here was a good beginning! to somebastin the incorpos an vis

Next day three or four infirm labourers called for "jist a drop of zummat to drive off the rheumatis." I walked out four miles to extinguish a case of spontaneous combustion, and reached home just time enough to draw a huge grinder from the jaw of an herculean bricklayer, who spasmodically kicked my shins as an accompaniment to the operation. In truth, a country doctorship is no sinecure, and I was now finding e to a loud and savage

You may imagine how many cases and casualties must have fallen under my care, when, two months or so after my first arrival, my services were called into requisition one fine night at the Manor House. There lived the hazel-eyed girl I had seen in the great square pew at church, so, of course, I obeyed the summons with extraordinary alacrity, and found, as a reward for my exertions, Master Lettingham, a lad of some thirteen summers, roaring melodiously under the torment of a slightly burnt hand, the result of a pyrotechnical exhibition with which he had been favouring himself and friends half an hour before. Some soothing palliatives were soon applied, and I was politely requested by Mrs. Lettingham to stay supper; an invitation accepted as soon as given.

Jenny Lettingham was certainly a very pretty girl (her age, perhaps, rather the junior side of eighteen), but very quiet very. Probably she had never dreamt of love, she was so remarkably quiet. Mr. Lettingham was from home, so that, the burnt boy having been ordered to bed, we formed a snug trio; but the conversation was monopolised by Mrs. L. and myself, since Jenny's conversational efforts were exclusively Mr. James Hartley Nickel remained silent for a few minutevisnoquer

"Will you take a biscuit, my dear?" anothur grom at beonemmoor

The next mement convinced me of my error. ".ammam , seel "

Then the little mouth closed again. I .ou - 1 rotoob gob a told a

"The country around Yolkham seems very picturesque, Miss Lettingham." nasty medicines, killing my dear, dear dog!" Sobs overwhelming drowned her utterance, and, without'. view for

the recovery of the mistress from cryin"s gaillaw fo bood wor and

I made good my retreat, thoroughly sickene". yrav ton con des Yunha-

The evening passed very agreeably notwithstanding, for Mrs. L. was an intelligent woman, and gave me some amusing accounts of the Yolkham simplicity and ignorance. My young patient's wound did not require any further attendance, so that several weeks elapsed before I was again required at the Manor House. Meanwhile an incident

occurred which it is necessary to mentionadalo ? To syndliv temp ad

Within a mile and a half of Yolkham stood the residence of Mr. Albata Nickel, Mrs. Nickel, Miss Nickel, and Mr. James Hartley Nickel. Mr. Nickel, senior, was a retired jeweller, late of the firm of Nickel and Nincompoon, in which he had amassed a fortune, according to the vulgar estimate, of some three thousand a year. I knew the whole family by sight, having caught sundry glimpses of them on Sundays as they emerged from their lofty pew with a fireplace in the middle, and curtains suspended on poles and pillars like a four-poster. I had heard the poking of the fire, and the smothered snore of the old gentleman at different periods during sermon ever since my settlement at Yolkham; but further than this my acquaintance did not extend. I was rather pleased, therefore, when a servant in the Nickel uniform left a note at my door, requesting, as early as convenient, attendance at Nickel Grange. A little Nickel silver would enliven my slowly-filling coffers very pleasingly. On making my debut, I found the old gentleman labouring under an attack of gout, which rendered him so irritable that he seemed to consider my questions relative to his health in the light of personal insults. In answer to all interrogations, he drew up one side of his person as if he were drawing a cork, the lines of his face working anomalously meanwhile, and gave utterance to a loud and savage "No," or "Yes," as the case might be. In truth, he was such a difficult customer to deal with that I was not sorry when our conference concluded. As I was leaving the house, Mr. Nickel, junior, joined me, and, asking after his sire in a careless manner, announced his intention of accompanying me in my walk back to Yolkham, whither he was himself bound. He was a tall, vulgar-looking man, of about six-and-twenty; too like his father to be perfectly agreeable in countenance, but not uncomely withal. After a few trivial remarks, he introduced a subject which I instantly perceived to be one of interest been favouring himself and friends half an hour before. Some mind of S

-tol "You know the Lettinghams, do you not?" Ign noos orow sevitailing

I replied in the affirmative acceptation acceptanting the affirmative acceptance of the stay supper; an invitation acceptance of the stay supper;

equit Miss Lettingham is a pretty girl." intro saw madgaited vanel rather the junior side of eighteen), but very quivlgaidresses she

-gai" Don't you think she looks very ill?" de ovol lo meent reven had

ham was from home, so that, the burnt libevisoreq vibrad bad to Don't you think something weighs upon her mind ?" must sw bed

Mrs. L. and myself, since Jenny's conve. om shurts had ashi doue of wely

Mr. James Hartley Nickel remained silent for a few minutes, and then recommenced in more cautious tones by we biscuit, my diseast would will you take a biscuit, my diseast, my

"Do you think her heart has anything to do with her altered ap-

I had not observed an alteration in her appearance, and therefore had not suspected an affection of her heart. She might, however, be suffering under some organic or functionary disease in that portion of her frame, but I had never been required to pronounce upon her.

"Pooh, pooh, doctor! I don't mean that. But don't you think she

has an attachment?"

Well, really, that was the most puzzling question ever put to me in the whole course of my practice. How could I tell? All young ladies have, or fancy they have, attachments; but, if forced to give an opinion, the only time I had ever been in her company she did not strike me as being a subject peculiarly liable to attacks of that description. Nickel looked disappointed, and it was some time before he mustered courage to give his parting advice.

"Notice her more narrowly next time, doctor; love is a subtle thing!" We now separated; and it was as clear to me that the son had an

affection of the heart himself, as that the father was struggling with rheumatic gout.

III.

MR. ALBATA NICKEL suffered long and severely under his attacks; consequently I was in constant attendance at the Grange, and, as a further consequence, my professional income became considerably increased. The gouty gentleman's romantic son only once renewed his interrogations respecting the fair object of his affections, for I could give him no information on the subject beyond what he had before received. It is true I did notice the young lady with closer scrutiny on several successive Sundays, and fancied she looked more grave and silent than ever; but there was no unmistakable indication of concealment's ravages on her damask cheek. Besides, if she were ill, surely my skill would have been called in requisition for her restoration. So I said to my inquisitive friend, James Hartley, who only replied with stoical and laconic patience, "Wait a bit!"

Now, considering this admonition, it struck me as rather singular that, within a week of its being uttered, my services actually were called for at the Manor House. It was still more singular that those services were required for no other than the young lady herself, who really was, beyond dispute, unwell now. She was lying on the sofa when I entered the drawing-room, her beautiful tresses of course flowing winningly over her shoulders, her face pale, her manner extremely nervous. As for the pulse-it beat every way but the right-it was the most abnormal concern ever met with. Had I possessed no clue to the fair girl's illness, I should have thought the symptoms merely nervous, but, as it was, I could hardly help suspecting some little love really in the case. However, that constituted no business of mine. A prescription was given, with a promise to call again the following day. Mr. Lettingham asked my opinion of his daughter's condition. I recommended change of scene and sea air.

On repeating my visit, the dear little patient, in whom I could not but take an interest, was more excited than before: she seemed to have a great repugnance to leaving Yolkham. This confirmed my suspicions. Mr. Lettingham assured me that he thought the removal would do her more harm than good, so violently was she opposed to this remedial mea-

sure. Matters went on thus, without any alteration, for a week or more, during which poor Hartley had visited me no less than three times in a state of excitement, which changed to delight when he found the fact correspond with his own à priori calculations. As before stated, I was what I am now, an M.D. To prescribe medicines was an easy task; it was an easy task to give professional advice; but to act as arbiter in an affair of the affections—an affair of which I knew so little, as in the present case-what could be more puzzling? And yet my young patient continued so obstinately unwell, that it appeared probable she would materially suffer in health, even supposing the mind to be really the primary seat of the disease. It seemed almost dishonourable to be pocketing fees day after day for useless attendance, whilst I was, in all probability, muster of a secret which might afford a clue to some more effectual remedy without my further aid in the matter. But then again, what was I to say? To whom was I to say it? Should I hint to Jenny herself that her heart was set upon Mr. James Hartley Nickel? What good would that do? Should I suggest the same to the sufferer's father? That might prove rather officious, for if he opposed the matter, what could I do? I was but an M.D., and my province was simples and not love; and so day after day passed by, my patient requiring, and even requesting, unintermitting attendance, poor nervous girl, and myself uncertain how to act! The case was rendered still more awkward by Mrs. Lettingham's constant and anxious inquiries, not only as to the present state of her daughter's health, but relative to the cause or causes of so morbid a condition. My answers were always nugatory in the extreme; so much so, that the solicitous mother at length talked of calling in the wisdom of the London faculty to form a judgment on her case. Though I felt certain their united nostrums could effect little emendation, I could not but bow before her suggestions, and rejoice at an opportunity of dividing the responsibility with my learned brethren. Jenny obstinately refused to go to London, pleading the most alarming symptoms, and stating her utter unfitness for a long journey. She moreover professed herself perfectly content with the attendance she had received, and expressed it as her conviction that Dr. D-was acting very judiciously and ably in his professional capacity. The consequence was, that Jenny refusing to seek the faculty, the faculty, represented by Dr. Codrington Liveroil, had to seek her at the great expense of her tender parents.

IV. or bridge and adver-"So you think, my dear sir, that the affections are concerned in this very perplexing case?" said the doctor, as we consulted together. "Well, that is far from impossible, sir-far from impossible. There are no symptoms counter-indicating a system of treatment based upon that hypothesis. But we can do nothing without a more intimate knowledge of the circumstances under which the young lady's affections have been involved. Are you aware of any object on whom her heart is likely to his daughter's condition. I recon be fixed?"

I acquainted him with all I knew. It made and sixty you muisager at "Quite enough, sir; quite enough! I will investigate the matter,

and—and, in fact, set all right." maddle y mixed of communa

Dr. Liveroil seemed to consider an affaire de cœur as legitimately under his professional cognisance as protracted dyspepsia or rheumatic gout. "What will you do, Dr. Liveroil?" I ventured to inquire.

"Come with me, sir," replied he, as, with the restless agility of a parched pea, he led me back into the drawing-room, where our pretty patient was reclining. To my great astonishment and no small embarrassment, he struck at once into the very heart of the business, and with a preliminary scratch at his little brown wig, a whole at it mad T

"I perceive, my dear young lady," he said, "that your case is one of those which generally puzzle physicians, papas, mammas, brothers, sisters, and all the animated creation." Jenny looked restless, and the doctor continued: "Tell me, my dear young lady, on what happy swain are

your affections centred?"

"All the same thing. I don't l Miss Lettingham, to whom this direct appeal was, to all appearance, quite unexpected, became considerably flushed, and seemed on the verge of a hasty answer. For my own part, the doctor's absurd manner, added to the insignificance of his personal appearance, struck me in so ludicrous a light, that a broad smile swept irresistibly over my face. Jenny perceived it, and her first impulse evidently cooled down. She remained silent, and Dr. Codrington Liveroil, nowise abashed, suggested Mr. Nickel as the favoured individual. The young lady's natural reserve was effectually overcome by the mention of that name; and, after various protestations against the doctor's right of interference in matters of that nature, she vehemently disclaimed any partiality for "that odious Mr. Nickel," meanwhile casting a look at me—the most speaking I had ever seen her assume—as much as to request me to silence the inquisitive old doctor. The appeal was irresistible, and I used my best endeavours to prevent further vexations; but the doctor was a shrewd man, and on taking his leave of Mrs. Lettingham, pocketed his fees, adjusted his little brown wig, and whispered in dry tones, and med'

"Madam, your daughter wants little medicine; but mark me, if there's not a gentleman in the case my name's not Codrington Liveroil!"

I was sitting in my parlour a week or two after the consultation just detailed, when a smart rap at the door announced the coming of some important individual, who proved to be no less a personage than my lovelorn friend James Hartley Nickel. This was the first time I had seen him for several weeks, he having been on a visit to a distant county, where his gout-afflicted father was located for the benefit of his constitution and temper. His first inquiry was such as I might have anticipated, and and

I had spoken truly. Jenny had never syletak red nees well rided

his attentions upon her with the most centi. beiler I of Rolland "I have heard during my absence she was far from well; is that true,

doctor?" had lierovid circusco and doidy dissym not villaiting refirst of "It was founded upon fact," I answered; "Miss Lettingham has been, indeed, seriously indisposed." from vigo I outs tadt dity." Now sevel

"And have you accurately remarked the symptoms?" Mr. Nickel eagerly whispered. (nit lo vith plenty of tin) retty and amiable, with plenty of tin

and "Certainly "dr estord ede and botsoorgiger noissed and bevienned "And did they correspond with what I led you to expect?"

"They did indeed."
"Then I am a happy man! My love is really reciprocated! She is sick-and for love of me! Darling little creature! But, my dear friend, did it really strike your practised judgment that her heart was the seat of the disease ?" Tupm of

"Nothing could have been more evident." The some think smooth

"And you would, without hesitation, pronounce her to be in love?"

bur assnent, he struck at once into the very heart of the bur 1 do."

"Then it is easily given: I never saw a more decided case."

"Doctor, doctor, dear doctor, you are making me the most blissful being in the world! To tell you the interest I have taken in that dear girl would require the rhetorical powers of Sisyphus!"

"Cicero, I presume?"

"All the same thing. I don't for an instant imagine that Sisypho, or Cicero, or whatever the fellow's name was, could have expressed the half quite unexpected, became considerably flushed, and "! rad rol avol vm lo

Perhaps Ovid would have done better?" you to'l ... Howens yland a lo

"Well, really I don't know; but I assure you my feelings at this present moment are overpowering. And she unquestionably showed an unequivocal partiality for me?" Inabiva oslugan Tent and ban at baviso silent, and Dr. Codrington Liveroil, nowise a".tath bias reven I "Ir.

"No; but her symptoms led you to suppose such to be the case the first moment you were called upon to attend her?" Order of the same and the same an

And you still think she loves me ?" minlasib vitanmodov ods comdan

Nickel," meanwhile easting a look at me-the most speaking "ton west The expression of alarmed bewilderment which ran over the features of Mr. Hartley Nickel was so sublime, that it more than bordered upon the doctor was a shre the ridiculous.

"No?" he gasped, when the monosyllable had fairly penetrated his cranium. "No? Then what have you been telling me?"

That the quiet Jane Lettingham is in love."

"And deeply !" sighed the beau, half re-assured. In manustring a don

" Most deeply." " With me!

I was sitting in my parlour a week or two after the" sid a toN "just "Then with whom, I should like to know?" cried Nickel, his hope and vanity slowly giving way to wrath and curiosity. "Whom can she love if she don't love me?" and he assumed the attitude of a Cockney Apollo.

"ME!" I replied, with the utmost nonchalance.

Nickel wanted no more; in shame and disappointment he rushed from

the house, and never confronted me again.

I had spoken truly. Jenny had never loved Nickel, who had obtruded his attentions upon her with the most gentish pertinacity; but secretly in her bosom, while I in perfect ignorance attended her, she cherished a tender partiality for myself, which the eccentric Liveroil had not failed to discover. Just before we parted he told me, "The girl is in love, and she loves you!" With that clue I only wondered I had never discovered the circumstance before. There was no difficulty in returning her affection (for she was pretty and amiable, with plenty of tin), and she no sooner perceived her passion reciprocated than she broke the matter to her parents, and, contrary to all precedent, the course of true love ran smooth. Mr. and Mrs. Lettingham would not thwart their daughter, and viewed me with a favourable eye. I nam yaqual a ma I nan We are now the parents of a numerous progeny. o evol 101 bas - 1018

MR. JENKYNS'S RETIREMENT TO THE COUNTRY.

BY F. EDWARD SWANN.

Mr. Jenkyns, after five-and-thirty years' hard work, had made his fortune, and made up his mind to retire from business in favour of his partner, and seek in the country for that repose which cannot be found in the metropolis, and which he well deserved after so many years of toil.

It matters not what business Mr. Jenkyns had followed; there are many curious ways of making a fortune in London, as every one knows, and Mr. Jenkyns had discovered a successful one, so it now only remained for him to look out for some pleasant and retired spot wherein to spend the remainder of his days. It was not long before he saw a suitable paradise advertised in the *Times*, and after having viewed the property, Mr. Jenkyns declared himself perfectly satisfied with it, and forthwith became the happy possessor of Flora Villa, Didcot, ——shire.

It is astonishing with what extraordinary names people persist in baptizing their houses. Flora Villa had not a single flower about it when Mr. Jenkyns arrived, nor was there the least pretence for taking that goddess's name and attaching it to the pile of bricks and mortar. It is true that the orchard was well stocked, and Mr. Jenkyns remarked, for he was not very well up in his heathen mythology, that of course they had called it Flora Villa from the immense quantity of apples that grew thereabout.

Now the village of Didcot was a charmingly secluded place—in fact, just the proper sort of place for retirement from the busy world—and the churchyard was quite a comfortable-looking spot for retirement to afterwards. There was ever a calm and peaceful quiet pervading Didcot, broken only by the happy whistle of the ploughboy, the merry song of the birds, or the distant ripple of the waters of the Slush. Stand in the centre of Didcot for an hour, and ten to one you would not see any one or anything, save probably an odd duck or two, or a stray pig. Is it possible that any unhappiness could exist, or that there should not be one continued round of felicity in this happy valley? Alas! yes.

called "Wilful Murder," by placing divers cards in his coat-collar, ready for his own especial use and benefit.

At the vestry meetings they made speeches at each other, with a great many "sirs" in each sentence; and they called each other "me honourable friend," at the time when they secretly thought in their hearts that he was the greatest scamp that ever went unhanged. At church they strove who could set the villagers the best example; the manner in which Captain Splinterbar conducted Mrs. Splinterbar and the two small Splinterbars down the centre aisle to his pew, and then for two minutes gravely addressed himself to the lining of his hat, was solemn in the extreme, and he was consequently looked upon as a model, until Mr. Pumpkin entirely destroyed his popularity, by shouting the responses out in a voice as loud as the town-crier's; which shouting, in conjunction with a shake of the head and a dismal expression of countenance, produced an effect which was wonderfully impressive. As to the ladies, I hardly dare say what they did, but I know there was always some scandal afloat in the village for them to talk about; and if there was not, they manufactured some, and travelled from one house to another to relate it in their great, lumbering carriages, that would stand a collision with a waggon-load of coals, and were just about as pleasant to ride in. They went to church also, where, after breathing a pious prayer on to the top of their parasols, they began to speculate how much longer Mrs. Milksop would wear that odious shawl, and passed judgment upon the latest bonnets and sleeves.

Such was the state of Didcot when Mr. Pumpkin returned home from the market town one day, and informed his wife that Flora Villa was sold to an amazingly rich Londoner, who intended to reside there as soon as some slight alterations had been made. He further added that he understood the gentleman had made his fortune by inventing a life pill, of which mercury was the chief component, but that, as yet, he had not been able to ascertain the new comer's name. This was, however, quite sufficient for Mrs. Pumpkin, who instantly hastened to Mrs. Splinterbar, and told her that Flora Villa was sold at last, and that they were to have a new neighbour, whose name was Mr. Mercury, and that he had had a large fortune bequeathed to him by somebody for saving his life by a pill; and Mrs. Splinterbar posted off, as soon as her informant had left her, to Mrs. Milksop, and told her that they were to have a new neighbour, that his name was Quicksilver, and that he was an eminent London physician; upon which Mrs. Milksop ran off to Mrs. Hobbleton, and in her hurry to be the first to tell her the important news, said that the coming man's name was Thingumbob, and that he was an eminent what-d'ye-call-'em; upon which Mrs. Hobbleton said she was sure she should like him. One point, however, they all agreed upon-namely, that he was very rich, and so it mattered little what he

At last several waggons arrived, and then a travelling chariot, shortly after which the good people of Didcot found that Flora Villa was the property of Mr. Jenkyns, who was a white-haired gentleman of about sixty, and whose family consisted of his wife and one son, Mr. Horatio Jenkyns, a young gentleman in his first coat-tails, with some slight indication of whiskers, which he cultivated with uncommon ardour. The three

charged with attempting to defraud John Stokes, at

Miss Splinterbars instantly commenced a determined siege upon the young gentleman, while Mrs. Splinterbar constituted herself Mrs. Jenkyns's confidential friend, and very soon initiated that lady in the mys-

teries of the society of Didcot.

Now it so happened that there dwelt in a little cottage, covered with honeysuckles and roses, a poor widowed lady, whose husband had once been possessed of a very good fortune. He, poor man, however, was not contented with this goodly pittance of his own, so embarked in divers speculations in railways and copper-mines, which were to realise him enormous profits, but which, unfortunately, brought him tremendous losses; in consequence of which, he was one day found dead in his chair from an attack of apoplexy, occasioned by over-excitement. The little that was left untouched by the railways and the copper-mines, enabled his widow to retire to this little cottage at Didcot, where she lived in sweet companionship with her daughter, a lovely blue-eyed girl of eighteen.

The great people of the village took no notice of them, although by birth and education these two ladies were far superior to either the Hobbletons, or the Pumpkins, or any of the others; but they knew none of them, and so lived quietly in their little cottage in Woodbine-lane; and I question very much whether they were aware that such grand people.

lived in Didcot.

Now, about this time, Mr. Horatio Jenkyns was endeavouring to learn the elegant, and I may say almost indispensable, accomplishment of smoking a pipe; and as this practice was, under divers pains and penalties, forbidden at home, that young gentleman had to indulge in the fragrant weed while walking down shady lanes and in out-of-the-way places; but to this hardship he became reconciled, for the tobacco made him wretchedly ill, so in his solitary walks he could sit down and get better without any one seeing him. So it came to pass that one day he walked down Woodbine-lane, and having arrived at a convenient spot for lighting his pipe, he stopped to do so, but his magical fusees, although warranted to keep in any climate, resolutely refused to give the slightest spark, and so, having scraped the phosphorus off a dozen and a half of them without effect, he marched to the door of the cottage covered with honeysuckles and roses, and demanded a light; the door was opened by a neat-looking servant, and the wants of the young gentleman having been supplied, he marched away down the little garden, wondering what the deuce the people who lived there could do with the harp and guitar, which he had caught sight of through a half-opened door, and he had just arrived at the end of the garden, and also at the conclusion that they must belong to the Didcot Band, when the garden gate was opened by the blue-eyed young lady aforementioned. She started back slightly at seeing the apparition of a young gentleman, with a remarkably dirty short pipe in his mouth, walking gravely down the walk, as if he were on his own property; and he jerked the pipe out of his mouth, and put it into the pocket of his shooting coat, and wondered what he was to do, for the blue-eyed young lady, although dressed plainly, had the air of such a well-bred woman that Mr. Horatio was thoroughly disconcerted, and looked as if he had not only fetched the light from her cottage, but the pipe and tobacco too; however, he managed in his surprise to make her

a most respectful bow, which she slightly returned, and as she went on, he walked into the lane. When once there, he could think of nothing but the blue-eyed lady, and he decided that he was a great fool for not having made some apology to her for walking into her house; and then he thought how beautiful she was; and at last he began to have an insane desire to know her Christian name; nay, before he had walked much further, he managed to imagine himself desperately in love with her, although he had only seen her for half a second; so he turned back up the lane, and meeting a man asked who lived in the cottage close by.

"In that 'air cottage, sir?" inquired the man; for it is a general rule

with such people to ask a question in answer to one.

"Yes! the one covered with flowers." (xalqoqa lo slanta na mort rinds

"Oh! ah! that be Missis Grey's," replied the man.

Mr. Horatio almost jumped out of his skin; it was a horrid thought she was another's. He had serious thoughts of swallowing his pipe to put an end to his agonies, but he thought better of that, and deferred it he great people of the village took no noticeboired stindsbni as for

"She is married, then?" he remarked, in a cold perspiration.

"Yes," said the man; "leastways she was, but she's a widder now." Mr. Horatio breathed again freely, and asked if she had a daughter.

"Yes, there be a daughter," said the man; who thereupon received six-

pence from Mr. Horatio, and walked away.

It was of no use waiting about the place in the hope of her coming out again, but as he passed the cottage he saw her face at the window; she was reading a book, and he stayed looking at her until the noise of some one coming made him decamp, whereupon he went to the Cockatoo's Arms, and imbibed porter, as was his wont after smoking. He muttered something over the glass before he drank, which seemed to give him the greatest delight. When he arrived home, he was received by his mother with awful looks, and so he concluded there was something the matter.

"Where have you been, sir?" inquired the matron." "Only taking a walk, mother," replied her guilty son. and guildgil to

"Only taking a walk, indeed !" retorted the lady; "I've heard all about you, sir; taking a walk-why you go for no other purpose but to sit in public-houses drinking porter with thieves and peachers; and you have been seen fifty times with a disgracefully short pipe in your mouth; all the village is talking about you, and you ought to be ashamed of yourbeen supplied, he marched away down the little gar theuo woy that the

"I don't care for all the village," said her son; "they are a set of mischief-makers, and when they have not anything to talk about they make

something, as they have done about me," and to be and the bevirus tau Here Mr. Jenkyns arrived, when a great deal of talking ensued, in which that gentleman took his son's view of the matter, whereupon Mrs. Jenkyns declared that they would be the death of her, and then retired to her own room and locked herself up for the remainder of the day. Mr. Horatio also locked himself up, but he very soon unlocked himself, and was continually finding himself in Woodbine-lane; but although he made several attempts he could not get to see Miss Grey. Or beye-suld bell

He passed sleepless nights in thinking of her, and at last he determined to ask his father's opinion of the matter, and take his advice as

to what he should do under the circumstances. Wed good opender but equa

The old man doted upon his son, and would have asked for the hand of the daughter of the King of the Gipsies, if his son had conceived an attachment for that lady; so he set to work, and in less than a week he was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Grey and charmed with her daughter; but as yet Mr. Horatio had not seen the blue-eyed young lady.

Now, that excellent woman, Mrs. Splinterbar, in pursuance of her regular custom, called upon Mrs. Jenkyns one fine morning, when, having narrated how the captain stayed out until unheard-of hours, playing at billiards, and making his wife miserable, she inquired whether Mrs. Jenkyns had observed anything peculiar about Mr. Jenkyns? In reply to which, Mrs. Jenkyns said she had not.

"Why, perhaps, it may be fancy," said her kind friend, "but he

really seems to be very fond of Woodbine-lane."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Jenkyns, in all innocence.

"Yes, he generally visits the cottage four or five times a week," continued the lady; "but I should not think so much of it, my dear, if the impudent girl did not stare at him so immodestly in church; she seems as if she could not take her eyes off him, and I should have thought she would have had some little reverence."

" My goodness gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Jenkyns, in surprise;

" whatever are you talking about?"

Whereupon Mrs. Splinterbar gave her to understand that all the village were highly and virtuously indignant at the visit of Mr. Jenkyns to the cottage of a certain Mrs. Grey, who was "a nobody," and she entreated Mrs. Jenkyns to compose herself and consider what she had better do.

"It is too horrid to consider about," said Mrs. Jenkyns; "at his age,

too, I should have thought he would have known better."

"It is a sad thing, but have you never suspected anything before?" said her friend, who was fishing for information on which to build a fabrication of her own.

"To speak plainly, my dear," replied the injured wife, "I had some little fear this morning, for I picked up a mysterious document which had fallen out of my husband's pocket; it is evidently a note written in cypher. I have it here," and she produced a dirty half-sheet of note-paper, on which several marks in ink appeared.

"From his coat-pocket, my dear?" asked Mrs. Splinterbar, while

examining the document with great minuteness.

" From his waistcoat-pocket," replied Mrs. Jenkyns.

"From the side nearest his heart, I'll be bound!" exclaimed her friend.

"It was, indeed," said the miserable woman.

"I am sure I am very sorry for you, my dear Mrs. Jenkyns, but this evidently must be an assignation," said Mrs. Splinterbar, solemnly. "I can make out a spade and a rake and eight strokes, which must mean in the garden at eight o'clock."

"Then there is a broken ring and two," continued Mrs. Jenkyns;

" what can that mean?"

"I am sure I can hardly say," replied the interpreter. "Can it mean

that he once promised her marriage, but broke it off?"

"No," said Mrs. Jenkyns, "that cannot be it; why, good lauk! it must mean that he is to break my wedding-ring?"

"And the padlock for one," pursued Mrs. Splinterbar; "surely, that means he is to lock you up."

"And the axe !" shricked Mrs. Jenkyns, "what of it?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Splinterbar, with great solemnity, "this is important; it must be preserved."

"Why, what does it all mean?"

"Mean, my dear?" responded Mrs. Splinterbar, "it means wilful

murder! and you are to be the victim."

Upon hearing the important part she was to play in the coming tragedy, Mrs. Jenkyns set up an unearthly howl, and then fainted. Mrs. Splinterbar stayed until she revived, when, having exhorted her to make an effort to compose herself, she took her leave for the present.

She had not been gone long before Mr. Jenkyns hastily entered the

room.

"My dear," he said, "this is the most confounded village I ever heard of; here have I been insulted in the middle of the street by that jackanapes of a Pumpkin."

"What have you been doing to him?" asked his wife.

"What have I been doing?" he re-echoed, "why, that is just what I wanted to know; he says I have been spreading some malicious reports about him, and he wished to know whether I would prefer to have my nose pulled or be horsewhipped. However, none of them shall ever come here again—and by-the-by, my dear, I have found a couple of new friends, decidedly the pleasantest people in the village, and have invited them to come up to take tea with us this evening."

Mrs. Jenkyns heard this speech to an end, when she suddenly burst into tears, and requested to be measured for her coffin, and made divers allusions to graves, and expressed her opinion that Mr. Jenkyns had long cherished a wish for her to lie in the cold churchyard; all of which speeches that gentleman heard in speechless astonishment, but at last

found breath to inquire what on earth she meant.

"Don't deny it," replied that lady; "do not make worse of it. Carrying on a correspondence in cypher, indeed, at your age."

"In cypher?" exclaimed the gentleman.

"Yes, there is the letter!" And she threw the mysterious document on the table.

Mr. Jenkyns took it up with a smile, and asked what she had made out of it. His wife looked somewhat foolish, for it now struck her that she *might* have been prompted by her jealousy to do a silly thing; but she told him all, the interpretation that had been put upon it, and the

conversation they had about it.

"You silly old woman," he said, when she had finished; "do you think I have lived happily with you through all these years to render the few that are now remaining to us miserable? Have I ever given you cause, by word or action, to think—even to think, that I could be guilty of such a thing as this?"

No, he had not; she was beginning to be ashamed of herself now; she was very sorry, it was wrong of her, but that Mrs. Splinterbar had put it

all in her head.

"Mrs. Splinterbar," he said, laughing, "has given herself a deal of

trouble to decipher poor old Tom Box's bill. Why, if you had not allowed yourself to be blinded with jealousy, you would have remembered that Tom cannot write, and that this is his style of book-keeping. A spade and a rake and eight strokes, that's eightpence for mending my rake and spade. A broken ring, that's one of the hoops off the waterbutt. A penny for mending the chain of the padlock, and threepence for grinding the axe. It certainly is corresponding in cypher with a vengeance."

Mrs. Jenkyns was quite settled now; she could do nothing more than

ask her husband's pardon.

"Well, you shall be pardoned," he said, "if you will be civil to my two friends to-night, they are connected with a plot with which you shall be acquainted, if you like them, but that I am sure you will. And as to Mrs. Splinterbar and the whole of the people in Didcot, I wish they could say they have done no more mischief with their slander than has been done in this case."

That night the blue-eyed young lady and her mamma came to Flora Villa, and Mr. Horatio had the felicity of an introduction to one whom

he had loved in secret for a whole fortnight.

It was only the prelude to many other visits, and the young people

saw each other often.

Need I say what was the end of all this? I had, perhaps, better not; my inexperience in such matters is very great, and I should prove but a sorry delineator of the tender passion; besides, every one knows that they will be married, and live happily together for the rest of their lives.

WELLINGTON AND THE MAHRATTAS.

BY MADAME CORNU.

In yonder shining Orient I will wander far away,
On from island unto island, at the gateways of the day.
Larger constellations burning, mellow moons, and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade, and palms in cluster, knots of paradise.
Droops the heavy blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy fruited tree,
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea.

TENNYSON.

VICTOR HUGO has remarked, "Autrefois on était Helleniste; aujour-d'hui on est Orientaliste;" and this ought certainly to be characteristic of Englishmen, who possess a vast empire in the East. A few years before the arrival of Wellington in India, our Asiatic possessions were not sufficiently prized in England; but the achievements of that hero in his early years directed attention to those beautiful regions. In February, 1797, Arthur Wellesley landed at Calcutta to commence that career of military glory which will reflect immortal lustre on his name. The Hindoos still remember him, and talk of the burra Duke (the great Duke) who sub-

dued their ferocious enemies the Mahrattas, the most daring warriors of India. This powerful tribe had resisted the great Emperor Arungzebe, and their battles with the English constitute some of the most romantic pages in the annals of the Great Captain. The history of the Mahrattas must have been highly encouraging to Wellington at the dawn of his greatness, showing several who had risen from obscurity to be conquerors, and others who had even attained regal power. In Oriental life a few deeds of valour, or accidents of fortune, suffice to convert a freebooting adventurer into a popular commander, a mighty chief, and sometimes a

recognised sovereign.

Arthur Wellesley arrived in India at a critical moment, when our empire, founded by Lord Clive, was menaced by countless enemies who had resolved to expel the English from the plains of Hindostan. His victory over the Mahrattas crushed their power, and by the exercise of great military genius he conclusively established the supremacy of Great Britain in the East. Waterloo and the Peninsula have been more spoken of than Assaye and Seringapatam, yet without these battles our Indian empire must have been crushed in its infancy; for owing to the confederacy of the Mahrattas, no tranquillity could be maintained by the side of these formidable rivals. Independently of the apprehensions created by their immense resources, and their inveterate aggressiveness, the Mahrattas at that moment were evoking the dreaded vision of French influence. Mahrattas were commanded by Sindia, a royal warrior of great energy and vigour, who took the field with myriads of horse; but he was defeated, and received a lesson never forgotten to the end of his life; for ever afterwards he showed great respect and deference to the English, expressing the utmost desire to establish amicable relations with his conquerors. The Mahrattas never fail to relate to the English with whom they converse an amusing anecdote about Sindia inviting Wellington and other English officers to the Hooly, a great festival, in which we always found the principal part of the ceremony to consist in throwing red powder, mixed with talc, to make it glitter, over the guests, splashing them at the same time with orange-coloured water. Sindia was told that Wellington and his friends were resolved to pelt and squirt at every one who honoured them with similar favours, as the powder is put into small globules, and the orange-coloured water into a syringe; he was much diverted at their idea, and said it would be seen who could manage best. Wellington and the other officers soon found that although they had been accustomed to be victorious in "wild Mahratta battle," with powder and shot, they were no match for Sindia with powder and water, as the pipe of a large fire-engine, filled with orange-coloured liquid, and worked by six men, was placed in his hand, with which he contrived to deluge the whole company, causing shovelfuls of the glittering red powder to be thrown over them at the same time.

The above-mentioned festival of the *Hooly* is celebrated in honour of Krishna, the Apollo of India, the delight of its graceful women, and of all Eastern poets. The amusements, besides those I have described, consist of dancing the rasa-mandala, in which twenty or thirty form a ring, each one having a stick in his hand, with which he gently taps those on either side of him, keeping time with it, while the circle moves round to

the noisy music of an immense drum, called the tom-tom, and a shepherd's pipe, of three or four notes, which the Mahrattas consider very melodious; but this opinion is peculiar to themselves. They likewise sing extempore verses in honour of Krishna, their Apollo. He is variously represented, and some of the designs are exceedingly pretty. The best is that one where he is painted as a shepherd attending flocks, surrounded by the dark-eyed milkmaids of Mount Gorudum; where, like another Orpheus, the harmony of his lyre put in motion birds, beasts, and even trees, in fine, all that came within the sphere of those enchanting strains. There are several poems, and innumerable songs about Krishna, some of which have been translated by Sir William Jones.

Although the Mahrattas were vanquished by Wellington, the spirit of that warrior tribe was not subdued; and they have continued at times to give trouble to the British government by various insurrections. The Rajah of Sattara, whose affairs occupied so much attention, was also a Mahratta prince, who violated a treaty formed with the English, and entered into various conspiracies formed against them, by the most influential and dangerous chiefs of the Mahratta confederacy. He was consequently deposed, and sent to Benares with a pension of twelve thousand a year, and his brother appointed to succeed him. These fierce warriors have always continued to show great hostility to the English. A few years ago the following curious prophecy respecting our expulsion from

India was circulated amongst the Mahrattas.

"The goddess has declared that the white faces (the English) are soon to be driven out of India. At midnight on the first day of next year, a star will fall to the ground, and a warrior will be produced out of the star, who is to be the greatest king the world has ever seen. There will be a terrible war with the white faces, and blood will flow knee-deep like a river. A hundred thousand bracelets will be cast aside (the women in India leave off their ornaments on becoming widows), so many stars will fall from heaven that there will be light for twelve miles round when the battle is over, and the white faces being vanquished return to their own country across the sea. Then will come an age of peace and happiness. There will be abundance of rain, and peace to the cultivator. The ground will be tilled; crime will be banished, virtue and friendship animate all, and hardness of heart cease to exist. The Mahratta standard will be raised everywhere, the poor will become rich, and their oppressors be destroyed. Place this prophecy on your hearts, for the goddess has declared those who say it is false shall be deprived of offspring in this world, and eternally punished in the next."

The effect of this document may be imagined on the credulous and fanatical inhabitants of India; but fortunately the conspiracy was detected in time to prevent the conspirators from engaging in the attempt of the Mahratta princes to subvert the tranquillity of our Eastern empire.

FLORENCE HAMILTON.

By Miss Julia Addison.

AUTHOR OF "THE CURATE OF WILDMERE."

CHAPTER XLIV.

I will bear her off

This night;

Hence, let me lose no time. One rapid moment Should ardent form at once, and execute A bold design.

Tancred and Sigismunda.

THE day before that fixed by Lady Seagrove for leaving Teesdale had arrived, and, glad to escape from the noise and bustle occasioned by the packing and removal of trunks and carpet-bags, Florence, leaning on Pemberton's arm, set out to take her daily walk by the sea-shore, unaccompanied, on this occasion, by Gertrude, who was slightly indisposed.

Being rather late in setting out, and taking a longer ramble than usual, the short autumn day was fast closing in as the pedestrians retraced

their steps.

"How glad I shall be to leave this place," said Florence, who was in better spirits than she had been for a long time; "and how happy I am that our stay is just over without any of my fears having been verified!

And let me thank you most warmly for your kindness in——"
"I deserve no thanks, dear Florence," said Pemberton, "but I am

most happy if my presence has given you any feeling of security."

"It has, the greatest," said Florence. "Once more at Seagrove Hall," she added cheerfully, "where we shall be the day after to-morrow, and I have nothing to fear."

Florence and her companion were now passing a cottage, almost the only one on the road. As they did so, a woman came running out, with

a face that betokened alarm and distress, exclaiming,

"Oh, sir, pray come here one moment; my husband has just fallen down in a fit, and there is not a soul near to help him. You know me, miss. I have done plain work for Lady Seagrove sometimes. Do pray come, sir !"

"If I send a medical man it will be of more use," said Pemberton.

"Oh, sir, I can fetch the doctor presently. I want some one to help me lift him on to his bed. You look kindhearted, sir; pray don't refuse me. Miss is so good she won't mind waiting here a few moments," added the woman, observing him hesitate, and glance at Florence.

"I will wait in your cottage," said Florence.

"Oh, no, my dear young lady," said the woman; "you would be so frightened if you saw my husband in a fit. Oh, come sir, do come !" she added, rubbing her eyes hard with her apron. "You must not enter, indeed, miss. Ours is such a miserable little place, with only two rooms in it."

"I will not stay outside," whispered Florence to Pemberton.

"You shall not," he replied. "My good woman, as your husband does not, I suppose, occupy both rooms at once, you can let this young lady wait in one of them.'

"Oh, yes, sir, to be sure," she answered; "I never thought of that. Miss can wait in the down stairs room. Pray don't desert me, sir-my

poor, poor husband!"

"Do you mind my leaving you a moment?" said Pemberton to Florence, as they entered the cottage.

" No," she answered, somewhat nervously, still holding his arm.

" And yet-"

The woman sobbed, and wrung her hands.

"It is cruel of me to keep you from helping the poor man," said

"Stay," said Pemberton; "it is best to be on the safe side. I will lock the outer doors."

He did so, and put both keys into his pocket.

Florence thanked him, and said that now she should feel quite secure. Telling her he would not be gone long, he desired the woman to conduct him to her husband.

"What have you locked the doors for, sir?" she asked, looking dis-

"If my brother and his wife come-"

"We can let them in," said Pemberton. "I have my reasons for locking the doors, which, as your husband is so ill, I had better not stay to explain. Come, I am in a hurry."

"This way," said the woman; and Pemberton, first arming himself with a large pitcher of cold water, followed her up-stairs.

Florence sat down by the window to wait his return. Two or three minutes elapsed, when the latch of the door was raised, as if by some one attempting to enter. Rejoicing at the precautions which had been taken, though half reproaching herself for her fears, Florence looked from the

window, and saw the figures of two men.

" Let us in," said one of them, in a low voice, going round to the window. Florence started up, and retreated to the small back kitchen, where was a door that gave admittance on to the stairs. Here she met the woman, who, passing her quickly, ran to the window. Florence saw her hand a knife, or some other sharp instrument, to the men, whispering a few words as she did so. The next moment it was evident that one of the men was forcing the lock. Feeling certain that some mischief was intended, Florence, in great alarm, hastened up-stairs, calling loudly to Pemberton. She had just reached the landing, and was trying in the imperfect light to find the door, guided by a noise and scuffling which she supposed to be occasioned by the sick man, when some one seized her from behind, a handkerchief was thrust into her mouth, and she was dragged forcibly down stairs and out of the cottage. The men then taking her between them, bore her along rapidly. Unable to scream, and finding all her struggles useless, the unhappy girl, half fainting with terror, could only hope that Pemberton would discover that she was gone in time to pursue and rescue her. She tried to turn her head to see if he was coming; she listened anxiously, hoping to hear his footstep or the sound of his voice, but all in vain. Then the dreadful thought suggested itself that Pemberton might have been forcibly detained. Before long the men

slackened their pace, and she saw, a little further on, a carriage and four horses standing. Once more she looked round to see if Pemberton was near, but neither he nor any one else was in sight. She made a violent effort to call for assistance, and succeeded so far as to partially remove the handkerchief from her mouth; but one of her captors forced it back instantly. In spite of her resistance they placed her in the carriage; the door was closed; the horses darted off at full gallop, and she found herself in the arms of Sir Robert Craven.

CHAPTER XLV.

Then faint afar are heard the feet Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet.

Lady of the Lake.

When Pemberton entered a darkened room up-stairs, to which the woman conducted him, he found, instead of one insensible man, two men in perfect possession of their faculties and physical powers, who immediately sprung upon him, threw a cloak over his head, and pinioned his But Pemberton, although neither tall nor strongly built, was too muscular and active to be easily overcome. By a sudden and violent effort he presently disengaged his right arm, and struck one of his assailants, a strong man six feet high, such a vigorous and well-directed blow as sent him reeling to the furthest end of the room. But his companion seized the arm that was at liberty, and before Pemberton could again free himself the other returned. A long and desperate struggle ensued, at the end of which Pemberton, breathless and exhausted, felt that he was a prisoner. For himself he did not care, as he had no apprehension of danger; but the thought of Florence, on whose account he felt no doubt this vile treachery was practised, almost maddened him. He continued thus for a short time, revolving in his mind some plan of escape; but none presented itself. At last a sudden thought struck him. He struggled violently for a few minutes, then ceased suddenly, and with a groan as deep and startling as he could make it, sunk back into their arms as if The effects of this manœuvre were instantly visible.

"Bless my soul!" he heard one of the men exclaim, in a hoarse whisper, "we have been too rough with him, and we were so specially charged not to do him any hurt. What shall we do?"

"Lay him on the bed till he recovers," said the other; "and take that cloak off his face—quick, can't you?"

They laid the apparently unconscious Pemberton on the bed, and stood beside him for a few moments in silence.

"You haven't been and killed him, have you?" said the first speaker, in a voice of alarm.

"I killed him!" replied his companion; "no—if any one has done him any harm it was you, when you struck him on the chest just now."

"I did not mean to strike him, though he's given me two black eyes, and knocked half my teeth down my throat," said the other, mournfully. "But he's only fainting, I believe. I'll let a little more light into the room, and see."

"No, no-be quiet, "said his comrade, who was one of Sir Robert's

grooms. "If you do, he'll know our faces, and get us pulled up or something for an assault."

"I wish Sir Robert had set me about any other job," returned the second man, who was also a servant of Craven's; "and I'd never have undertaken it neither, only he threatened to turn me away without a

character if I didn't, and offered me a great reward if I did."

Whilst he was speaking these words, his comrade had possessed himself of the pitcher of water, which, as has been before mentioned, Pemberton brought up-stairs, and threw the whole of its contents (about two gallons) over the head and face of the prostrate young man, who, nearly suffocated by the unexpected shock-for the man had given no notice of his intentions-found much difficulty in still maintaining the appearance of a person in a swoon.

"He moved," said the operator. "I am pretty sure I saw him

move."

"I don't believe he did," said his companion. "At all events, he's still enough now. I wish I could see his face better. As far as I can make out, it seems to look like death. I'll let in just a glimmer of light, and you go and call the woman."

"I will," was the reply; and the speaker moved towards the door.
"Now is my moment," thought Pemberton; and starting to his feet, he reached the astonished man just before he arrived at the door, knocked him down, and rushed out of the room before his still more astounded companion could come to his assistance. Locking the door on the outside, and taking the key with him, he flew down stairs, saw at a glance that Florence was gone, and, almost overthrowing the woman whom he met in the kitchen, ran at his utmost speed in the direction of the village. It was full half a mile off, but he did not slacken his pace until he had reached the principal inn. Passing through the half-open door, he found himself at the bar, where stood the landlord and a chambermaid.

"Have you," he said, panting for breath between each word—"have you seen any one—I mean anything unusual pass by here lately?—a

carriage-

He was forced to pause. The landlord looked as if he thought the speaker's own appearance something unusual; which in truth it was, for he had no hat on, his wet hair hung over his face, and the upper part of his person was saturated with water. The chambermaid uttered a faint "Oh!" and whispered to her master that she thought the gentleman must be crazy; but the landlord, who saw that there was nothing insane in Pemberton's manner, answered,

"I don't know that I have, sir."
"Have you a good horse?" demanded Pemberton.

"I've one, sir, that I let out by the hour to the gentry who likes a ride on the sands," replied the landlord.

"But is it a good one?" said Pemberton, hurriedly.

"Why, it's not used to going very fast, if you mean that, sir;

"Have you no other?" said Pemberton, interrupting him.

"Only one as I ride myself, sir."

"Let me have it," said Pemberton. "I will give you whatever you please."

The landlord hesitated.

"I never let him out on hire, sir," he replied.

"But this is a case of great urgency," said Pemberton, speaking with extreme rapidity and earnestness. "A young lady of high family is in imminent danger. I—they will all reward you. Here is my watch, and here is a diamond ring as pledges, if you are afraid to trust me."

"I am not afraid to trust you; it isn't that, sir," said the landlord, taking the watch and ring, however, "but the animal, you see, is a

favourite."

Pemberton, who saw he was relenting, urged his point, assured the landlord he was a practised horseman, promised to give him another horse double the value if he injured his, and in a few minutes saw an ostler despatched with orders to saddle the horse instantly.

"Are you sure," said Pemberton, in the interval, addressing the young woman, "that you have seen no strange carriage within the last half

hour?"

"I haven't myself; but I'll inquire of our people," said the chambermaid, who had become extremely interested in the case.

"Something in the elopement way, I suppose, sir?" said the landlord,

inquiringly.

Pemberton nodded.

"Very much the fashion now-a-days that sort of thing," continued the landlord. "Getting married in a straightforward respectable way doesn't do at all now; it's not excitement enough, I imagine."

"This is a forced elopement on the lady's part," said Pemberton, as

the chambermaid re-entered.

"Lor! poor thing; I'm glad to hear that," observed the young woman, "for it don't seem a shame to stop 'em then, which it does in the other case. One of the lads, sir," she continued, "says that about twenty minutes or half an hour ago, when he was down in the fields, he did see a strange carriage and four horses going along at a great rate on the road towards D——" (mentioning a town about six miles distant).

"Will you," said Pemberton to the landlord, "oblige me by sending immediately to Lady Seagrove's—the great dismal-looking house with the large iron gates; you know it, of course—and tell them what has happened? Pray do not forget; and if you would lend me a hat I

should esteem it a favour."

"Certainly, sir," replied the landlord. "I will send to Lady Seagrove directly; and here is a hat of mine which is almost new, though I dare say it's too big for you; but perhaps you won't mind that?"

"Oh no," said Pemberton, taking it from him; "it will do very well.

Is the horse saddled?"

The ostler at the moment appeared, leading the animal. Pemberton mounted, and instantly galloped off. He was not long in reaching D—, where he learned that a carriage, in which were a lady and gentleman, had passed about three-quarters of an hour since.

"Three-quarters of an hour," repeated Pemberton to himself; "that is a long start. But I do not despair. I hope I shall find no difficulty

in getting post-horses when mine is tired."

He rode about ten miles further in the track of the fugitives, when he inquired at an inn for horses. He was informed by the ostlers that a gentleman in a carriage and four had desired all they had to be sent on to the next stage. The horse he rode, although it showed some symptoms of fatigue, did not appear much distressed, so he determined to ride on another five miles, to a town where he hoped, as there were several inns, to be more successful. He was disappointed, however; for so well had the baronet taken precautions, that not a single horse was to be had, although Pemberton offered to pay any price for one. His own horse was now quite jaded, and full twenty minutes had been lost in sending round to the different places where there was any chance of finding others. His anxiety redoubled, and he was quite at a loss what to do, when, as a last resource, it occurred to him to go to some gentleman in the neighbourhood, relate his situation, and implore assistance.

Having learned that a very rich and somewhat eccentric gentleman

resided about half a mile off, he galloped to his house.

Even if he were so fortunate as immediately to obtain the desired aid, there seemed but a poor chance of overtaking Sir Robert, unless some accidental circumstance produced a delay. He recollected with satisfaction, that if the fugitives reached Gretna Green before he overtook them, the man who officiated as clergyman would refuse to marry the couple unless Florence gave her consent. "But then," he argued, "it is, I fear, only too probable that Craven will frighten her into consenting."

Arrived at the door, he inquired for Mr. Harley, and was told by the servant that his master was at home, but that he did not think he would

"My business is most urgent," said Pemberton. "Tell him I implore

him to see me for a few minutes." "What name shall I say, sir?" asked the footman, in no degree moved by his haste and agitation.

Pemberton drew forth a card.

"I will give it to the butler to take to Mr. Harley, sir," said the man, turning to another domestic of solemn and forbidding aspect, who looked at the card, shook his head, and murmured a negative.
"Is that your master?" asked Pemberton, eagerly, seeing a gentle-

manly old man crossing the hall.

"What is the matter?" said that individual, pausing as he was about to enter the open door of a library. "Whose voice is that?"

"A gentleman who wishes to see you, sir," said the old butler. "A

stranger, sir," he added, in a lower voice; " so I told him-

"No matter what you told him," interrupted his master, glancing at the card which the domestic had put into his hand. "Pemberton-Adolphus Pemberton! Where—where is he, Jones?"

"Here, sir," said the young man, pressing past the footman, who still

held the door half closed; "and may I beg that-"

"Come in, come in," said the old gentleman, drawing him into the library, and shutting the door in the face of the astonished butler. "Your name is Adolphus Pemberton, and you wish to speak to me? Is it not so?"

He grasped the young man's arm, and looked earnestly into his face

"Yes, sir," said Pemberton; who then, after a few words of apology, commenced narrating, in hurried and brief words, the purport of his visit. He was stopped by perceiving that Mr. Harley's pale face grew paler and paler, while he breathed hard, and his limbs trembled so that he

could scarcely stand.

"Go on," said the old gentleman, with an effort. "I am attending to every word you say. I am in ill health, and any sudden occurrence, or the sight of a stranger, unnerves and agitates me. That is all. A young lady you are interested about is forcibly carried away—you want to pursue her, but can get no horses. Is that it?"

"Yes, sir," said Pemberton, "and-"

"And you thought you would apply to me? Well, your application shall not be in vain. All the horses in my stable are at your service. Jones!" he called, hastily opening the door, "desire four horses to be harnessed instantly to the lightest carriage. And mind," he continued, addressing Pemberton—"mind that you return here, and let me know the result. If you succeed in rescuing the lady, bring her to my house for the night. I have a sister living with me, and we can send an express to let her family know she is safe."

Pemberton expressed his heartfelt gratitude, and Mr. Harley asked a few particulars of the elopement, calculating the chances of overtaking the fugitives with great anxiety. In less than two minutes after he had spoken to Jones, the old gentleman, who was by this time almost as excited as Pemberton himself, rang the bell violently, and demanded, in a stern voice, why there was such a delay in executing his orders.

"I'll inquire, sir," said the man, who evidently was in great awe of

his master.

"Do; and desire that Mr. Pemberton's horse be taken care of. Let us go to the stables ourselves, shall we," he added to the young man, who gladly assented, "and see if we can expedite matters? You'd better," he continued, with another violent pull at the bell, "take a glass of wine before you set off again. You look tired and heated, and are evidently not very strong."

Four fresh and spirited horses had been got ready almost as quickly as their impatient master and his anxious companion could have expected.

"At N—," said Mr. Harley, as Pemberton was about to spring into the carriage, "which is the last place where your fugitives will change horses, you will, I have little doubt, be able to obtain some, as it is a very large place; do not be afraid of injuring mine—they will take you well the fifteen miles. Farewell—success attend you—and mind you return hither."

In little more than ten minutes from the time he first arrived at Mr.

Harley's, Pemberton was again on the road.

"Yet I fear," he said to himself, "that it will be impossible to over-take them before they have reached the end of their journey. I think I can feel certain, that if poor Florence is terrified into consenting to a marriage, it will not be until after considerable resistance. If she will only hold out till I come—I shall surely be not more than half an hour after them, unless Craven, who seems to have laid his plans with extraordinary care, should have taken measures to prevent our procuring horses at N—— also."

As this thought occurred to him he became more and more uneasy, every moment appearing an age; and although the horses almost flew, it seemed as if he had never travelled so slowly in his life.

ISABEL MILFORD.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S STORY.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

I.

ONE bright sunny evening I was sauntering on the beach at Ramsgate, enjoying the cool spray and refreshing sea air, in meditation deep on "airy nothings"-thought chasing away thought, ere one bright novelty of idea could make permanent abode in the pleased fancy-when my eye was attracted by the appearance of two ladies who were advancing They bore so strong a resemblance to each other that I at once decided they were mother and daughter. The mamma, for such I considered the elder lady, was a tall, graceful figure, and the calm dignity, blended with soft melancholy of her countenance, interested my curiosity; yet, I am compelled to confess, that the extreme loveliness of her more youthful companion was more particularly the object of my at-I was so wrapt in admiration that I was unconscious of being guilty of the rudeness of intently gazing at these ladies, until, as they passed close by my side, I observed the young beauty blush deeply as she turned away. Waking then, with a feeling of alarm, from my pleasant reverie, I was almost inclined to spring forward and apologise for my conduct; fortunately for me, the impulse was checked by a sudden remembrancer from my old friend "Etiquette," who seemed to give me so sharp a wrap on the shoulder that I sprang suddenly round to look for the friendly monitor, but he was nowhere to be seen; in his stead, however, stood a young friend of mine, who was spending his college vacation with me, and had, like myself, been attracted by this lovely girl. If she had aroused in the heart of a prosy old bachelor such as I a warm glow of admiration, there is little doubt of the impression made on the susceptible heart of a youth not yet one-and-twenty.

As I encountered the eye of my friend Ernest Montague, I believe I must have looked a little shamefaced—much as if I had been caught trespassing on forbidden ground—for what right had I, who gloried in the title of an "invulnerable target," thus to allow an arrow never intended for me to pierce my heart of hearts? Ah, old fellow! you thought yourself so shivered to atoms, that no shaft could strike the shattered canvas—but, behold! you were destined to receive yet one more wound before you should finally moulder in the dust. Alas! for the poor old

bachelor!

Ernest was too much engrossed by the bright vision to observe my confused air, and I had time to recover my composure ere he spoke. When at length he inquired if I knew the ladies, he was much dissatisfied by my reply in the negative.

"What a beautiful girl!" he exclaimed; "did you hear her sweet

voice? I think it the most melodious I ever heard."

I smiled at the rapture he displayed, but made no observation, for I remembered, that "old fools are the worst of fools," and that therefore I was myself most guilty of folly. Ernest urged me to follow the ladies, and endeavour to find out who they were, and where they resided, and

was irritated at my slow pace and cool assurances that the pursuit would be useless. Youth is ever more sanguine than age, and Ernest was quite resolved upon the possibility of accomplishing his wishes. We therefore followed the ladies from the beach at a sufficient distance to avoid their observation, and soon saw them drive off in a handsome barouche drawn by a pair of spirited greys. As it was hopeless attempting to overtake them, and as I was not in a Quixotic mood, I declined the pursuit, and rallied Ernest upon his disappointment. He tried to disguise his chagrin by a laugh; and as my own wound was nearly healed-for, like the vivid flash of lightning casting its bright gleam upon the bosom of the dark still waves, leaving no impress of its brightness beyond the fleeting moment, so my own cold, dull heart, which had been for the instant fired by that wild thrill of admiration, was now again sunk in its own darkness, and I very philosophically urged him to resign himself to my guidance, and we would return home to dinner, where a glass of iced champagne would, I knew, revive his drooping spirits. He acquiesced in my proposal, and we consoled ourselves with a substantial meal, and toasted the fair ladies in many a glass of the sparkling beverage.

Ernest Montague was the only son of my oldest friend; and having always evinced "a liking" for "the old bachelor," had constantly devoted a part of his holidays to me. In a few days he was to return to Oxford to complete his college career. His was a noble, ingenuous nature—and his attractive face and figure bespoke it at a glance—in fact, he had won the old bachelor's heart, and been named his heir in a will which the sturdy old gentleman had ventured to make many years before, and to have duly and securely lodged in the hands of a trusty lawyer. Ernest was not aware of this piece of impending good fortune, but he was aware that he was heir-at-law to a baronetcy, and would with it come in for some thousands per annum; at present his income consisted of an allowance from his widowed mother of a couple of hundred a year. For the few days he remained at Ramsgate it was evident that Ernest was constantly on the look-out for the return of the pleasing apparition; but unsuccessfully, until the day previous to his return to Oxford. On that morning he was at a window overlooking the beach, when he suddenly started with pleased surprise, exclaiming,

"I do think I see the unknown beauty! See how gracefully she rides! Who can that stately old gentleman be by her side?"

I drew near to the window where Ernest stood, and observed a young lady on horseback riding with an elderly gentleman; but how the youth's eye could recognise the lady as the same who had so lately attracted our admiration, I was at a loss to determine, for the distance was too great for me to discover any likeness in the changed costume. However, Ernest waited not another minute, but ran to the hall, seized his hat, and walked briskly to the beach. In about an hour he returned in high glee, declaring he was at last successful. He had discovered the lady's name and residence, and that the gentleman she was riding with was her father, Sir John Milford. I smiled—it may be somewhat quizzically—for I was amused at the satisfaction evinced by my young friend, and simply inquired what use he intended to make of the

gratifying discovery he had made. He coloured slightly, and replied, in a half-angry tone,

"Oh! no matter-my curiosity is satisfied."

"Will you call on Sir John this morning and ask an introduction to his lovely daughter?—or will you at once make an avowal of your ardent passion by letter? A billet-doux, written on tinted paper highly scented, and handed to the fair lady on a salver at her déjeûner tomorrow, will be as good a lump of sugar as need be for her chocolate," said the provoking old bachelor.

"I dare say you think me a great fool," said Ernest, recovering his good temper, "and perhaps justly; but——However, this is my last day at Ramsgate, and I fear I shall have no opportunity of making their acquaint-

ance."

This he said with so deep a sigh, that I was cruel enough to laugh outright, but I consoled him by promising to endeavour to get an introduction ready for him by his next vacation, if he promised (D.V.) to spend it with me. He very joyfully assented, but bemoaned his hard lot that three months at least must intervene. He left me on the following morning, exhorting me not to disappoint him, at the same time extorting a promise that if I could gain any information respecting the beautiful "Isabel"-for such, he said, was her name-that I would not fail at once to make it known to him by letter. Thus we parted. And now, methought, what is to be done? Here is a fine youth evidently in loveprobably a first love, from the ardour and unreasonableness of the passion. If unsuccessful, a blight rests upon the opening blossom—a chill falls upon the gay young heart! I had the happiness of my young friend Ernest so much at heart, that I soon made inquiries concerning Sir John Milford's family, and heard to my regret that the ladies were Roman Catholics, though Sir John was an English Churchman. Some time after I became acquainted with the family, and learned more and more to admire the loveliness of mind and disposition of the fair Isabel; and though Lady Milford shared in a great measure my esteem, I could not altogether overcome the repugnance I felt towards the entire confidence she evinced in her father-confessor, who was, I thought, too frequently in attendance, and had too jesuitical an air to gain much of my good-will.

Sir John Milford was a wordly-minded man, and considered his wife's different opinions on religious matters of little moment; if she acted as her conscience dictated, he believed her future happiness quite secure; and for himself, he was satisfied with the title of Protestant, without caring to inquire into its meaning. He consequently had not interfered with his daughter's education, and Isabel had been trained in her mother's Sir John was fondly attached to this their only child, and anxious to promote her happiness. She had arrived at marriageable age, and her manifold attractions had gained her many suitors, though she was no heiress, for her parents were not wealthy. Of all her suitors, none had yet pleased her fancy nor gained her love. Father Donald, as I afterwards learned, took care to keep a vigilant surveillance, and to impose heavy penances on the young lady if she evinced any partiality for a Protestant. He had from my first visit eyed me with a basilisk glance; probably he thought I looked like a Marplot, and his own nature must have recoiled at such a monster. Nevertheless, he treated me with almost fawning respect. I soon discovered that Isabel had a very determined suitor in Lord C-, who was a bigoted Romanist; haughty and austere in disposition, lax in morals, and violent in his passions: withal, he bore a calm exterior, and had it not been for a supercilious expression about his handsome mouth, and the sudden flash from his piercing black eye, a casual observer might have been deceived in his character; as it was, a disagreeable impression was made on the mind of even inexperienced physiognomists, and I do believe he would have been detested wherever he went, had not his wealth and title gained him the hollow friendship of a few. Yet I must own that he was generally considered handsome; his fine white forehead, jet black hair, and full-orbed eye; his large and brilliantly white teeth, set off to advantage by the black moustache and imperial; all these attractions, combined with a good figure and lofty carriage, would claim for him the appellation of a handsome man; but still he was not liked, even where he was most courted. And this man, who never dreamed of opposition to his will, had determined to marry. Isabel Milford. The number of competitors for the fair prize among the "wealthy and the great" only made him consider himself the more entitled to her; had she been less attractive, less admired, he would not have considered her worthy to bear his name. Father Donald's opportunities of instilling favourable impressions of Lord C-- in the mind of Lady Milford were not lost; he ceased not, from time to time, to inform her of various services done the Romish cause by his lordship, of the large sums of money given to poor monasteries, of voluntary penances performed, and of many other religious observances, which the good lady never doubted, and attached great importance to. Could Lady Milford have lifted the veil which concealed his true character, have surveyed the long catalogue of vices and evil passions which stood arrayed against him, she would have shrunk with horror at the bare idea of her daughter ever being his bride; but she, poor lady, was ignorant of all, save an indefinable repugnance she felt towards him, which she confessed to her spiritual adviser, and had by him been condemned to many penances for unchristian feeling towards a Catholic, and a stanch friend of the Church.

When I first became acquainted with Isabel, she treated Lord C—with easy indifference, scarcely noticing his presence; but, after a while, I observed her manner changed, and she evinced a positive dread of his approach; and this, I found, was caused by the avowal which had been made of his lordship's sentiments towards herself, and of her mother's approval of his addresses. Sir John, I was glad to find, declared that his daughter should not marry against her own free will; but, as he placed great faith in his wife's discretion and judgment, he advised Isabel not too hastily to reject a suitor whom her mother approved of.

I faithfully informed Ernest of the state of the case, and urged him not to indulge in dreams of bliss, the realisation of which I feared might never take place. But my sage counsel made no impression on Ernest; and when the time arrived for his quitting college, so impatient was he to fly to Ramsgate, that he stayed the shortest possible time at home en route, and though I flattered myself he was very glad to see me again, I could not be insensible to the almost impetuous haste he displayed to be introduced to my new friends.

Old bachelors are proverbially "rusty, crusty old fellows," and don't like to be put out of the "even tenor of their way;" and so, perhaps, I VOL. XXII.

was a little testy on the present occasion; for, I confess, I could not be persuaded to accompany Ernest to Sir John Milford's on the first, nor yet the second, day after his arrival; in fact, I offered innumerable hindrances to the attainment of his wishes, and the poor boy was getting out of all patience with me, when, on the third morning, as we sat at breakfast together, being in a more amiable mood, I agreed to drive him to Sir John Milford's. Our visit proved unsuccessful; the family were staying away from home. I could not help smiling at the change which passed over Ernest's features at this announcement; a moment before his face wore the bright flush of hope and joy, now it was overcast with gloomy sadness. But I may hasten over this brief period of disappointment, for in a very few days we paid another visit, and were fortunate enough to find them at home.

In three weeks from that time Ernest received an urgently expressed wish from his mother that he would spend a few days with his family previous to his departure from England, with his tutor, on his continental

tour.

"What pests these tours and tutors are," exclaimed Ernest, "when one

is better engaged at home!"

"There rests the query, young man," said I; "you must first prove such to be the case ere you can induce a belief of it in your mother's mind. Let me see," I continued, assuming a thoughtful air, "your age is—ha! it is twenty—just twenty years old; your collegiate education completed—I may say creditably completed; no learned profession is to be chosen; you have great expectations; you are the heirat-law to a hale old gentleman of seventy; a baronetcy, with a large fortune appended, seems almost within your grasp; the old man cannot live long, you think—I beg your pardon, of course you don't think about it, it would be quite out of the way to suppose you were in a hurry for the old man's death, only your friends calculate upon it for you. On the strength of these expectations, then, you, who have attained the great age of twenty, wish to marry,—yes, marry; your bride to be chosen for love—pure love! Love is to gild the present, while the old baronet's gold offers a more tangible gilding for the future."

"Pshaw!" replied Ernest, between a laugh and a sigh, "I am not

such a fool as to think of marrying now."

"Oh! very prudent, I see," said I; "but will you be kind enough to gratify me so far with your confidence as to say what you do think of doing now?"

"Well-er-er-I-am not-quite determined,-I suppose I shall

have—er—to leave you in a few days," said he.

"For what, and for where?"

"To fulfil my mother's wishes."

"Oh-ah-hum! quite prudent, I see-quite right; and your friends the Milfords?"

"What of them?" said he.

"Ah, very true, what of them?" retorted I.

"I don't know what you mean," said Ernest, looking angry.

"To be plain with you, Ernest," I replied, "I must ask you how you stand with the young lady; have you 'popped the question' yet?"

"You laugh at the idea of my marrying; why, then, do you ask?"

said he, in tone of pique.

"Well, forgive me if I have quizzed you too much. I know that youthful love is ever ardent and enthusiastic; and I believe that Isabel

is worthy of a devoted affection. You are very young, Ernest, and your heart, though now entirely engrossed by one object, will soon be assailed by a thousand attractions. Isabel, on the other hand, is at the age when woman's love, once won, seldom changes its object; and without wishing to make you vain, I must tell you that I think you have gained her affection. Hers is too truthful a nature to be able to disguise the real state of her heart. Should time and circumstances change your feelings towards her——"

"Never! never!" vehemently interrupted Ernest.

"I would not do you injustice, nor yet would I detract from Isabel's enchantments; but, Sybil though she were, men's hearts are made of such changeable mould, that I should dread even her charms of beauty and mind might cease to enthral some roving spirits."

"I can't listen to you any longer in patience. You have known me from childhood, and yet you do me the injustice to believe me so fickle."

"No, Ernest," I replied, "I do hope you are more stable. But you are going to leave England; change of scene and society may work wonders on you, as it has before done on others. At the end of two years you may return a totally altered character."

"If I change in all else, in one thing at least I shall be the same-

of that I am assured."

"And that is, your love for Isabel, you would say."

"Yes, decidedly."

"Be it so. And now hear me, Ernest. I have loved you from the early days of boyhood, when you clung to my knee, listening with wonder to my old stories of hobgoblins, and still I love you with parental fondness, and your honour is dear to me. Need I say, then, remember you have gained the affection of a young and innocent creature; treasure it as your life, and let not wealth nor worldly honours, pomp nor pride, ever efface the recollection of the treasure she has bestowed upon you."

"By my troth, sir, I think you are in love with her yourself!" said

he, in jealous impetuosity.

"Very likely I might be, if I were as young as you, Ernest; but to reassure you, I will tell you why you have no reason to fear me. I once loved as ardently as you do now, and—I blush to confess it—time and absence changed me, and I proved unfaithful to my early passion; but I have paid the penalty of my fickleness, for I was subsequently jilted most heartlessly by a rich beauty, and since then I have abjured matrimony."

"I fancied there had been some early disappointment," said Ernest, "for otherwise I could not imagine why you, who seemed so fitted to

make a good husband, should remain single."

I subsequently learned that Father Donald had not failed to warn Lady Milford of the danger of admitting the "young heretic" into such constant companionship with her daughter; but she had smiled at his fears, remarking that Ernest would soon leave England, and Isabel would scarcely prefer him to the many much more eligible suitors who thronged around her.

Short-sighted woman! her daughter's heart was given with the perversity of nature to the being of all others she thought least entitled to,

and least likely to gain it.

Isabel was within a few months of "sweet eighteen," and the ardour

of Ernest's love wove a mystic chain around her, and she returned the passion with like intensity; many vows had been exchanged by the young couple, timidly breathed in soft whispers by the fair maiden—

boldly and passionately asseverated by Montague.

Lord C- had displayed a calm disdain of Ernest as a rival, devoting himself almost entirely to Lady Milford; and when he did offer any attention to Isabel, it was done with so great an air of patronage, that she could ill disguise her annoyance. To Ernest she had complained of his lordship's arrogance, and also informed him of her confessor's tyrannical exactions-declaring she was so disgusted with them, and with many other things she could not then name, that she had declined attending the confessional, and wished to abjure the Romish doctrines, to which she was growing more and more repugnant. she hesitated to take that step, for she feared causing her mother grief. She consulted her father, and he advised her to act as she pleased, and even ventured to call the priest to account for his offensive conduct to his darling child! This was not to be borne; a storm arose, not easily quelled; the good father sought Lady Milford, and upbraided her with allowing him to be insulted, and assured her she was in pious duty bound to rebel against her heretical husband, and to punish her obstreperous daughter.

Poor Lady Milford was very much distressed by Isabel's rebellion against her priest, and Sir John was so indignant with Father Donald, that he demanded from his wife the immediate dismissal of the Jesuit; but Lady Milford considered it a matter of conscience to refuse, and Sir John was so enraged at his wife's conduct that he abruptly left the house, went to London, and asked for a command in the West Indies, which his interest at the Horse Guards, and his standing as a general officer, enabled him to gain. Isabel was too tenderly attached to her mother to hear of leaving her, preferring the risk of any penance to a separation.

The seed of discord was sown, and even Lady Milford's maternal affection was assailed. Though Isabel was still gentle and loving towards her, and in all else yielded implicit obedience, she could no longer be prevailed on to submit to priestly rule. The glorious light of the Gospel had convinced her that she had been too long deluded by the superstitions of Rome, and she became more than ever anxious to convince her mother of the same; but Lady Milford was horror-stricken at the arguments her daughter advanced, and bid her beware of indulging in too much self-dependence. Isabel assured her that she sought for strength and wisdom from Him alone who has promised to give it to all who ask; her mother was grieved that her arguments proved unavailing, and attributed it to her child's failing affection. In vain Isabel protested that she loved her more fondly than ever, and besought her mother to search the Scriptures and judge for herself; she would not listen to her entreaties, but called upon the priest to assist her in leading Isabel back to a more dutiful line of conduct. Father Donald, no longer awed by the presence of Sir John, rated her soundly, assuring her that her behaviour convinced him of the hardness and impenitence of her heart—that Satan had bound her, because she had rejected the protection of the Church; but Isabel could not be frightened by his threats, nor blinded by his dogmas, and the maledictions, and even excommunication he threatened her with, seemed as idle words. Little did she know the web which would soon be wove around her!

VELTHINAS; OR, THE ORDEAL OF SACRIFICE.

A BIOGRAPHY.

The Tomb.

CHAPTER XIII.

No one answering to my knock, I opened the door of the château, and walked in. The old hall looked as if I had left it only a year before; the strangeness soon went off, and I found everything was unchanged. The Calabrians are a faithful people, and I saw at a glance that my old steward was worthy of his trust. The ancient furniture was preserved with scrupulous care; every room seemed habitable as it had been in days of yore.

My hand was on the door of my mother's little room; I scarce dared open it, for she would once have been angry had I done so untold. The superstitious thought lasted but a moment, I entered, and closed the door. All was as she left it; her chair by the latticed window; the portraits of her noble father, her mother, and brothers; the family pedigree which she loved; all as we last saw them together. I knelt before

her chair, I kissed it, I sobbed, I prayed!

But this was not the time to muse, so I emptied my breast quickly of its emotions, and returned to the long gallery where the Valanidi family hung in a succession of portraits, their varnish crumbled off, their frames wormeaten, their faces remarkably cheerful considering how one after

another they had all died.

I paced the gallery, taking a furtive glance betimes at one or another of my maternal ancestors. In my grandfather I saw my child Angelina's look; but no resemblance in the others to my descendants or myself. I felt my isolation as I moved between them and the dead to whom birth had been given since their time.

The hall door opened and shut; I conjectured it might be the steward, and descended. He drew up, and stared as at a mountain brigand; and,

feeble as he was, assumed a threatening attitude.

"Know you not your friend and master," I said; "the Prince of Valanidi?"

The faithful servant fell at my feet, and embraced me. I raised him,

and clasped him to my breast.

How little he knew me; his first purpose was to show me his accounts. I waved my hand mildly, and commanded him to sit by my side. When his surprise was over, finding with what familiarity I greeted him, he reverted to my boyish days and his own early manhood, and talked of pranks and adventures which I well remembered. And though every recollection which he called up struck a pang, rather than a throb of joy, into my breast, I concealed my feelings, and entered with forced pleasure into the happy vein of memory which he had set free, glad to see another rejoice.

In this place, which I visited in obedience to a sudden impulse, and

without any plan, I remained for the incredible period of twenty years, and during that time saw no one save Mezzofonte, my constant attendant, the steward, and peasantry around. Though not at first a happy one, I led a useful life, for under my directions, and at this late period of my days, the plans of my youth were carried out—the lands were drained and cultivated, the villages rebuilt, schools established, and yet more, the poor visited in sickness, for Adora was still with me in soul!

I began life anew, and for many years indulged in no vain pursuits, but gave up each day to the business of improving my people. It was not long before I knew every family in my little dominion; I adopted them all, and thus created for myself fresh domestic ties. As much as had been done by Adora for the poor of Aula, I myself did for those of Valanidi, rejecting all other occupations as tending to gratify once more the selfish feelings. I gave portions to the young when they married; stood sponsor for their children at the baptismal font; placed independent means at the disposal of the priests, and treated them with the consideration and regard which was due to their position.

In this career I flourished for a sufficient length of time to witness every human virtue spring up in a place where every wickedness had before been deeply rooted; long enough to be the spectator of peace and happiness on earth—long enough to find the print of my footstep held sagred.

This was the bright side of my life at Valanidi, and at least once every day was it uppermost.

How easy is it for the great to be beloved, how difficult to be happy; it is the epitaph alone, and no other biography which describes eternal peace.

CHAPTER XIV.

During the years of my seclusion, a letter from the Bishop of Volterra announced to me that Angus had been at Aula, and was then at the episcopal palace, where, for the present, he purposed to remain. On receipt of this intelligence I grew restless, and could find no other means of calming myself than in taking the road to Tuscany. preparations for such a journey were soon made; on the eve of my departure I took my usual walk upon the hill among the woods and aqueducts, which were familiar objects, with a feeling that it was to be my last quiet visit to the spot. It was at the time of the full moon, a period at which I had often been disturbed in mind, and haunted by apparitions; but never until that night had I dreaded it. As I stood by the smooth stream a shuddering seized me, associated in some way with the effect of the light upon the water. While this effect yet continued, I was for a moment diverted from its effects by the approach of a man fashionably attired, a sight novel to me in those parts. He accosted me, and asked if I did not remember him; to which question I quickly answered "No." He told me to look; and in an instant I recognised the countenance of Count Marsino.

"I only ask for justice," said he; "until I obtain it the old story holds good—I cannot rest in peace. Hitherto, that the demands of

others might be satisfied, I have waved my claim, well aware that it could not be entertained before my turn came round."

"What can I do to appease thee?" I cried.

"Life for life is the moral law," said Marsino; "yet I know how thoroughly bankrupt thou art, not even a child left to asset against thy remaining deficiencies."

"Then my hour is come," I said, "and God be indeed praised."

"Not so," said Marsino; "wert thou to die thy sufferings would close, and the ends of justice, which remorse only can satisfy, be evaded. You have not yet mourned at my fall."

"It was in fair combat," I replied, "and thou wert the challenger."
"That argument," he returned, "held good in law; but the fact

remains that by thine arm I fell."

As I looked at him I saw a change in his aspect, which, without altering the individual character, gave an intellectual grandeur to his look; and he whom I had despised once, I regarded as more than an equal.

At length he said:

"According to the laws of abstract justice, thou art my prisoner; thou hast not the means of paying this thy last debt: therefore do I seize thy person, and hold thee in custody here at Valanidi, until circumstances enable thee to do that which is right. Thou art not yet old, and in time mayst yet be able to afford the compensation which is due; thou shouldst not have exceeded thy means."

"Is justice so isolated," I exclaimed, "so mechanical in the execution of its acts, that mercy cannot remit even its last claim? Never more can I form a tie on earth worthy to be thus rent asunder. I have hopes certainly in Heaven, and the only new anguish that could afflict me would be to lose those consolations which the promise of redemption

affords."

"Mercy," said Marsino, "is as isolated as the justice of which thou hast the hardihood to complain: the two do not even run parallel, but the one begins where the other ends."

Then regarding me with a menacing eye, he continued:

"Never attempt to take the road which leads from Valanidi. It is guarded by the forms of thy victims; and shouldst thou presume to force the way, the beings with whose dear lives thou hast atoned will combine against thee with those for whom expiation was made. So severe is justice, those who most love thee would not, if called upon, dare hesitate to approach thee with the scourge. Beware, then, how thou comportest thyself in thy last trial, the ordeal of self-sacrifice, which has just commenced. Thy failure, I am bound to divulge, would heap discouragement, not triumph, on those thy foes who now are humbled: for the worst, as it would happen to thee, would be inflicted in so terrible a guise, that every spirit of the myriads whose ordeal was appointed for a hell hereafter, would be roused from its abstraction by a twofold pang at being made a witness to thy severance from the Redeemer!"

CHAPTER XV.

All this, long before morrow came, I knew to be unreal, to exist only in the mind. At an early hour the horses drove up to the hall of the château, to convey me to the post road which lies between Reggio and Naples. I resisted the whisperings of superstition, and adhered to my plan of departure. The road wound its way by the wood, and as it passed the aqueduct the fall of water was heard suddenly. One of the horses plunged, alarmed at the noise, and both started off with fearful velocity. The vehicle bounded over the road, one accident succeeded another, and it ended by the carriage being left behind, reduced to fragments, while the horses galloped away. What with my bruises and distress of mind, it was with difficulty that I was able to regain my home.

At the hour of this catastrophe a letter came to hand, stating that circumstances unforeseen had caused Angus to take his departure from Volterra.

All this was to me inscrutable at the time: a secret destiny seemed to govern my actions, and to be at work on their very source.

For a length of time after these occurrences I remained at Valanidi, reconciled not; for before then I had enjoyed the precious gift of liberty. Now was I virtually imprisoned within the boundaries of my

My movements thus circumscribed, I became a prey to despondency, and at times to impulses of violence. Then would I set out on foot in defiance of my imaginary gaoler, but no sooner did I reach the boundary of my estate than his spectral resemblance, grown perfect within me, seemed to face me, and I was mastered.

This lasted for many years with intervals of repose; but over this portion of my life let me pass in silence. It is enough to say that it was tinctured with religious gloom, and is best forgotten lest perchance it should awaken in any other the remembrance of similar misfortunes.

I had many advisers, and all recommended that which it was impossible to follow—change of scene.

But let me not linger on the brink, since under the benign influence of mercy I recovered my lost cheerfulness.

The time indeed came when I ceased to entertain the least desire to quit my maternal home, when it would have been agony to have left its shades. The feelings of filial attachment which had been checked in youth had insensibly thrown out fresh shoots, and with every other affection blighted, I could there indulge in love for the memory of a mother. She was the genius of the place; associated with her was every tree and knoll, each oaken chair, every turret and gable. She had not always treated me kindly, therefore could I bear to reflect upon the holy relationship, and found even comfort in the remembrance that during infancy itself I had received ill-usage undeserved.

And thus did I live at Valanidi, desiring to see no old friends, and beholding a new generation born, and rising to maturity. There had none been allowed to experience spiritual or human wants; never had such happiness been known to the people as during my residence among

them. The village fête was frequent; its oft-recurring recreation almost altered the national physiognomy; the young, indeed, had not those looks of melancholy and suspicion which belonged to their progenitors.

My happiness, now almost perfect, was interrupted by events which succeeded each other quickly. My letters informed me that Thanatos had been heard of again, and that his career, as well as that of Abarbanel, was at an end. It appeared that he had roved, begging his way, to his native mountains, and become once more the inseparable attendant of the monk. Abarbanel had quitted his bed, followed by Thanatos, and had wandered through the severest storm of the preceding season, until, unable to advance or recede, the rigours of the night stiffened them, and they became buried in snow. The somnambulist was discovered erect and rigid, like a statue but partially carved out of its flaky block; and Thanatos with him, his long grey hair pendant in matted icicles.

Poor Abarbanel! one word in honour of thy memory. While thy daughter lived to be my companion, I experienced a divine joy from my union with thy house, the blood of which was as pure as the fountain of salvation! How could I ever forget that in her veins and her children's flowed the blood which had been shed for man! Heavenly was her look; with her children about her, partakers of her love, I pictured to myself a family of light, though my own dark shadow was upon the group. She changed even my thirst of glory into love; a love which was more than I could bear. I carried it about with me like a load, and to relieve its weight was oft-times obliged to hold her fast to my labouring heart. It was a love which overflowed the hour; it blended itself with times past, investing memory in a shroud of affection; it bore all earthly emotion to the mercy-seat! It was a love to which religion owed its most touching proof: it awoke the dead, and gave new birth to friendships which had perished.

CHAPTER XVI.

Sister of Mercy to a house bereaved,
What reconciles thy spirit to distress?
Beneath what load thy patient breast hath heav'd,
Dear guardian angel of the motherless!
It is through such as thee
That God displays unselfish majesty.

By will divine ordain'd for sacrifice,
Priv'lege of only pure and humble clay;
For thee the bread and water did suffice,
And robe of serge to shelter from the day.
And thou with joy didst every trial meet,
Like her of old who wash'd the Saviour's feet.

Tho' living beauty must its end embrace
At last, through pleasure lost, or sorrow worn,
The blue-eyed look of thy beloved face
Shall yet survive a temple to adorn;
And when the image hath attain'd its height,
The spirit's beauty shall on thine alight.

At this time the days of Giuditta, alas! had reached their term; and the announcement of her end caused me so bitter a pang that I believed vol. XXII. 2 x

my deep grief and mourning on that occasion was to have been my final trial. But such had not arrived, though close at hand; for my merciless tormentor had returned at the very hour when my heart had been set to mourn. I had at this period almost reached the age which is allotted to man, and was prepared to die whenever called upon to render up my being. The only peaceful days I had ever known were spent at Valanidi; there I desired to rest, shadowed over by memorials of maternal love, and remembered by the poor. But it was not to be; the last sacrifice had not been made, nor the last throes endured. I was to be driven out of Paradise like my first parents—from my home, from my adopted people, and the children I loved. With my last affections upon earth thus mellowed, the heart-strings, so tender from olden wounds, were to be once more snapped asunder.

Yes, I was revisited by my tormentor! He now pointed the finger of command into the distance; he uttered the despot's word, begone! in looks which flashed forth hate, and gestures which expressed vengeance. His old denunciations, too, recovered all their influence over me: I shrank with cowardice from the encounter of departed beings, I trembled for my tenure of hope, not because of my fears, but rather of my deserts.

Pursued thus unrelentingly, I rushed at the forbidden boundary, and raised my foot to cross its line, but there a worse ordeal awaited me; I had to face a procession of souls—a mingled crowd of all I had loved, and all I had injured. They were the awarders of present wrath, more

dreaded than the wrath to come.

Thus tormented, the place I had dwelt in, the earth itself, was no longer tenable: the charms of existence were gone. Not all my imaginings assisted me in the means of escape; goaded thus to madness and despair, the lurid light suddenly shone upon me, and I saw the purpose of my foe. I was to destroy myself; it was the dark moment of temptation, which perhaps every man at some time has to pass, and to resist; but I, hesitating not, rushed to my chamber, and unsheathed the dagger on which was writ the name once sacred to early love.

I walked into the air with composure, looked up at the heavens, stole a last glance at the firmament, and raised my hand to strike dead a heart which throbbed not as the blow pended, but was already melting away

into the fever of immortal sorrow.

While yet looking upwards into the blank prospect with which once had been associated every hope of futurity, a gleam brighter than the joys of earth penetrated the blue mist, and sketched out a pathway through the sky. It soothed my disturbed fancy, and shaped it into words of inspiration which told me the way to escape the threatened penalty pronounced as it had been against me amid dreadful denunciations—the black death whose event on earth is the mere fleeting shadow of the reality to come.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE stars had come out one by one, like guests at some divine intellectual festival; the moon, no longer mad, sat brooding over a glorious castle which she had known long ere Italy was a seat even of Etruscan It was the castle of Aula, around whose mountainous site there were far-spreading forests, and in front the sea. The travellers descended on the south side of the castle. The Count of Aula, admitting himself by a private door, once more entered his princely home. Fatigued with his journey, he proceeded to the library, which was ready lighted up, at the extremity of which appeared a small chamber, where a couch was prepared for him to rest. As he crossed the silent but illumined passages and halls, and ascended the vast staircase, an acute sense of bereavement, which he had first felt more than twenty years before, re-entered his breast: he was again alone; a long absence had almost changed his friends into strangers.

He walked round his library, within whose recesses knowledge had slumbered for a new generation. The ideas of the wise, like the wise themselves, had remained beneath the dust unawakened. Thought had slept there day and night for twenty years; not long ones, for the course of time is rapid towards the conclusion of an old man's life; but it had slept unkindled by the living, every work exhibiting the trance of some wor-

shipper of posthumous fame.

The count took down one volume, blew away its dust, opened it without reading a word, returned it to its shelf. He looked at the portraits, small gems of beauty and forms which his affection clung to. He could no longer press the beings whom they represented to his heart, yet, as he looked at them, hope issued in abundance from that glowing organ, and he knelt in silence. He retired to his couch and slept for some hours.

In the morning, on waking, he at first thought himself at Valanidi; but he remembered his journey and recognised his new apartment. He rose, and before seeing a living being, addressed himself in silent prayer

to Heaven. He then began a train of self-examination.

"Am I worthy," he asked himself, "to stand by the side of her grave, to visit her and my children once more? Can I look upon the turf, behold those monumental crosses with hope, even with gratitude? Can I say, with emotions akin to gladness, 'Bless you, my beloved; expect me to be with you shortly, no more to part?' If I cannot, I am still unworthy to visit their graves."

The count summoned his domestic, and was answered by the Calabrian,

his attached servant who had accompanied him from Valanidi.

"You have brought what I entrusted to you?"

The Calabrian disappeared, and instantly returned with two massive gilt boxes, which had inscriptions upon them.

"Ah! Mezzofonte; I want already to see my dear people at Valanidi

again !"

"Gracious prince," replied the man, "your absence will break every heart in the principality.

"Say not so, faithful Mezzofonte; I was indeed forced to leave them,

though I was happy-most happy. And now I will see my dependents here."

"They await that permission with eagerness, my prince; but as your

highness needs refreshment, I have brought it even now."

The Calabrian spread the table of the library with breakfast, while the count opened a window occupying a recess, and looked upon the foaming torrent as it rushed over its marble bed. The roar of the water entered

the room as the windows parted.

The count looked fixedly on the scene beneath. "I can even regard that with composure," said he, inwardly, as an event which he had witnessed there was vividly recalled to his mind. "I can review the remembrance of the vulture perched upon the carcase of the murderer, and the revengeful idiot looking on with fearful satisfaction. Yes, I can bear this," he said calmly. "Then surely I can endure all that remains for me to pass through."

As he spoke thus, another scene of a more pleasing kind recurred. His eye was on the torrent still; therein he had once seen his beloved Angus, mounted upon a beautiful Arabian horse, making his first visit to

the castle.

After a short lapse, he admitted his domestics to his presence in an adjoining saloon, and more than one of them let drop tears of joy over a countenance of brightness when he told them that he had returned to

Aula to end his days.

"If the news of my return should spread," said the count, addressing his Calabrian, "admit no one without further commands, except always the Bishop of Volterra, the monk Pulci, Angus, and Anselmo, the only friends who remain to console me for the past. To these I am at all times at home."

He had not long spoken, when the last-named individual was announced.

The two venerable men fell into each other's arms, deeply moved at the interview.

END OF VOL. XXII.

